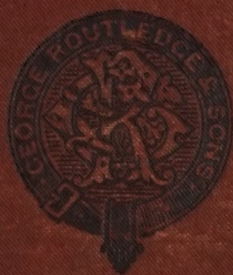


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## THE TRIAL FROM PICKWICK.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. JUSTICE STARELEIGH.

Mr. SERJEANT BUZFUZ.

Mr. SERJEANT SNUBBIN.

S. PICKWICK, Esq.

N. WINKLE, Esq.

Mr. WELLER, *senior*.

Mr. WELLER, *junior*.

CRIER OF THE COURT.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CLUPPINS.

FOREMAN OF THE JURY.

*Enter Mr. Justice STARELEIGH attended by Crier, and takes his seat on the Bench.*

*Crier*.—Silence! Silence! Silence in the court.  
Bardell and Pickwick.

*Buzfuz*.—I am for the plaintiff, my Lord.

*Snubbin*.—I appear for the defendant, my Lord.

*Judge*.—Go on.

*Crier*.—Silence! silence! silence!

*Buzfuz*.—My Lord! may it please your lordship and the gentlemen of the jury! never in the whole course of my professional experience—never, from the very first moment of my applying myself to the study and practice of the law—have I approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion, or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon me—a responsibility, I would say, which I could never have

supported, were I not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong, that it amounts to positive certainty, that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of my much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom I now see in that box before me. This is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. The facts and circumstances of the case, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you.

The plaintiff, gentlemen, the plaintiff is a widow. Yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford.

*Weller, senior.*—He was knocked on the head with a quart pot in a public-house.

*Buzfuz.*—Some time before his death he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy—the only pledge of her departed exciseman—Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell-street; and here she placed in her front-parlour window a written placard, bearing this inscription—"Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within."

*Foreman of the Jury.*—There is no date to that, is there, sir?

*Buzfuz.*—There is no date, gentlemen; but I am in-

structed to say, that it was put in the plaintiff's parlour window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document—"Apartments furnished, for a single gentleman." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—she had no suspicion: all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "Mr. Bardell was a man of honour—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; *to* single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; *in* single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let." Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first-floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlour window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch. The train was laid. The mine was preparing. The sapper and miner were at work. Before the bill had been in the parlour window three days—three days, gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within. He took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. The

man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant. Of this man Pickwick I will say but little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and systematic villany.

*Pickwick.*—How dare you, sir!

*Buzfuz.*—I say *systematic villany*, gentlemen. And when I say systematic villany, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him—more becoming—in better judgment and in better taste—if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gestures of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them. And let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and pre-

pared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you, that on many occasions, he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors or commonneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles, much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression—"How should you like to have another father?" I shall prove to you further, gentlemen, that about a year ago Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off with my client; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered—if better feelings he has—or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions, by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms, offered her marriage—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two

letters are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: “Garraway’s, twelve o’clock. Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK.”

Gentlemen, what does this mean? “Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!” Chops! gracious Heaven! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—“Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.” And then follows this very remarkable expression:—“Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.”

The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover

for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the “slow coach” mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. It is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without. All is gloom and silence in the house. Even the voice of the child is hushed. His infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps. His “alley tors” and his “commonneys” are alike neglected! He forgets the long familiar cry of “knuckle down;” and at tip-cheese, or odd-and-even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell-street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, to gaze without a sigh on

the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him ; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen.

*Buzfuz.*—Call Elizabeth Cluppins.

*Crier.*—Elizabeth Muffins.

*Mrs. CLUPPINS enters the witness-box.*

*Buzfuz.*—Mrs. Cluppins, pray compose yourself, ma'am.

*Mrs. CLUPPINS sobs with increased vehemence.*

*Buzfuz.*—Do you recollect, Mrs. Cluppins—do you recollect being in Mrs. Bardell's back one pair of stairs, on one particular morning in July last, when she was dusting Pickwick's Apartment?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—Yes, my lord and jury, I do.

*Buzfuz.*—Mr. Pickwick's sitting-room was the first-floor front, I believe?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—Yes, it were, sir.

*Judge.*—What were you doing in the back room, ma'am?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—My lord and jury, I will not deceive you——

*Judge.*—You had better not, ma'am.

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—I was there unbeknown to Mrs. Bardell. I had been out with a little basket, gentlemen, to buy three pounds of red kidney purtaties—which was three pound tuppense ha'penny—when I see Mrs. Bardell's street-door on the jar.

*Judge.*—On the what?

*Snubbin.*—Partly open, my lord.

*Judge.*—She said on the jar.

*Snubbin.*—It's all the same, my lord.

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—I walked in, gentlemen, just to say good mornin', and went, in a permiscuous manner, upstairs, and into the back room. Gentlemen, there was the sound of voices in the front room, and——

*Buzfuz.*—And you listened, I believe, Mrs. Cluppins?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—Beggin' your pardon, sir, I would scorn the haction. The voices was very loud, sir, and forced themselves upon my ear.

*Buzfuz.*—Well, Mrs. Cluppins, you were not listening, but you heard the voices. Was one of those voices Pickwick's?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—Yes, it were, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—Tell us what you heard, Mrs. Cluppins, if you please.

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—I heard Mr. Pickwick's voice, my lord and jury.

*Buzfuz.*—Yes, yes, I know; but what did you hear him say?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—Mr. Pickwick said, my lord and jury, that when they married it would save Mrs. Bardell a great deal of trouble.

*Buzfuz.*—Well, what next?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—He said she would have a lively companion, who'd teach her more tricks in a week than she would learn in a year.

*Buzfuz.*—What more did you hear?

*Mrs. Cluppins.*—My lord and jury, I heard the sound of kissing, and I peeped in—I won't deceive you, gen-

tlemen—and his arms were round Mrs. Bardell's neck and he called her a good creature.

*Buzfuz.*—That will do. You can go now, Mrs. Cluppins.

*Snoöbin.*—I shall not cross-examine this witness, for Mr. Pickwick wishes it to be distinctly stated that it is due to her to say that her account is in substance correct.

*Buzfuz.*—Call Nathaniel Winkle.

*Crier.*—Nathaniel Winkle!

*Winkle.*—Here. (*Bows to the Judge.*)

*Judge.*—Don't look at me, sir; look at the jury.

*Buzfuz.*—Now, sir, have the goodness to let his lordship and the jury know what your name is, will you?

*Winkle.*—Winkle.

*Judge.*—What's your Christian name, sir?

*Winkle.*—Nathaniel, sir.

*Judge.*—Daniel,—any other name?

*Winkle.*—Nathaniel, sir—my lord, I mean.

*Judge.*—Nathaniel Daniel, or Daniel Nathaniel?

*Winkle.*—No, my lord; only Nathaniel; not Daniel at all.

*Judge.*—What did you tell me it was Daniel for then, sir?

*Winkle.*—I didn't, my lord.

*Judge.*—You did, sir. How could I have got Daniel on my notes unless you told me so, sir?

*Buzfuz.*—Mr. Winkle has rather a short memory, my lord. We shall find means to refresh it before we have quite done with him, I dare say.

*Judge.*—You had better be careful, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—Now, Mr. Winkle, attend to me, if you

please, sir, and let me recommend you, for your own sake, to bear in mind his lordship's injunction to be careful. I believe you are a particular friend of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant, are you not?

*Winkle.*—I have known Mr. Pickwick now, as well as I can recollect at this moment, nearly——

*Buzfuz.*—Pray, Mr. Winkle, do not evade the question. Are you, or are you not, a particular friend of the defendant's?

*Winkle.*—I was just about to say that——

*Buzfuz.*—Will you, or will you not, answer my question, sir?

*Judge.*—If you don't answer the question you'll be committed, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—Come, sir; yes or no, if you please.

*Winkle.*—Yes, I am.

*Buzfuz.*—Yes, you are. And why couldn't you have said so at once, sir? Perhaps you know the plaintiff too; eh, Mr. Winkle?

*Winkle.*—I don't know her. I've seen her.

*Buzfuz.*—Oh, you don't know her, but you've seen her. Now, have the goodness to tell the gentlemen of the jury what you mean by *that*, Mr. Winkle.

*Winkle.*—I mean that I am not intimate with her, but that I have seen her when I went to call on Mr. Pickwick, in Goswell-street.

*Buzfuz.*—How often have you seen her, sir?

*Winkle.*—How often?

*Buzfuz.*—Yes, Mr. Winkle, how often? I'll repeat the question for you a dozen times, if you require it, sir.

*Winkle.*—It is impossible to say how many times I have seen Mrs. Bardell.

*Buzfuz.*—Have you seen her twenty times, sir?

*Winkle.*—Certainly! more than that.

*Buzfuz.*—Have you seen her a hundred times?

*Winkle.*—No, I think not.

*Buzfuz.*—Will you swear you have not seen her more than fifty times?

*Winkle.*—I think not.

*Buzfuz.*—Don't you know that you have seen her at least seventy-five times?

*Winkle.*—I think I may have seen her seventy-five times, but I am uncertain.

*Judge.*—You had better take care of yourself, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—Pray, Mr. Winkle, do you remember calling on the defendant Pickwick at these apartments in the plaintiff's house, in Goswell-street, on one particular morning in the month of July last?

*Winkle.*—Yes, I do.

*Buzfuz.*—Were you accompanied on that occasion by a friend of the name of Tupman, and another of the name of Snodgrass?

*Winkle.*—Yes, I was.

*Buzfuz.*—Are they here?

*Winkle.*—Yes, they are. (*Looks at his friends.*)

*Buzfuz.*—Now, sir, tell the gentlemen of the jury what you saw on entering the defendant's room on this particular morning. Come, out with it, sir; we must have it, sooner or later.

*Winkle.*—The defendant, Mr. Pickwick, was holding the plaintiff in his arms, with his hands clasping her waist, and the plaintiff appeared to have fainted away.

*Buzfuz.*—Did you hear the defendant say anything?

*Winkle.*—I heard him call Mrs. Bardell a good

creature, and I heard him ask her to compose herself, for what a situation it was, if anybody should come ; or words to that effect.

*Buzfuz.*—Now, Mr. Winkle, I have only one more question to ask you, and I beg you to bear in mind his lordship's caution. Will you undertake to swear that Pickwick, the defendant, did not say on the occasion in question—"My Dear Mrs. Bardell, you're a good creature ; compose yourself to this situation, for to this situation you must come," or words to *that* effect ?

*Winkle.*—I—I didn't understand him so, certainly. I was on the staircase, and couldn't hear distinctly ; the impression on my mind is——

*Buzfuz.*—The gentlemen of the jury want none of the impressions on your mind, Mr. Winkle ; which, I fear, would be of little service to honest straightforward men. You were on the staircase, and did not distinctly hear ; but you will not swear that Pickwick did not make use of the expressions I have quoted ? Do I understand that ?

*Winkle.*—No, I will not.

*Snubbin (stands up).*—I believe, Mr. Winkle, that Mr. Pickwick is not a young man ?

*Winkle.*—Oh no ; old enough to be my father.

*Snubbin.*—You have told my learned friend that you have known Mr. Pickwick a long time. Had you ever any reason to suppose or believe that he was about to be married ?

*Winkle.*—Oh no ; certainly not.

*Snubbin.*—I will even go further than this, Mr. Winkle. Did you ever see anything in Mr. Pickwick's manner and conduct towards the opposite sex to

induce you to believe that he ever contemplated matrimony of late years, in any case?

*Winkle.*—Oh no; certainly not.

*Snubbin.*—Has his behaviour, when females have been in the case, always been that of a man who, having attained a pretty advanced period of life, content with his own occupations and amusements, treats them as a father might his daughters?

*Winkle.*—Not the least doubt of it. That is—yes—oh yes—certainly.

*Snubbin.*—You have never known anything in his behaviour towards Mrs. Bardell, or any other female, in the least degree suspicious?

*Winkle.*—N—n—no, except on one trifling occasion, which I have no doubt might be easily explained.

*Snubbin.*—You may leave the box, Mr. Winkle.

*Buzfuz.*—Call Samuel Weller.

*Mr. WELLER steps into the box.*

*Judge.*—What's your name, sir?

*Sam.*—Sam Weller, my lord.

*Judge.*—Do you spell it with a V, or a W?

*Sam.*—That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord. I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spell it with a V.

*Weller, senior (from the audience).*—Quite right, too, Samivel. Put it down a "We," my lord; put it down a "We."

*Judge.*—Who is that who dares address the Court?  
*Crier!*

*Crier.*—Yes, my lord.

*Judge.*—Bring that person here instantly.

*Crier.*—Yes, my lord.

*Judge.*—Do you know who that was, sir?

*Sam.*—I rayther suspect it was my father, my lord.

*Judge.*—Do you see him here now?

*Sam. (looking up to the ceiling).*—No, I don't, my lord.

*Judge.*—If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly.

*Sam.*—Thank ye, my lord.

*Buzfuz.*—Now, Mr. Weller.

*Sam.*—Now, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case? Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller.

*Sam.*—I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a verry good service it is.

*Buzfuz.*—Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?

*Sam.*—Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes.

*Judge.*—You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir; it's not evidence.

*Sam.*—Wery good, my lord.

*Buzfuz.*—Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant; eh, Mr. Weller?

*Sam.*—Yes, I do, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was.

*Sam.*—I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury, and that was a verry

partickler and uncommon circumstance with me in those days.

*Judge.*—You had better be careful, sir.

*Sam.*—So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord ; and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes—wery careful indeed, my lord.

*The JUDGE looks sternly at SAM and motions BUZFUZ to proceed.*

*Buzfuz.*—Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses ?

*Sam.*—Certainly not ; I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.

*Buzfuz.*—Now, attend, Mr. Weller. You were in the passage and yet you saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller ?

*Sam.*—Yes, I have a pair of eyes, and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'rhaps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door ; but bein' only *eyes* you see, my wision's limited.

*Buzfuz.*—Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.

*Sam.*—If you please, sir.

*Buzfuz.*—Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last ?

*Sam.*—Oh yes, wery well.

*Buzfuz.*—Oh, you *do* remember that, Mr. Weller ; I thought we should get at something at last.

*Sam.*—I rayther thought that, tco, sir.

*Busfuz.*—Well ; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller ?

*Sam.*—I went up to pay the rent ; but we *did* get a-talkin' about the trial.

*Busfuz.*—Oh, you did get a-talking about the trial. Now, what passed about the trial ; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller ?

*Sam.*—With all the pleasure in life, sir. Arter a few unimportant observations from the virtuous female as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a very great state o' admiration at the honourable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen'l'men as is sittin' over there.

*Busfuz.*—The attorneys for the plaintiff. Well, they spoke in high praise of the honourable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they ?

*Sam.*—Yes ; they said what a very gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick.

*Busfuz.*—It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the Court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir.

*Sam.*—Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin' ?

*Snubbin.*—Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you. I have no objection to admit, my lord, if it will save the examination of another witness, that Mr. Pickwick has retired from business, and is a gentleman of considerable independent property.

*Buzfuz.*—Very well. Then that's my case, my lud.

*Snubbin.*—In the absence of my leader, Serjeant Phunky, who is at Westminster, I cannot take upon myself the responsibility of replying to this case.

*Judge.*—Serjeant Phunky should have been here. I cannot postpone my summing up on that account. Gentlemen of the jury! if Mrs. Bardell be right, it is perfectly clear that Mr. Pickwick must be wrong; and if you think the evidence of Mrs. Cluppins worthy of credence, you will of course believe it; and if you don't, you won't. If you are satisfied that a breach of promise of marriage has been committed, you will find for the plaintiff with such damages as you think proper; and if on the other hand it appears to you that no promise of marriage has ever been given, you will find for the defendant with no damages at all.

*Crier.*—Gentlemen, are you all agreed upon your verdict?

*Foreman.*—We are.

*Crier.*—Do you find for the plaintiff, gentlemen, or for the defendant?

*Foreman.*—For the plaintiff.

*Crier.*—With what damages, gentlemen?

*Foreman.*—£750.

*Mr. Weller, senior.*—Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy wahren't there a alleybi?

(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)

*ROSA BUD AND EDWIN DROOD.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE Nuns' House is never in such a state of flutter as when this allotted husband calls to see little Rosebud. (It is unanimously understood by the young ladies that he is lawfully entitled to this privilege, and that if Miss Twinkleton disputed it she would be instantly taken up and transported.) When his ring at the gate-bell is expected, or takes place, every young lady who can, under any pretence, look out of window, looks out of window: while every young lady who is "practising," practises out of time; and the French class becomes so demoralized that the Mark goes round as briskly as the bottle at a convivial party in the last century.

On the afternoon of the day the bell is rung with the usual fluttering results.

"Mr. Edwin Drood to see Miss Rosa."

This is the announcement of the parlour-maid in chief. Miss Twinkleton, with an exemplary air of melancholy on her, turns to the sacrifice, and says: "You may go down, my dear." Miss Bud goes down, followed by all eyes.

Mr. Edwin Drood is waiting in Miss Twinkleton's own parlour: a dainty room, with nothing more directly scholastic in it than a terrestrial and a celestial globe. These expressive machines imply (to

parents and guardians) that even when Miss Twinkleton retires into the bosom of privacy, duty may at any moment compel her to become a sort of Wandering Jewess, scouring the earth and soaring through the skies in search of knowledge for her pupils.

The last new maid, who has never seen the young gentleman Miss Rosa is engaged to, and who is making his acquaintance between the hinges of the open door, left open for the purpose, stumbles guiltily down the kitchen stairs, as a charming little apparition, with its face concealed by a little silk apron thrown over its head, glides into the parlour.

"Oh! It *is* so ridiculous!" says the apparition. "Don't, Eddy!"

"Don't what, Rosa?"

"Don't come any nearer, please. It *is* so absurd."

"What is absurd, Rosa?"

"The whole thing is. It *is* so absurd to be an engaged orphan; and it *is* so absurd to have the girls and the servants scuttling about after one, like mice in the wainscot; and it *is* so absurd to be called upon!"

The apparition appears to have a thumb in the corner of its mouth while making this complaint.

"You give me an affectionate reception, Pussy, I must say."

"Well, I will in a minute, Eddy, but I can't just yet. How are you?" Very shortly.

"I am unable to reply that I am much the better for seeing you, Pussy, inasmuch as I see nothing of you."

This second remonstrance brings a dark, bright,

pouting eye out from a corner of the apron ; but it swiftly becomes invisible again, as the apparition exclaims : " Oh ! Good Gracious, you have had half your hair cut off ! "

" I should have done better to have had my head cut off, I think," says Edwin. " Shall I go ? "

" No ; you needn't go just yet, Eddy. The girls would all be asking questions why you went. "

" Once for all, Rosa, will you uncover that ridiculous little head of yours and give me a welcome ? "

The apron is pulled off the childish head, as its wearer replies : " You're very welcome, Eddy. There ! I'm sure that's nice. Shake hands. No, I can't kiss you, because I've got an acidulated drop in my mouth. "

" Are you at all glad to see me, Pussy ? "

" Oh, yes, I'm dreadfully glad.--Go and sit down. —Miss Twinkleton. "

It is the custom of that excellent lady, when these visits occur, to appear every three minutes, either in her own person or in that of Mrs. Tisher, and lay an offering on the shrine of Propriety by affecting to look for some desiderated article. On the present occasion, Miss Twinkleton, gracefully gliding in and out, says, in passing : " How do you do, Mr. Drood ? Very glad indeed to have the pleasure. Pray excuse me. Tweezers. Thank you ! "

" I got the gloves last evening, Eddy, and I like them very much. They are beauties. "

" Well, that's something. The smallest encouragement thankfully received. And how did you pass your birthday, Pussy ? "

"Delightfully! Everybody gave me a present. And we had a feast. And we had a ball at night."

"A feast and a ball, eh? These occasions seem to go off tolerably well without me, Pussy."

"De-lightfully!"

"Ha! And what was the feast?"

"Tarts, oranges, jellies, and shrimps."

"Any partners at the ball?"

"We danced with one another, of course, sir. But some of the girls made game to be their brothers. It *was* so droll!"

"Did anybody make game to be——"

"To be you? Oh dear yes! That was the first thing done."

"I hope she did it pretty well."

"Oh! It was excellent!—I wouldn't dance with you, you know."

Edwin scarcely seems to see the force of this; begs to know if he may take the liberty to ask why?

"Because I was so tired of you. Dear Eddy, you were just as tired of me, you know."

"Did I say so, Rosa?"

"Say so! Do you ever say so? No, you only showed it. Oh, she did it so well."

"It strikes me that she must be a very impudent girl. And so, Pussy, you have passed your last birthday in this old house."

"Ah, yes!" Rosa clasps her hands, looks down with a sigh, and shakes her head.

"You seem to be sorry, Rosa."

"I am sorry for the poor old place. Somehow, I

feel as if it would miss me, when I am gone so far away, so young."

"Perhaps we had better stop short, Rosa?"

She looks up at him with a swift bright look; next moment shakes her head, sighs, and looks down again.

"That is to say, is it, Pussy, that we are both resigned?"

She nods her head again, and after a short silence, quaintly bursts out with: "You know we must be married, and married from here, Eddy, or the poor girls will be so dreadfully disappointed!"

For the moment there is more of compassion, both for her and for herself, in her affianced husband's face, than there is of love. He checks the look, and asks: "Shall I take you out for a walk, Rosa dear?"

Rosa dear does not seem at all clear on this point, until her face, which has been comically reflective, brightens. "Oh, yes, Eddy; let us go for a walk! And I tell you what we'll do. You shall pretend that you are engaged to somebody else, and I'll pretend that I am not engaged to anybody, and then we shan't quarrel."

"Which way shall we take, Rosa?"

Rosa replies: "I want to go to the Lumps-of-Delight shop."

"To the——?"

"A Turkish sweetmeat, sir. My gracious me, don't you understand anything? Call yourself an Engineer, and not know *that*?"

"Why, how should I know it, Rosa?"

"Because I am very fond of them."

So, he is gloomily borne off to the Lumps-of-Delight shop, where Rosa makes her purchase, and, after offering some to him (which he rather indignantly declines), begins to partake of it with great zest : previously taking off and rolling up a pair of little pink gloves, like rose-leaves, and occasionally putting her little pink fingers to her rosy lips, to cleanse them from the Dust of Delight that comes off the Lumps.

"Now, be a good-tempered Eddy, and pretend. And so you are engaged?"

"And so I am engaged."

"Is she nice?"

"Charming."

"Tall?"

"Immensely tall!" Rosa being short.

"Must be gawky, I should think."

"I beg your pardon; not at all. What is termed a fine woman; a splendid woman."

"Big nose, no doubt."

"Not a little one, certainly." Rosa's being a little one.

"Long pale nose, with a red nob in the middle. I know the sort of nose," says Rosa, with a satisfied nod, and tranquilly enjoying the Lumps.

"You *don't* know the sort of nose, Rosa, because it's nothing of the kind."

"Not a pale nose, Eddy?"

"No."

"A red nose? Oh! I don't like red noses. However; to be sure she can always powder it."

"She would scorn to powder it."

"Would she? What a stupid thing she must be! Is she stupid in everything?"

"No. In nothing."

After a pause, in which the whimsically wicked face has not been unobservant of him, Rosa says: "And this most sensible of creatures likes the idea of being carried off to Egypt; does she, Eddy?"

"Yes. She takes a sensible interest in triumphs of engineering skill: especially when they are to change the whole condition of an undeveloped country."

"Lor!" says Rosa, shrugging her shoulders, with a little laugh of wonder.

"Do you object?" Edwin inquires, with a majestic turn of his eyes downward upon the fairy figure: "do you object, Rosa, to her feeling that interest?"

"Object! My dear Eddy! But really. Doesn't she hate boilers and things?"

"I can answer for her not being so idiotic as to hate Boilers," he returns with angry emphasis; "though I cannot answer for her views about Things; really not understanding what Things are meant."

"But don't she hate Arabs, and Turks, and Fellahs, and people?"

"Certainly not." Very firmly.

"At least, she *must* hate the Pyramids? Come, Eddy?"

"Why should she be such a little—tall, I mean—goose, as to hate the Pyramids, Rosa?"

"Well!" says Edwin, after a lengthy silence. "According to custom. We can't get on, Rosa."

Rosa tosses her head, and says she don't want to get on.

"That's a pretty sentiment, Rosa, considering."

"Considering what?"

"If I say what, you'll go wrong again."

"You'll go wrong, you mean, Eddy. Don't be ungenerous."

"Ungenerous! I like that!"

"Then I don't like that, and so I tell you plainly."

Rosa pouts.

"It is nearly time for your return, Rosa. We have not had a very happy walk, have we?"

"A happy walk? A detestably unhappy walk, sir. If I go upstairs the moment I get in and cry till I can't take my dancing lesson, you are responsible mind!"

"Let us be friends, Rosa."

"Ah!" cries Rosa, shaking her head and bursting into real tears. "I wish we *could* be friends! It is because we can't be friends, that we try one another so. I am a young little thing, Eddy, to have an old heartache; but I really, really have, sometimes. Don't be angry. I know you have one yourself, too often. We should both of us have done better, if What is to be had been left What might have been. I am quite a serious little thing now, and not teasing you. Let each of us forbear, this one time, on our own account, and on the other's!"

Disarmed by this glimpse of a woman's nature in the spoilt child, though for an instant disposed to resent it as seeming to involve the enforced infliction of himself upon her, Edwin Drood stands watching her as she childishly cries and sobs, with both hands to the handkerchief at her eyes, and then—she becoming

more composed, and indeed beginning in her young inconstancy to laugh at herself for having been so moved—leads her to a seat hard by, under the elm trees.

“One clear word of understanding, Pussy dear. I am not clever out of my own line—now I come to think of it, I don’t know that I am particularly clever in it—but I want to do right. There is not—there may be—I really don’t see my way to what I want to say, but I must say it before we part—there is not any other young——?”

“Oh no, Eddy! It’s generous of you to ask me; but no, no, no!”

They go, arm-in-arm now, gravely and deliberately enough, along the old High Street, to the Nuns’ House. At the gate, the street being within sight empty, Edwin bends down his face to Rosebud’s.

She remonstrates, laughing, and is a childish school-girl again.

“Eddy, no! I’m too sticky to be kissed. But give me your hand, and I’ll blow a kiss into that.”

*(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

## THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG.

BY MARK TWAIN.

THERE was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway, what suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds sitting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about

here ; and so he was too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of boys here has seen that Smiley and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her ; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet ; and Smiley, before he thought, says, " Well I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way ; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose

—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull-pup, that to look at you'd think he warn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it—not chew, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for

him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under the circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do 'most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring

straight up, and snack a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand: and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp he was—come across him with his box, and says: "What might be it you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, "It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—it's only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The fellow took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and

says, very deliberate, "Well, I don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"Maybe you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I've got *my* opinion, and I'll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—jump!" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge;

he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well, *I* don't see no p'int about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if there an't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow." And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up, and says, "Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!" and turned him upside down and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him.

*CURING A COLD.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

IT is a good thing, perhaps, to talk for the amusement of the public, but it is a far higher and nobler thing to talk for their instruction, their profit, their actual and tangible benefit. The latter is the sole object of this address. If it prove the means of restoring to health one solitary sufferer among my race, of lighting up once more the fire of hope and joy in his faded eyes, of bringing back to his dead heart again the quick, generous impulses of other days, I shall be amply rewarded for my labour ; my soul will be permeated with the sacred delight a Christian feels when he has done a good, unselfish deed.

Having led a pure and blameless life, I am justified in believing that no man who knows me will reject the suggestions I am about to make, out of fear that I am trying to deceive him. Let the public do itself the honour to read my experience in doctoring a cold, as herein set forth, and then follow in my footsteps.

When the White House was burned in Virginia, I lost my home, my happiness, my constitution, and my trunk. The loss of the two first-named articles was a matter of no great consequence, since a home without a mother or a sister, or a distant young female relative in it, to remind you, by putting your soiled linen out of sight, and taking your boots down off the mantel-piece, that there are those who think about you and care for you, is easily obtained. And

I cared nothing for the loss of my happiness, because, not being a poet, it could not be possible that melancholy would abide with me long.

But to lose a good constitution and a better trunk were serious misfortunes.

On the day of the fire my constitution succumbed to a severe cold caused by undue exertion in getting ready to do something. I suffered to no purpose, too, because the plan I was figuring at for the extinguishing of the fire was so elaborate that I never got it completed until the middle of the following week.

The first time I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water and go to bed. I did so. Shortly afterwards, another friend advised me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour, another friend assured me that it was policy to "feed a cold and starve a fever." I had both. So I thought it best to fill myself up for the cold, and then keep dark and let the fever starve awhile.

In a case of this kind, I seldom do things by halves ; I ate pretty heartily ; I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened his restaurant that morning ; he waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired if the people about Virginia were much afflicted with colds? I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started down towards the office, and on the way encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of salt water, taken warm, would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but

I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul.

Now, as I am giving my experience only for the benefit of those who are troubled with the distemper I am speaking about, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me, and acting upon this conviction, I warn them against salt water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me but to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt water, I would take my chances on the earthquake.

After the storm which had been raging in my stomach had subsided, and no more good Samaritans happening along, I went on borrowing handkerchiefs again and blowing them to atoms, as had been my custom in the early stages of my cold, until I came across a lady who had just arrived from over the plains, and who said she had lived in a part of the country where doctors were scarce, and had from necessity acquired considerable skill in the treatment of simple "family complaints." I knew she must have had much experience, for she appeared to be a hundred and fifty years old.

She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, aquafortis, turpentine, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wine-glass full of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough; it robbed me of all moral principle, and awoke every unworthy impulse of my nature. Under its malign influence my brain conceived miracles of

meanness, but my hands were too feeble to execute them ; at that time, had it not been that my strength had surrendered to a succession of assaults from infallible remedies for my cold, I am satisfied that I would have tried to rob the graveyard.

Like most other people, I often feel mean, and act accordingly ; but until I took that medicine I had never revelled in such supernatural depravity and felt proud of it. At the end of two days I was ready to go to doctoring again. I took a few more unfailing remedies, and finally drove my cold from my head to my lungs.

I got to coughing incessantly, and my voice fell below zero ; I conversed in a thundering bass, two octaves below my natural tone. I could only compass my regular nightly repose by coughing myself down to a state of utter exhaustion, and then the moment I began to talk in my sleep my discordant voice woke me up again.

My case grew more and more serious every day. Plain gin was recommended ; I took it. Then gin and molasses ; I took that also. Then gin and onions ; I added the onions, and took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a buzzard's.

I found I had to travel for my health. I went to Lake Bigler with my reportorial comrade, Wilson. It is gratifying to me to reflect that we travelled in considerable style ; we went in the Pioneer coach, and my friend took all his baggage with him, consisting of two excellent silk handkerchiefs and a daguerreotype of his grandmother. We sailed and hunted and fished

and danced all day, and I doctored my cough all night. By managing in this way, I made out to improve every hour in the twenty-four. But my disease continued to grow worse.

A sheet-bath was recommended. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, notwithstanding I had no idea what sort of arrangement it was.

It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My breast and back were bared, and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a Columbiad.

It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh it makes him start with sudden violence and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death agony. It froze the marrow in my bones and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come.

Young Wilson said the circumstance reminded him of an anecdote about a negro who was being baptized, and who slipped from the parson's grasp, and came near being drowned. He floundered around, though, and finally rose up out of the water considerably strangled and furiously angry, and started ashore at once, spouting water like a whale, and remarking, with great asperity, that "One o' dese days some gen'l'man's nigger gwyne to git killed wid jes' such foolishness as dis!"

Never take a sheet-bath—never. Next to meeting a lady acquaintance, who, for reasons best known to

herself, don't see you when she looks at you, and don't know you when she does see you, it is the most uncomfortable thing in the world.

But, as I was saying, when the sheet-bath failed to cure my cough, a lady friend recommended the application of a mustard plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Wilson. When I went to bed I put my mustard plaster—which was a very gorgeous one, eighteen inches square—where I could reach it when I was ready for it. But young Wilson got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw anybody have such an appetite ; I am confident that lunatic would have eaten me if I had been healthy..

After sojourning a week at Lake Bigler, I went to Steamboat Springs, and beside the steam baths, I took a lot of the vilest medicines that were ever concocted. They would have cured me, but I had to go back to Virginia, where, notwithstanding the variety of new remedies I absorbed every day, I managed to aggravate my disease by carelessness and undue exposure.

I finally concluded to visit San Francisco, and the first day I got there, a lady at the Lick House told me to drink a quart of whisky every twenty-four hours, and a friend at the Occidental recommended precisely the same course. Each advised me to take a quart ; that made half a gallon. I did it and still live.

Now, with the kindest motives in the world, I offer for the consideration of consumptive patients the variegated course of treatment I have lately gone through. Let them try it ; if it don't cure, it can't more than kill them.

*AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.*

BY MARK TWAIN.

THE facts in the following case came to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José; she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may possibly be a fictitious name. But no matter, the poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story :

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives, and for a time it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned; young Caruthers became infected with small-pox of the most virulent type, and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould

and his comeliness gone for ever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first, but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement, but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last for ever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career, and in her tearful despair she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still, her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it: Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came

forward and insisted that the match should be broken off; but after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day, but once more she frowned down her relatives and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair for ever, and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with truly womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him—but her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now, what should she do?” she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question ; it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him ? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye, and a wig, and give him another show ; give him ninety days, without grace, and if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, any way, Aurelia, because if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria ! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck and broken that first ; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

## *THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.*

*(From the Ingoldsby Legends.)*

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!  
 Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;  
     Many a monk, and many a friar,  
     Many a knight, and many a squire,  
 With a great many more of lesser degree,—  
 In sooth a goodly company;  
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee  
     Never, I ween,  
     Was a prouder seen,  
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
 'Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out  
 Through the motley rout,  
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;  
     Here and there  
     Like a dog in a fair,  
     Over comfits and cates,  
     And dishes and plates,  
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
 Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!  
     With saucy air,  
     He perch'd on the chair  
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat  
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;  
     And he peer'd in the face  
     Of his Lordship's Grace,

With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"  
    And the priests, with awe,  
    As such freaks they saw,  
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,  
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,  
And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls!  
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

    Came, in order due,

    Two by two,

Marching that grand refectory through!  
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Emboss'd, and fill'd with water as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
Carried lavender-water and eau de Cologne;  
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap  
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

    One little boy more

    A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:

    From his finger he draws

    His costly turquoise;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,

Deposits it straight  
By the side of his plate,  
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;  
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

\* \* \* \*

There's a cry and a shout,  
And a deuce of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;  
The friars are kneeling,  
And hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
The Cardinal drew  
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,  
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;  
He peeps, and he feels  
In the toes and the heels ;  
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—  
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,  
—They turn up the rugs,  
They examine the mugs :—  
But, no !—no such thing ;—  
They can't find THE RING !  
And the Abbot declared that, “when nobody twigg'd  
it,  
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it !”  
The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !  
In holy anger, and pious grief,  
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed ;  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;  
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,  
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;  
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;  
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,  
He cursed him living, he cursed him dying !—  
Never was heard such a terrible curse !

But what gave rise  
To no little surprise,  
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone,  
The night came on,  
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn ;  
When the sacristan saw,  
On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !  
No longer gay,  
As on yesterday ;  
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—  
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
His eye so dim,  
So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S  
HIM !—  
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's  
Ring !"

## *The Jackdaw of Rheims.*

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,  
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way !"  
Slower and slower  
He limp'd on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw ,

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took ;  
The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !  
—When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
He grew sleek, and fat ;  
In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !  
His tale waggled more  
Even than before ;  
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,  
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.  
He hopp'd now about  
With a gait devout ;  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;

And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—  
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,  
    That good Jackdaw  
    Would give a great "Caw!"  
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"  
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,  
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"  
    He long lived the pride  
    Of that country side,  
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;  
    When as words were too faint  
    His merits to paint,  
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;  
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

## THE LITTLE VULGAR BOY.

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

(From the *Ingoldsby Legends*.)

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

'Twas in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,  
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, “What make you  
here?”

The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything  
but joy;”

Again I said, “What make you here, you little vulgar  
Boy?”

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy—he deemed I  
meant to scoff—

And when the little heart is big, a little “sets it off;”

He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—  
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose.

“Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking  
Nine,” I said,

“An hour when all good little boys and girls should  
be in bed.

Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will  
scold—Oh! fie!

It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and  
cry!”

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,  
His bosom throb'd with agony—he cried like any-  
thing!

I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him mur-  
mur—" Ah !

I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!!—

My father, he is on the seas—my mother's dead and  
gone!

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world  
alone ;

I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer  
my heart,

Nor ' *brown* ' to buy a bit of bread with—let alone a  
tart.

If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in  
employ,

By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a  
vulgar Boy ;)

"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed  
intent

To jump, as Mister Levi did, from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!"  
I kindly said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into  
your head :

If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely  
break your legs,

Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as  
eggs are eggs!

Come home with me, my little man, come home with  
me and sup ;

My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her  
up—

There's roast potatoes at the fire—enough for me and  
you—

Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Num-  
ber 2.”

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside  
“The Foy,”

I bade him wipe his dirty shoes—that little vulgar  
Boy—

And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her  
sex,

“Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!”

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little  
noise,

She said she “did not like to wait on little vulgar  
boys.”

She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she  
rubb'd the delf,

Said I might “go to Jericho, and fetch my beer my-  
self!”

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—

I changed a shilling—(which in the town people call a  
“Bob”)—

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar  
child—

And I said “A pint of double X, and please to draw  
it mild!”—

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool  
and chair—

I could not see my little friend—because he was not  
there!

I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa  
too—

I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why what's become  
of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could  
not see

The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;  
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch  
—oh, dear!

I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out  
for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be  
seen!—

Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd  
and lined with green;

My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce  
and soy—

My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vul-  
gar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,  
"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a  
pretty go?"

---That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here  
to-night,

---He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she,  
"And sarve you right!!"

\*       '       \*       \*       \*       \*

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier  
round,

All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a  
pound

To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used  
me so ;

But when the Crier cried, " O, Yes ! " the people cried  
" O, No ! "

I went to " Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,  
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and  
down.

I told my tale—he seemed to think I'd not been  
treated well,

And call'd me " Poor old buffer ! "—what that means  
I cannot tell.

That sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on  
the shore,

A son of—something—'twas a name I never heard  
before,

A little " gallows-looking chap"—dear me ; what  
could he mean ?

With a " carpet-swab " and " muckingtogs," and a hat  
turned up with green.

He spoke about his " precious eyes," and said he'd  
seen him " sheer,"

—It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very  
queer—

And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told  
their use,

—It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those  
things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to  
say

He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim  
away

In Captain Large's "Royal George," about an hour before,

And they were now, as he supposed, "*somewheres* about the Nore."

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"

He said "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd* the *swag*,"

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;  
He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"

I answered, "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."

He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,

And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,

But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the swag,"

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;

He promised that the New Police should all their  
powers employ ;  
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy ?

MORAL.

Remember then, what when a boy I've heard my  
Grandma' tell,

"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU  
SHALL DO FULL WELL !"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no  
fixed abode,

Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they  
may be blow'd !"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at  
night go out

To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy  
bring your stout !

And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and  
ring the bell,

Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty  
well !

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

## A VISIT TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

IT is now goin on 2 (too) yeres, as I very well remember, since I crossed the Planes for Kaliforny, the Brite land of Jold. While crossin the Planes all so bold I fell in with sum noble red men of the forest (N.B. This is rote Sarcasticul. Injins is Pizin, whar ever found), which they Sed I was their Brother, & wantid for to smoke the Calomel of Peace with me. Thay than stole my jerkt beef, blankits, etsettery, skalpt my orgin grinder & scooted with a Wild Hoop. Durin the Cheaf's techin speech he sed he shood meet me in the Happy Huntin Grounds. If he duz thare will be a fite. But enuff of this ere. *Reven Noose Muttons*, as our skoolmaster, who has got Talent into him, cussycally obsarve.

I arrove at Salt Lake in doc time. At Camp Scott there was a lot of U. S. sojers, hosstensibly sent out thare to smiash the mormons, but really to eat Salt vittles play poker & other beautiful but sumwhat onsartin games. I got acquainted with sum of the officers. Thay lookt putty scrumpshus in their Bloo coatswith brass buttings onto um & ware very talented drinkers, but so fur as fitin is consarned I'd willingly put my wax figgers agin the hull party.

My desire was to exhibit my grate show in Salt Lake City, so I called on Brigham Yung, the grate mogull among the mormins, and axed his permishun to pitch my tent and onfurl my banner to the jentle

breezis. He lookt at me in a austeer manner for a few minits, and sed :

"Do you bleeve in Solomon, Saint Paul, the immaculateness of the Mormin Church and the Latter-day Revelashuns?"

Sez I, "I'm on it!" I make it a pint to git along plesunt, tho I didn't know what under the Sun the old feller was drivin at. He sed I mite show.

"You air a marrid man, Mister Yung, I bleeve?" sez I, preparin to rite him som free parsis.

"I hev eighty wives, Mister Ward. I sertainly am marrid."

"How do you like it as far as you hev got?" sed I.

He sed "middlin," and axed me wouldn't I like to see his famerly, to which I replide that I wouldn't mind minglin with the fair Seck & Barskin in the winnin smiles of his interestin wives. He accordinly tuk me to his Scareum. The house is powerful big & in an exceedin large room was his wives and children, which larst was squawkin and hollerin enuff to take the roof rite orf the house. The wimin was of all sizes and ages. Sum was pretty & sum was plane—sum was helthy and sum was on the Wayne—which is verses, tho sich was not my intentions, as I don't 'prove of puttin verses in Prose rittins, tho ef occashun requires I can jerk a Poim ekal to any of them Atlantic Munthly fellers.

"My wives, Mister Ward," sed Yung.

"Your sarvant, marms," sed I, as I sot down in a cheer which a red-heded female brawt me.

"Besides these wives you see here, Mister Ward,"

sed Yung, "I hav eighty more in varis parts of this consecrated land which air Sealed to me."

"Which?" sez I, gittin up & starin at him

"Sealed, Sir! sealed."

"Whare bowts?" sez I.

"I sed, Sir, that they was sealed!" He spoke in a traggerdy voice.

"Will they probly continner on in that stile to any great extent, Sir?" I axed.

"Sir," sed he, turnin as red as a biled beet, "don't you know that the rules of our Church is that I, the Profit, may hev as meny wives as I wants?"

"Jes so," I sed. "You are old pie, ain't you?"

"Them as is Sealed to me—that is to say, to be mine when I wants um—air at present my sperretooul wives," sed Mister Yung.

"Long may thay wave!" sez I, seein I shood git into a scrape ef I didn't look out.

In a privit conversashun with Brigham I learnt the follerin fax: It takes him six weeks to kiss his wives. He don't do it only onct a yere, & sez it is wuss nor cleanin house. He don't pretend to know his children, thare is so many of um, tho they all know him. He sez about every child he meats calls him Par, and he takes it for grantid it is so. His wives air very expensive. They allers want suthin & ef he don't buy it for um they set the house in a uproar. He sez he don't have a minnit's peace. His wives fite among theirselves so much that he has bilt a fitin room for thare speshul benefit, & when two of 'em get into a row he has 'em turned loose into that place, whare the dispoot is settled accordin to the rules of the London

prize ring. Sumtimes they abooz hisself individooally. Thay hev pulled the most of his hair out at the roots & he wares meny a horrible scar upon his body, inflicted with mop-handles, broomsticks and sich. Oc-cashunly they git mad & scald him with bilin hot water. When he got eny waze cranky thay'd shut him up in a dark closit, previsly whippin him arter the stile of muthers when thare orfsprings git onruly. Sumtimes when he went in swimmin thay'd go to the banks of the Lake and steal all his close, thereby compellin him to sneek home by a sircootius rowt, drest in the Skanderlus stile of the Greek Slaiv. "I find that the keers of a marrid life way hevy onto me," sed the Profit, "& sumtimes I wish I'd remained singel." I left the Profit and startid for the tavern whare I put up to. On my way I was overtuk by a lurge krowd of Mormons, which they surrounded me & statid that they were goin into the Show free.

"Wall," sez I, "ef I find a individooal who is goin' round lettin folks into his show free, I'll let you know."

"We've had a Revelashun biddin us go into A. Ward's Show without payin nothin!" thay showtid.

"Yes," hollered a lot of femaile Mormonesses, ceasin me by the cote tales & swingin me round very rapid, "we're all goin in free! So sez the Revelashun!"

"What's Old Revelashun got to do with my show?" sez I, gittin putty rily. "Tell Mister Revelashun," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and lookin round upon the ornery krowd with a prowde & defiant mean, "tell Mister Revelashun to mind his own biz-

ness, subject only to the Konstitushun of the Unitid States!"

"Oh now let us in, that's a sweet man," sed several femails, puttin thare arms rownd me in lovin stile. "Becum I of us. Becum a Preest & hav wives Sealed to you."

"Not a Seal!" sez I, startin back in horror at the idee.

"Oh stay, Sir, stay," sed a tall gawnt femaile, ore whoos hed 37 summirs must hev parsd, "stay, & I'll be your Gentle Gazelle."

"Not ef I know it, you wont," sez I. "Awa, you skanderlus femaile, awa! Go & be a Nunnery!" That's what I sed, jes so.

"& I," sed a fat chunky femaile, who must hev wade more than too hundred lbs., "I will be your sweet gidin Star!"

Sez I, "Ile bet two dollers and a half you won't!" Whare ear I may Rome Ile still be troo 2 thee, Oh Betsy Jane! [N.B. Betsy Jane is my wife's Sir naime.]

"Wiltist thou not tarry hear in the Promist Land?" sed several of the miserabil critters.

"Ile see you all essenshally cussed be 4 I wiltist!" roared I, as mad as I cood be at thare infurnul non-cents. I girded up my Lions & fled the Seen. I packt up my duds & left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorrer, inhabitid by as theavin & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in any spot on the Globe.

*AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.\**

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

SOME years ago I pitched my tent and onfurled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensive seck called Free Lovers, who beleceved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers, and high presher reformers on ginal principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided people by showin them my onparalleld show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vain! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I have never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare, and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets were filled with tracks and pamplits, and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented

herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short, and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice :

“ Ah, can it be ? ”

“ Which ? ” sed I.

“ Yes, ’tis troo, O ’tis troo ! ”

“ 15 cents, marm, ” I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed :

“ And so I hav found you at larst—at larst, O, at larst ! ”

“ Yes, ” I anserd, “ you hav found me at larst, and you would hav found me at fust, if you had cum sooner. ”

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed :

“ Air you a man ? ”

Sez I, “ I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. Ward, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun. ”

“ Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid ? ”

“ Madame, I istest ! ”

The exsentric female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd :

“ You air mine, O you air mine ! ”

“ Scacely, ” I sed, endeaverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed :

“ You air my Affinerty ! ”

“ What upon arth is that ? ” I shouted.

“ Dost thou not know ? ”

“ No, I dostent ! ”

"Listin, man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He *has* cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis too mutch! too mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a good deal too much!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene commenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermus critters, go way from me and take this ritchid woman with you. I'm a law-abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institutions. I am marrid & my orfsprings resemble me if I am a show-man! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed non-cents, besides bein outrajusly wicked. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftless way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifrous idees! You wimin folks, go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlous gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattercal whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin

wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile." I pored  
 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of  
 breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin,  
 not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

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*THE WAKE OF TIM O'HARA.*

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

I.

To the Wake of O'Hara  
 Came companie ;—  
 All St. Patrick's Alley  
 Was there to see,  
 With the friends and kinsmen  
 Of the family.

On the old deal table Tim lay, in white,  
 And at his pillow the burning light ;  
 While pale as himself, with the tear on her cheek,  
 The mother received us,—too full to speak.  
 But she heap'd the fire, and with never a word,  
 Set the black bottle upon the board,  
 While the company gathered, one and all,  
 Men and women, big and small,—  
 Not one in the alley but felt a call  
 To the Wake of Tim O'Hara

II.

At the face of O'Hara,  
 All white with sleep,  
 Not one of the women  
 But took a peep,  
 And the wives new wedded  
 Began to weep.

The mothers clustered around about,  
And praised the linen and laying out,  
For white as snow was his winding-sheet,  
And all looked peaceful, and clean, and sweet.  
The old wives, praising the blessed dead,  
Clustered thick round the old press-bed,  
Where O'Hara's widow, tattered and torn,  
Held to her bosom the babe new born,  
And stared all round her, with eyes forlorn,  
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

III.

For the heart of O'Hara  
Was true as gold,  
And the life of O'Hara  
Was bright and bold,  
And his smile was precious  
To young and old.  
Gay as a guinea, wet or dry,  
With a smiling mouth and a twinkling eye!  
Had ever an answer for chaff or fun,  
Would fight like a lion with any one!  
Not a neighbour of any trade  
But knew some joke that the boy had made!  
Not a neighbour, dull or bright,  
But minded something, frolic or fight,  
And whispered it round the fire that night,  
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara!

IV.

"To God be glory  
In death and life!

*The Wake of Tim O'Hara.*

He's taken O'Hara  
From trouble and strife,"  
Said one-eyed Biddy,  
The apple-wife.

"God bless old Ireland!" said Mistress Hart,  
Mother to Mike of the donkey-cart :  
"God bless old Ireland till all be done !  
She never made wake for a better son !"  
And all joined chorus, and each one said  
Something kind of the boy that was dead.  
The bottle went round from lip to lip,  
And the weeping widow, for fellowship,  
Took the glass of old Biddy, and had a sip,  
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

## v.

Then we drank to O'Hara  
With drams to the brim,  
While the face of O'Hara  
Looked on so grim,  
In the corpse-light shining  
Yellow and dim.

The drink went round again and again ;  
The talk grew louder at every drain ;  
Louder the tongues of the women grew ;  
The tongues of the boys were loosing too !  
But the widow her weary eyelids closed,  
And, soothed by the drop of drink, she dozed ;  
The mother brightened and laughed to hear  
Of O'Hara's fight with the grenadier,  
And the hearts of us all took better cheer  
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

VI.

Tho' the face of O'Hara  
Looked on so wan,  
In the chimney corner  
The row began ;  
Lame Tony was in it,  
The oyster-man.

For a dirty low thief from the north came near  
And whistled "Boyne Water" in his ear,  
And Tony, with never a word of grace,  
Hit out his fist in the blackguard's face.  
Then all the women screamed out for fright ;  
The men that were drunkest began to fight ;  
Over, the chairs and tables they threw ;  
The corpse-light tumbled, the trouble grew ;  
The new-born joined in the hullabaloo,  
At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

VII.

"Be still ! Be silent !  
Ye do a sin !  
Shame be his portion  
Who dares begin !" —  
'Twas Father O'Connor  
Just entered in ;

And all looked shamed, and the row was done :  
Sorry and sheepish looked every one ;  
But the priest just smiled quite easy and free —  
"Would you wake the poor boy from his sleep ?"  
said he.

And he said a prayer with a shining face,  
 Till a kind of a brightness filled the place;  
 The women lit up the dim corpse-light;  
 The men were quieter at the sight;—  
 And the peace of the Lord fell on all that night  
 At the Wake of Tim O'Hara.

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## THE NAGGLETONS ON THE DERBY.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

*After Breakfast on the Derby Day. Rain pouring. A few Carriages are seen passing, either closed, or covered with umbrellas. MR. NAGGLETON rings the bell.*

*Mrs. Naggleton.* What do you want now?

*Mr. N. (shortly).* I want the bell answered.

*Mrs. N.* Sarah is up-stairs.

*Mr. N.* I don't want Sarah.

*Mrs. N.* The cook will think it is to tell Sarah to take away.

*Mr. N.* I don't care about the cook's thoughts.

[*Rings again.*]

*Mrs. N.* Are you not well?

*Mr. N. (angrily).* Bless my heart and soul, can't I ring a bell in my own house?

*Mrs. N.* You have shown that you can, I think.

*Mr. N.* Yes, but not that I can get it answered.

[*Rings again furiously, and the COOK comes in with her eyes very wide open.*]

*Cook.* Did you ring, M'm?

*Mrs. N.* I! O dear no!

*Mr. N.* Let somebody get me a cab—a close cab—directly. *[Exit COOK without reply.]*

*Mrs. N.* You are very fond of preaching about consideration for servants.

*Mr. N.* I'm not fond of it, but I have to do it more often than I like.

*Mrs. N.* If you practised what you preach, you would not send a girl from her work into the wet on such a morning.

*Mr. N.* You can send 'em fast enough, rain, hail, or shine, when you want to go to some ridiculous concert. Let the boy go that cleans the boots, and does them so villianously.

*Mrs. N.* If you chose to keep a proper domestic, he would do them better, I dare say.

*Mr. N.* I keep the domestics I *think* proper, and if you kept them in better order and check, things would be pleasanter.

*Mrs. N.* (*smiling*). Don't be angry with me, Henry, because it happens to rain on the Derby Day, and you are obliged to give up your holiday. I cannot command the weather, you know.

*Mr. N.* No. nor your tongue neither, or you wouldn't aggravate a man with his head full of business.

*Mrs. N.* Oh, I'm sure I beg your pardon. It is something so new to hear you talk about business that you must make an allowance.

*Mr. N.* (*looking as if he should like to make her one, not too large, and dissolve the partnership*). Certainly,

I don't talk business to you, for an obvious reason. Why the devil don't that cab come?

[*Looks at the bell-handle.*

*Mrs. N.* Don't, Henry, don't. I will go for it myself. [Rises.

*Mr. N.* Are you out of your senses? There he goes. By Jove, she's only just got him off. That's downright insolence on the part of that woman, and you ought to send her away.

*Mrs. N.* Perhaps the poor child hadn't done his breakfast.

*Mr. N.* Of course. Take anybody's part but your husband's.

*Mrs. N.* I am a wife, Henry, but not a slave, and when my husband is in the wrong I shall take the liberty of telling him so. Your temper is growing upon you, and unless you control it, you will become a nuisance to yourself and to all about you. If it rains and you are disappointed of the pleasure of throwing sticks at little dolls——

*Mr. N.* Little dolls be—hanged, and great dolls, too. You know I had as much intention of going to Epsom as you have of being amiable. I can't say anything stronger.

*Mrs. N.* Or weaker, dear. But you always *do* go, and you always say that you are not going.

*Mr. N.* I went last year, and I have been once before, since the year we were married. I tell you I want to get into the City, because I expect important letters, and I may have to see two or three men before they go off to the races. That infernal boy! I believe he is standing to watch the carriages go by.

*Mrs. N.* Boys will be boys. You were a boy yourself once. And you are very like one now, in your irritation at being kept in town—don't tell me nonsense about it. All men think they are dreadfully wronged if they cannot go and make fools of themselves at Epsom.

*Mr. N.* Some people are fools ready-made, and need not go to Epsom to be manufactured. (*Looks savagely out of the window.*) I'll teach that boy manners!

*Mrs. N.* Well, dear, one does hear strange things, but if there is one branch of education that I should have advised you to decline attempting, it is that. Calling a wife a fool over her own breakfast cups and saucers is——

*Mr. N.* I didn't. It's untrue.

*Mrs. N.* And mending it by calling her something worse—but there is the poor boy in the cab—how wet he looks.

*Mr. N.* Yes, and nicely he has wetted the cushions for me, which is a thing that don't occur to you, of course.

*Mrs. N.* Oh, I wish it had been a fine day, and you had been able to go with your friends. It may be foolish and expensive amusement, and the company may not be fit for the father of children, but it is better than such a display of evil temper, rudeness, and cruelty.

*Mr. N.* (*going*). I'm a demon, no doubt—so don't wait dinner for me. In fact, I'd better say I'll get a chop in the City.

*Mrs. N.* No, Henry, do not utter a deliberate falsehood. I will not wait dinner, that is enough.

*Mr. N.* Sweet creature — sweet temper — sweet tongue.

*[Exit, and is heard to quarrel in the hall with his Inverness cape, wrong gloves, unbrushed hat, and umbrella that won't open, and moreover to launch a passing reproach at the boy for dawdling, and to repeat his direction to the cabman angrily, because that deaf fiend had the insolence to answer, "Sir?" to the first. Then MR. NAGGLETON disappears until a little past*

ELEVEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT,

*when he re-enters the room. MRS. NAGGLETON is reading ZIMMERMAN "On Solitude," and does not look up at his entrance.*

*Mr. N.* (with some natural and some acquired cheerfulness). Well, my dear, and how are you by this time?

*Mrs. N.* This time? Just midnight. Oh, I am very well. (Closes her book.)

*Mr. N.* Nay, only just eleven.

*Mrs. N.* I presume you do not wish to sit up?

*Mr. N.* Well, just ten minutes, and let me have a glass of something or other, and I'll tell you a bit of fun.

*Mrs. N.* I am not in a state of mind for what you consider fun. [Rings.]

*Mr. N.* Come, don't bear malice. I know I went out a little fluffy, for I had had a bad night, and something to bother me, but I didn't mean to be unkind.

*Enter SARAH.*

*Mrs. N.* Your master wishes you to bring him the

tray, a tumbler, hot and cold water, a tea-spoon, and the spirits. I suppose that the kitchen fire is out. In that case you must re-light it.

*Mr. N.* Never mind. Cold water will do.

*Mrs. N. (sternly).* Hot and cold water. [*Exit SARAH.*]

*Mr. N.* Oh, don't have the fire lighted.

*Mrs. N.* I was abused this morning for not keeping my servants to their work. I will give no cause for a repetition of the reproach.

*Mr. N.* Reproach! Lord, Maria, how you bottle up a hasty word. Ar'n't we husband and wife? Forget and forgive—we've no time for quarrels in this world. I always do. Here's something for you.

*[Tosses nine bright sovereigns into her lap.]*

*Mrs. N. (taking them up and placing them at some distance from her on the table).* Is that on account of the house-money?

*Mr. N.* No, no, that's a hextra, as the child says. That's all for yourself, to make ducks and drakes with, if you like to be orni-orni-thological.

*[MRS. N. looks at him fixedly for a moment, and sighs deeply.]*

*Enter SARAH, with tray, and exit.*

*Mrs. N.* Pray be careful with the glass jug. You had better let me mix it. Please don't spill it over the cloth. Ah! Take care of the tumbler.

*Mr. N.* That's the way to make a fellow nervous, M'm. But no such luck. There—(*completes the brew*)—as nice as pie, and twice as wholesome. Your health. May I mix a little for you?

*Mrs. N.* For me! (*Sarcastically.*)

*Mr. N.* Do you good. But as you like. You might say thank you for nine sufferings, though. My winnings, *Mrs. Naggleton*, and here's long life to *Macaroni*, and to *Mr. Punch* for prophesying that *Mac.* would win.

*Mrs. N.* I beg to decline money which, as I infer, you have won by gambling, if indeed you won it at all, and it is not a sort of hush-money added to losses of which I know nothing.

*Mr. N.* Hush-money be blowed. I won it fairly and lawfully in a sweepstakes of nine, by drawing *Macaroni*, *Mr. Naylor's* horse, who, I inform you, M'm, is the Winner of the Derby, and as I said, here's luck to him. It was a beautiful sight to see him win, and quite repaid me for a disagreeable journey. He won by only a head, and if *Lord Clifden* hadn't slipped, or changed legs at the last, you wouldn't have had those sovereigns.

*Mrs. N.* I repeat that I decline taking gambling money. Do you wish to sit up longer?

*Mr. N.* Of course I do. I haven't done my groggums. Bet you nine to one you take the money.

*Mrs. N.* Pray leave your race-course slang outside the door. It is an affectation that is perfectly ridiculous in a man who does not know one horse from another.

*Mr. N.* Maria, you're an antiphotetic—no, you are not—you are an antipathetic woman. If you had a good genial nature you'd give me a kiss, or a box on the ear, which is all the same, and say, "I'm glad you've enjoyed yourself, my old dear, and thank you for thinking of me." That's the way to oil the wheels

of domestic life, and make 'em work pleasantly.  
What good whisky this is. (*Sings, objectionably.*)

“The man that hath good whisky  
And giveth his neighbour none,  
He shan't have any of *my* *whiskee*  
When *his* *whiskee* is done,  
When his *whiskee* is done.”

You'd join chorus if you were half-jolly. (*Sings.*)

“When his *whiskee* is done.”

[*Slaps his knees, which is the American accompaniment to this delightful lyric.*]

*Mrs. N.* Pray, Henry, have some regard for our reputation, and don't let the neighbours think we keep a public-house.

*Mr. N. (insanely).* Ha! ha! I should like to keep a public-house very well, and I'd hang out the sign of the Good Woman, and it should be you; for you *are* a good woman at bottom, in spite of your little tempers. Your health!

*Mrs. N.* And so you meant to go to the Derby all the time. Of course *you* did. And why all that mean deceit and pretence of business, and annoyance?

*Mr. N.* Swear I didn't mean to go. But I got my work done, and some fellows came in and offered me a seat, and as——

*Mrs. N.* I desire to hear no more.

*Mr. N.* Yes, do, my dear, for it's as good as a play. In came old Snotchley, and Piggy Farmer——

*Mrs. N.* Henry! will you tell me, at midnight, in my own house, that Mr. Snotchley has been to the Derby with you?

*Mr. N.* Hasn't he? That's all. And came out as I never saw him before, as jolly as a sand-boy, only he was a trifle wetter. There's one of his sovereigns in that heap, M'm, the lightest, I dare say, if one's lighter than the others, but he paid it and lost it, and never made a wry face.

*Mrs. N.* You are deceiving me again, Henry.

*Mr. N.* Am I, by Jove? Put on your bonnet, it don't rain, and come round to his house and see. He's in no humour for bed, and we'll finish the evening there.

*Mrs. N.* You must be mad.

*Mr. N.* Not a bit. Put on your bonnet. Or if you don't, I'll just take up this money which you scorn, and I'll go down to the Club and take nine chances for the Oaks.

*Mrs. N.* (*snatching at the money with a good bit of womanly eagerness and a natural laugh*). I'm blessed if you shall. (*Secures the sovereigns in a little pocket.*) There, now, go to bed. You shan't make any more, I declare you shan't. Go up-stairs. I'll see to the things being put away. Walk straight now—the servant will see you—(*rings*)—Henry! Don't!

[*What that last exclamation referred to shall never be divulged in this world, but MR. NAGGLETON accepts the truce, and goes upstairs singing "The man that hath good whisky."*]

(*By permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.*)

*"THE TWINS."*

H. S. LEIGH.

IN form and feature, face and limb,  
 I grew so like my brother,  
 That folks got taking me for him,  
 And each for one another.  
 It puzzled all our kith and kin,  
 It reached an awful pitch,  
 For one of us was born a twin  
 Yet not a soul knew "which."

When quite a little infant child  
 My trouble did begin,  
 For when I called for nourishment  
 'Twas given to the other twin ;  
 They gave "me" Godfrey's cordial  
 When he kicked up a shine,  
 And when his nose was troublesome  
 They took to wiping mine.

One day to make the matter worse,  
 Before our names were fixed,  
 As we were being washed by nurse  
 We got "completely mixed ;"  
 And thus you see by fate-decree,  
 Or rather nurse's whim ;  
 My brother John got christened "me,"  
 And I got christened "him."

*"The Twins."*

This fatal likeness even dogged  
My footsteps when at school,  
For I was always being flogged  
'Cause he turned out a fool.  
But once I had a sweet revenge,  
For something made me ill ;  
The doctor came and gave poor Jack  
A black draught and a pill.

We both set up at last in trade,  
My prospects were but grim ;  
The people bought *my* things, but paid  
The money all to him.  
And once when he had had a drop,  
And broke a P'liceman's nob ;  
They took *me* into custody,  
And fined me forty bob.

This fatal likeness turned the tide  
Of my domestic life,  
For somehow my intended bride  
Became my brother's wife.  
Year after year, and still the same  
Absurd mistakes went on ;  
And when I died the neighbours came  
And buried brother John.

*MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.*

By DOUGLAS JERROLD.

"THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He does not look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I am alive, if it isn't Saint Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it? Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They shan't go through such weather, I'm determined. No! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And, when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father.

People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteenpence at least—sixteenpence?—two-and-eightpence, for there and back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will, and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that it will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's a foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and, with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But, what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course.

"Nice clothes I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt, quite. Needn't I wear 'em then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Ugh, that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die I'll do it. No, sir, I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last wee' I had a nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor dear children will be used; but then, sir, then

you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They shall go to school: mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault: I didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (*A loud snore is heard.*) Oh, what a brute a man is! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!"

(By permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.)

*THE STETHOSCOPE SONG.*

BY O. W. HOLMES.

THERE was a young man in Boston town,  
He bought him a STETHOSCOPE nice and new,  
All mounted and finished and polished down,  
With an ivory cap and stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,  
And spun him a web of ample size,  
Wherein there chanced one day to fall  
A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,  
The second was smaller, and thin and long ;  
So there was a concert between the two,  
Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,  
This fine young man would show his skill ;  
And so they gave him, his hand to try,  
An hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,  
And some that his *heart* was over size,  
While some kept arguing all the while,  
He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,  
And all the doctors made a pause ;  
Said he,—The man must die, you see,  
By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But, since the case is a desperate one,  
To explore his chest it may be well ;  
For, if he should die and it were not done,  
You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,  
And on it placed his curious ear ;  
*Mon Dieu !* said he, with a knowing look,  
Why here is a sound that's mighty queer !

The *bourdonnement* is very clear,—  
*Amphoric buzzing*, as I'm alive !  
Five doctors took their turn to hear ;  
*Amphoric buzzing*, said all the five.

There's *empyema* beyond a doubt ;  
We'll plunge a *trocar* in his side,—  
The diagnosis was made out,  
They tapped the patient ; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys  
Began to look extremely glum ;  
They said that *rattles* were made for boys,  
And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a hum

There was an old lady had long been sick,  
And what was the matter none did know ;  
Her pulse was slow, though her tongue was quick ;  
To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,  
With phials and boxes all in a row ;  
She asked the young doctor what he was at,  
To thump her and tumble her ruffles so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,  
The flies began to buzz and whiz ;—  
O ho ! the matter is clear, no doubt ;  
An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*  
And the *bruit de diable* are all combined ;  
How happy Bouillaud would be,  
If he a case like this could find !

Now, when the neighbouring doctors found  
A case so rare had been descried,  
They every day her ribs did pound  
In squads of twenty ; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,  
Received this kind young doctor's cares ;  
They all were getting slim and pale,  
And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with " sighs " and " skies,"  
And loathed their puddings and buttered rolls,  
And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,  
On pickles and pencils and chalk and coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,  
The frightened insects buzzed the more !  
So over all their chests he found  
The *râle sifflant*, and *râle sonore*.

He shook his head ;—there's grave disease,—  
I greatly fear you all must die ;  
A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,  
Surviving friends would gratify.

*The Stethoscope Song.*

The six young damsels wept aloud,  
Which so prevailed on six young men,  
That each his honest love avowed,  
Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast ;  
The price of stethoscopes came down !  
And so he was reduced at last  
To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,  
A stethoscope they did devise,  
That had a rammer to clear the bore,  
With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,  
But don't forget to mind your eyes,  
Or you may be cheated, like this young man,  
By a couple of silly abnormal flies.

*THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.*

BY O. W. HOLMES.

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by the riverside,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the  
tide ;

The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and  
slim,

Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade ;  
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to  
say,

"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks  
away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,  
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks  
should see ;

I read it in the story book, that, for to kiss his dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this  
here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the  
shining stream,

And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moon-  
light gleam ;

Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft  
as rain,—

But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps  
again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Oh, what was that, my daughter?”

“’T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.”

“And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?”

“It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s been a swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“Now bring me my harpoon!

I’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,

Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,

And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned;

But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,

And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

## THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

By O. W. HOLMES.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,  
And then, of a sudden, it—Ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened, without delay—  
Scaring the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits—  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive—  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on that terrible Earthquake day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still,  
Find it somewhere you must and will—

92      *The Wonderful "One-Hoss Shay."*

Above or below, or within or without—  
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon *swore*—(as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell *yeou*")—  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it couldn' break daown :—  
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain  
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain  
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,  
Is only jest  
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—  
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills;  
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;  
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,  
But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs from logs from the "Settler's ellum"  
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—  
Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,  
Found in the pit where the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through."  
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren—where were they?  
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay,  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED—it came, and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—  
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—  
Running as usual—much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive;  
And then came fifty—and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,  
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.  
(This is a moral that runs at large:  
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER—the Earthquake-day—  
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavour of mild decay—  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.  
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,  
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,  
And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And the spring, and axle, and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text—  
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the—Moses—was coming nex  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill—  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—  
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!

What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around ?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground !  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once—  
All at once, and nothing first—  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.—  
End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
*Logic IS Logic.* That's all I say.

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*THE BASHFUL MAN.*

AMONG the good and bad qualities incident to our nature, I am, unfortunately, that being over-stocked with the one called bashfulness ; for you must know that I inherit such an extreme susceptibility of shame that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood rushes to my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose ; in short, I am commonly known by the appellation of "the bashful man." The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me formerly avoid that social company I should otherwise have been ambitious to appear in ; till at length, becoming possessed of an ample fortune by the death of a rich old uncle, and vainly supposing that "money makes the man," I was now determined to shake off my natural timidity, and join the gay throng. With this view I accepted an

invitation to dine with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly was an intimate acquaintance of my late uncle, with two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother, and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I for some time took private lessons of a professor who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance." Having, by his means, acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with the idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery-servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or who I was.

At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, in bringing my left foot to the third position, I trod upon poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close upon my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned to me can hardly be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness, by degrees, dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable

him to support his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness ; till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects.

The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, and observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of it) greatly excited my curiosity, I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him ; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly ; but lo ! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came rumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm ; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet ; and, scarce knowing what I did, I attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up ; and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since

the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distresses occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich, sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal. It was impossible to conceal my agony—my eyes were starting from their sockets; at last, in spite of my shame and resolution

I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was the best to draw out fire; and a glass was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered.

Totally unused to ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters, for the measure of my shame—and their diversion—was not yet complete.

To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated pocket-handkerchief which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my face with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense

of guilt could have excited. Thus, without having deviated from the paths of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations to the shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned. Perhaps, by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man; and—as I am just informed my poultice is ready—I trust you will excuse the haste in which I retire.

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### *THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."*

BY W. S. GILBERT.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast  
From Deal to Ramsgate span,  
That I found alone on a piece of stone  
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,  
And weedy and long was he,  
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,  
In a singular minor key:

" Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,  
Till I really felt afraid,  
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been  
drinking,  
And so I simply said :

" Oh, elderly man, it's little I know  
Of the duties of men of the sea,  
And I'll eat my hand if I understand  
How you can possibly be

" " At once a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.' "

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which  
Is a trick all seamen larn ;  
And having got rid of a thumping quid,  
He spun this painful yarn :

" 'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*  
That we sailed to the Indian sea,  
And there on a reef we come to grief,  
Which has often occurred to me.

" And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned  
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),  
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men  
Said ' Here ! ' to the muster roll

" There was me, and the cook, and the captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

" For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,  
Till a-hungry we did feel ;  
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot  
The captain for our meal.

" The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,  
And a delicate dish he made ;  
Then our appetite with the midshipmite  
We seven survivors stayed.

" And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,  
And he much resembled pig ;  
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,  
On the crew of the captain's gig.

" Then only the cook and me was left,  
And the delicate question, ' Which  
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ' arose,  
And we argued it out as sich.

" For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,  
And the cook he worshipped me ;  
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed  
In the other chap's hold you see.

" ' I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,  
' Yes, that,' says I, ' you'll be,'—  
' I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,  
And ' Exactly so,' quoth he.

" Says he, ' Dear James, to murder me  
Were a foolish thing to do,  
For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,  
While I can—and will—cook *you* !'

" So, he boils the water, and takes the salt  
And the pepper in proportions true  
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,  
And some sage and parsley too.

" ' Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,  
Which his smiling features tell,  
'Twill soothing be if I let you see  
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

" And he stirred it round, and round, and round,  
And he sniffed at the foaming broth ;  
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals  
In the scum of the boiling broth.

" And I eat that cook in a week or less,  
And—as I eating be  
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,  
For a wessel in sight I see.

\* \* \* \* \*

" And I never grieve, and I never smile,  
And I never larf nor play,  
But I sit and croak, and a single joke  
I have—which is to say :

" Oh, I am a cook, and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig !"

## *MRS. BROWN GOES TO AN EVENING PARTY.*

BY ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

"WE did ought to go, Brown, in my opinion," says I. "Oh, bother!" says he, "I ain't a-goin' to make a fool of myself at my time of life."

"Well," I says, "it's not makin' a fool of nobody for to be perlite," and with a printed note too as looked beautiful, a-requestin' of the pleasure of our company with quadrilles in the corner. He busts out a laughin', a-sayin' as he should like for to see me a quadrilling in a corner.

So I says, "There's no occasion for no rudeness, Mr. Brown, as have danced often in my time and with your betters, as was young Master Watts, where I lived first, as would often get me for to practise the Spanish dance with him in a round jacket and broad collar, with his hair long and white silk stockings and pumps through it's bein' Twelfth Night, as they drawed king and queen beautiful with a cake like the driven snow." Says Brown, "If you'll promise for to dance I'll go."

I says, "Go on with your rubbish." "Well," he says, "I mean it; for," he says, "there must be some one on hand for to dig you out of the rubbish, for you'll bring the place about your ears as sure as ever they lets you do it."

I says, "Mr. Brown, redicules ain't any argyments ;

but," I says, "dance or no dance, I goes to this party." He only says, "All right," and smokes away like a burnin' furnace.

The next mornin' I gets Miss Lester, as lives nearly opposite, and is a friendly gal, for to answer the note very genteel and say we expected the invitation, "For," she says, "you can say as Mr. Brown have a bad cold, or somethin' like that, when you goes in without him," as surprised me through her bein' of a serious turn.

I've got a lovely gownd as is a satin turk a deep crimson, as belonged to a lady as wore it when she dined at the Lord Mayor's with Queen Victoria first a-comin' to the throne. A noble gownd it is, as I cleaned from top to bottom with my own hands with a little sperrits and flannel. It fitted me like wax only a little tight in the armholes, as Miss Lester said didn't signify, as I needn't lift my arms up.

I got a very nice blue crape turban, with silver spangles, as sets the face off, and with my new hair, as was made for me in the City, I think as I had everything nice.

I wore a handsome scarf over my shoulders, as was a bright orange, and with white gloves and a fan, I do assure you any one might have been proud to have took me out.

When I was dressed, Brown I know'd would be full of his jeers, so I didn't go down to him, through not a-wishin' to be baccy-smoked, as I told him over the bannisters. As to our Sarah, that gal couldn't take her eyes off me, a-sayin' as I looked for all the world like waxwork as she seed at the West-end, where all the Royal families is in a Chamber of Horrors.

It was a pourin' wet night, but I would not have a cab through it only bein' three doors off, and Miss Lester a-pinnin' me up all round so as not to be splashed, with a large cloak throwed over me and a shawl over my head and Sarah holding the umbrella.

Whatever we pay pavin' rates for I can't make out, it's downright disgraceful the way as they've left them flagstones in our street that loose, as I stepped on one, and up it goes with a flop and sends a large puddle as was under it all up my stockin's, and reg'lar deluged my overshoes.

Goin' up them steps to Mrs. Butler's door was dreadful, for my gownd hung down and come in contract with the wet stones and dabbed me dreadful.

I was forced for to send Sarah back for clean stockin's, and had to have my shoes dried in the kitchen afore I could go into the room where they was all a-sittin' round the walls a-takin' of tea. I certainly did take a cup for the look of the thing, as were only loo warm, and I should say half a crown the pound. There was thin bread and butter as I couldn't eat through the butter bein' what I calls reg'lar cartgrease, and as to the tea-cake it was cold and broke to bits, with a sweet taste as made that rank butter taste worse than ever.

Mrs. Butler is a weazel-figgered woman, as wears no cap, with grey hairs, and not much on it.

As to her daughter 'Liza Ann, she's a fright all over, with her hair in a crop, and a white frock as had been washed with a deal too much blue-bag for me, and wasn't never made for her in my opinion.

As to old Butler, nobody seemed to mind him, as

was a simple sort of party, as I see myself a-cribbin' of the cakes and drinkin' of the negus on the sly.

If he could drink it I couldn't, as had been made with cream o' tartar I could swear, and as to wine, why, it's my opinion as they forgot to put it in.

Well, there were a deal of music, as was no doubt very fine for them as understands it, and one young gent as had a lovely shirt-front, though only Scotch cambric, with his hair parted down the middle and a flower in his coat, as they'd said he'd give ninepence for alone. He certainly sung very nice, though it's my opinion as his boots was torments to him, bein' patent leather stitched with yeller thread as you could see.

Law, the way as them gals went on over that young fellow was downright barefaced. At last 'Liza Butler got quite put out, and called Miss Shellins a spiteful thing to her face, as was a-settin' down to play on the pianer when the music-stool give way with her all of a crash, and knocked my negus out of my hand through my arms bein' that pinioned as I couldn't save it. I'm sure when Miss Shellins come to play it was nothin' partikler, and as to her song as her ma played the music to, it was reg'lar laughture and nothin' more. There was a hand at cards, as I didn't join in, through cribbage bein' all as I knows, but Mrs. Shellins she set down to whist, and didn't know no more than I do, and that aggravated a lady as were her pardner, as caused her for to tell her to her face as she didn't play no better at cards than she did on the pianer.

There was a pretty filliloo, I can tell you, as broke up the cards, as I wasn't sorry, for really I was beginnin' to feel the want of my supper, as half-past

eight is my hour, and now a quarter to ten. Law bless you, I don't think as people as gives parties thinks about comfort, for I'm sure there weren't no comfort there.

I sat a-noddin' in a corner, feelin' ready for to drop and my new hair kep' a-gettin' loose in single hairs across my face, a-makin' my nose itch that violent as I couldn't get my hand near for rest. Well, of a sudden I give a sneeze that violent, and heard a bang.

I know'd it was my gownd give way, and so it did, and simultaneous like, at each arm-hole. I didn't take no notice, thro' a knowin' as my scarf were pinn'd down, and I wasn't sorry as the gownd had give way as enabled me to breathe more free, and to get my 'ankercher up to my face.

Well, supper came at last, as was sandwiches, and cakes, and jelly, with wine and water. You might have knocked me down with a feather. Call that supper as wasn't more than toothfuls? There was cold roast beef, bread and cheese, and beer, on the sideboard, as Mrs. Butler said were for the gentlemen.

I'd a-give anythin' for a slice of that beef and a good pull at the beer, but law bless you, I was reg'lar hemmed in, and didn't like for to ask for none, as I could not have eat it comfortable on my lap. As to them sandwiches, they wasn't human, tho' Mrs. Butler did keep a-sayin' as she cured her own 'ams, as she might have done others, but this one wasn't cured at all, and looked that measly as wasn't fit to eat, and in my opinion was cured from the cookshop at the corner.

I had the presence of mind to ask for a glass of beer, for drink that Cape wine I can't.

I might have got on pretty well, p'raps, if it hadn't been as a bit of somethin' in the sandwich got down the wrong way, and made me cough that violent as I couldn't a-bear myself. I felt half choked, and jumps up for hair to get my breath. I sits down again barely recoverin', when old Butler makes a rush across the room at the tongs, as was close to me, ketches 'em up, seizes hold of my turban, pulls it off, with my hair, and throws it all in flames into the grate.

I thought I would have died with my bald head afore all the company, as I couldn't get my scarf over. If I hadn't been and set light to my turban through a-shovin' it agin' a candle over the mantelpiece.

No doubt I might have been burnt serious but for Butler, only I think he might as well have tried somethin' else, not as water was any good, for I'm sure that young gentleman in the shirt-front deluged me with a jugful, as made me savage through the danger bein' over.

I was only too glad for to get home anyhow. Brown was a-bed when I got home, so I didn't say nothin' to him ; but when I looked at my things all spoilt I says to myself, "No more parties for me ;" but I didn't know the wust till the next day, when our Sarah told me as after I was gone they got a-dancin' and Brown's words came true, for if the ceilin' didn't give way over their heads and under their feet, and the neighbours come in for to stop it, or they'd have had the row all down. So, you see, it was lucky as I did ketch light, or I might have ended like a earthquake as swallows everythin' up, as the sayin' is.

## THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'D been away from her three years—about that—  
 And I returned to find my Mary true,  
 And though I'd question her, I did not doubt that  
 It was unnecessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting,  
 "Mary," said I, "have you been always true?"  
 'Frankly," says she, just pausing in her knitting,  
 "I *don't* think I've unfaithful been to you ;  
 But for the three years past I'll tell you what  
 I've done : then say if I've been true or not.

"When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,  
 Alone I mourned my miserable lot,  
 And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,  
 Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershot ;  
 To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new,  
 I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you ?

"The next—oh ! let me see—was Frankie Phipps,  
 I met him at my uncle's Christmas-tide ;  
 And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,  
 He gave me his first kiss"—and here she sighed ;  
 "We stayed six weeks at uncle's—how time flew !  
 I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you ?

## *The Faithful Lovers.*

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"Lord Cecil Fossmote, only twenty-one,  
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!  
We scoured the downs—we rode to hounds—such  
fun!

And often was his arm about my waist—  
That was to lift me up or down. But who  
Would count *that* as unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!  
We met—'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!  
He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,  
When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.  
Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!  
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him. D'you see  
The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"  
I took her hand: "Oh, Mary! Can it be  
That you"—. Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere  
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?"  
"No," I replied, "*for I am married, too.*"

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## *A TALE OF TUSKANY.*

EDGAR DE MONTMORENCI PIFFPAFF was a gentle youth. Once he had been a boy, but with a perseverance worthy of a better cause he had insisted on growing older until he broke himself of the childish habit. He grew up until he grew down. The down was on his upper lip. Such are the ups and downs of life! His eye was blue. He had another eye, and that was also blue. His nose was not the nose of his choice, for it was a pug that had turned up quite by chance when he was a child.

Had he been anybody else he might have been heir presumptive to a dukedom. As it was, his father was a prosperous soap-boiler; that is, he boiled his soap until he died, well off for soap, suddenly. Just as he had discovered how to manufacture mottled, his death a-curd.

His son, our hero, Edgar de Montmorenci, came into the property. The father, having made a fortune, made his son an air; such are the delights of harmony—or money even, without the har-

Edgar loved. He loved a good many things. For instance, wealth, boiled leg of mutton and turnips, comic songs, Beachy Head and Margate, marrow bones, black eyes (natural, not manufactured), hot-house grapes, five per cent. stock, eel pies, foreign scenery, and the Epsom Spring Meeting, with the local salts.

These were a few of the things he adored. Besides all these, he was enamoured of Clementina Chivvy-chase, eldest cousin of an Irish peer, a noble earl, who lived by his wits, and didn't thrive on them. He had a brother on his father's side who married a lady, Clementina was their daughter, and she was always looked upon as an elder sister by her younger brothers.

So much for her descent. What Edgar wanted was her assent. For, although removed by the possession of wealth from all chance of poverty, his love was so extravagant that he had been compelled to pop the question—whether he got much upon it is another question, which his uncle can satisfy a-loan.

He wrote to her, laying his hand at her feet, accompanied by his name and fortune. He added he would call for an answer the next day.

He did.

Approaching his beloved, he picked out a soft place on the hearthrug to kneel on. He begged of her to answer his note.

She blushed red as fire, but spoke not a word. She was very lovely, though not so young as she had been—not so young even as she had been five minutes before he called. Her face would have formed a study for the painter; it was generally done by her lady's-maid; but she kept a little colour on the corner of her pocket-handkerchief for the purpose of blushing. Her features consisted of a mouth, nose, chin, forehead, eyebrows (a pair), eyes (not a good match), and a handful or so of brown hair, curled and parted on one side.

This was she. But that was no adequate reason for her silence. Edgar pressed her—figuratively, of course—but she would not open her mouth. She only shook her head so vigorously that Edgar wondered her teeth didn't rattle; but they didn't—ha! ha!

He waited an hour and a half, and then gave it up. Failing to prevail on her to consent to favour him with a reply, he went away and immediately married his grandmother to show his contempt for the hollowness of the world. He learnt the reason of Clementina's silence too late!

I drew her likeness just now. I drew her nose, I drew her eyes, I drew her hair, but I didn't draw her teeth. No, the dentist had anticipated me!

She had, to be sure, a splendid set, best porcelain, india-rubber gums, double action, patent lever, jewelled in four holes.

But unluckily, when Edgar de Montmorenci, called they were upstairs in the left-hand top corner drawer. She used to call that "the dentist." Why? Because it was her tooth-drawer.

What could she do? When Edgar proposed, she could not answer. She was compelled to remain silent. She could not even gnash her teeth in despair. At least, not till after he had left, and then—but it was too late—she went upstairs and ground them—in the coffee mill—but no matter!

So they weren't married, and lived very happily ever afterwards.

*DOW'S FLAT.—1856.*

BY BRET HARTE.

Dow's Flat. That's its name,  
 And I reckon that you  
 Are a stranger? The same?  
 Well, I thought it was true,  
 For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the  
 place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—  
 Which the same was an ass,—  
 And as to the how  
 That the thing came to pass,—  
 Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye  
 down here in the grass :

You see this yer Dow  
 He'd the worst kind of luck ;  
 He slipped up somehow  
 On each thing thet he struck.  
 Why, ef he'd ha' straddled thet fence-rail, the derved  
 thing 'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar  
 Till he couldn't pay rates ;  
 He was smashed by a car  
 When he tunnelled with Bates ;  
 And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife  
 and five kids from the States.

It was rough,—mighty rough;  
But the boys they stood by,  
And they brought him the stuff  
For a house on the sly;  
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took  
on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck o' Dow's  
Was so powerful mean  
That the spring near his house  
Dried right upon the green;  
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a  
drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,  
And the boys wouldn't stay:  
And the chills got about,  
And his wife fell away;  
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual  
ridikilous way.

One day,—it was June,  
And a year ago, jest,—  
This Dow kem at noon  
To his work, like the rest,  
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a  
Derringer hid in his breast.

He goes to the well,  
And he stands on the brink,  
And stops for a spell,  
Just to listen and think;  
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir), you see,  
kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals  
In the gulch were at play,  
And a gownd that was Sal's  
Kinder flapped on the bay ;  
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as  
I've heerd the folks say.

And,—that's a pert hoss  
Thet you've got, ain't it now ?  
What might be her cost ?  
Eh ? O !—Well, then, Dow,—  
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir,  
that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick  
Sorter caved in the side,  
And he looked and turned sick,  
Then he trembled and cried.  
For you see the dern cuss hed struck—"Water?"—  
beg your parding, young man, there you lied.

It was *gold*, in the quartz,  
And it ran all alike ;  
And I reckon five oughts  
Was the worth of that strike ;  
And that house with the coopilow's his'n—which the  
same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat ;  
And the thing of it is  
That he kinder got that  
Through sheer contrairiness ;  
For 'twas *water* the derved cuss was seekin', and his  
luck made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way  
To the left of yon tree ;  
But—a—look h'yur, say !  
Won't you come up to tea ?  
No? Well, then, the next time you're passin' ; and  
ask after Dow,—and thet's *me*.

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### *THE HEATHEN CHINEE :*

OR, PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BY BRET HARTE.

WHICH I wish to remark,—  
And my language is plain,—  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,  
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name ;  
And I shall not deny  
In regard to the same  
What that name might imply,  
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,  
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,  
And quite soft was the skies ;  
Which it might be inferred  
That Ah Sin was likewise ;  
Yet he played it that day upon William  
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,  
And Ah Sin took a hand :  
It was Euchre. The same  
He did not understand ;  
But he smiled as he sat by the table,  
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked  
In a way that I grieve,  
And my feelings were shocked  
At the state of Nye's sleeve,  
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers  
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played  
By that heathen Chinese,  
And the points that he made  
Were quite frightful to see,—  
Till at last he put down a right bower,  
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,  
And he gazed upon me ;  
And he rose with a sigh,  
And said, " Can this be ?  
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour,"  
And he went for that heathen Chinese.

In the scene that ensued  
I did not take a hand,  
But the floor it was strewed  
Like the leaves on the strand  
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,  
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,  
He had twenty-four packs,—  
Which was coming it strong,  
Yet I state but the facts ;  
And we found on his nails, which were taper,  
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,  
And my language is plain,  
That for ways that are dark,  
And for tricks that are vain,  
The heathen Chinée is peculiar;  
Which the same I am free to maintain.

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## *PRAY EMPLOY MAJOR NAMBY.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

I AM a single lady—single, you will please to understand, entirely because I have refused many excellent offers. Pray don't imagine from this that I am old. Some women's offers come at long intervals, and other women's offers come close together. Mine came remarkably close together—so, of course, I cannot possibly be old. Not that I presume to describe myself as absolutely young, either; so much depends on people's points of view. I have heard female children of the ages of eighteen or nineteen called young ladies. This seems to me to be ridiculous—and I have held that opinion, without once wavering from it, for more than ten years past. It is, after all, a question of feeling; and, shall I confess it? I feel so young!

I live in the suburbs, and I have bought my house. The major lives in the suburbs, next door to me, and *he* has bought his house. I don't object to this of course. I merely mention it to make things straight.

Major Namby has been twice married. His first wife—dear, dear! how can I express it? Shall I say, with vulgar abruptness, that his first wife had a family? And must I descend into particulars, and add that they are four in number, and that two of them are twins? Well, the words are written; and if they will do over again for the same purpose, I beg

to repeat them in reference to the second Mrs. Namby (still alive), who has also had a family, and is—no, I really cannot say, is likely to go on having one. There are certain limits in a case of this kind, and I think I have reached them. Permit me simply to state that the second Mrs. Namby has three children, at present. These, with the first Mrs. Namby's four, make a total of seven. The seven are composed of five girls and two boys. And the first Mrs. Namby's family all have one particular kind of constitution, and the second Mrs. Namby's family all have another particular kind of constitution. Let me explain once more that I merely mention these little matters, and that I don't object to them.

My complaint against Major Namby is, in plain terms, that he transacts the whole of his domestic business in his front garden. Whether it arises from natural weakness of memory, from total want of a sense of propriety, or from a condition of mind which is closely allied to madness of the eccentric sort, I cannot say, but the major certainly does sometimes partially, and sometimes entirely, forget his private family matters, and the necessary directions connected with them, while he is inside the house, and does habitually remember them, and repair all omissions, by bawling through his windows, at the top of his voice, as soon as he gets outside the house. It never seems to occur to him that he might advantageously return in-doors, and there mention what he has forgotten in a private and proper way. The instant the lost idea strikes him—which it invariably does, either in his front garden, or in the roadway

outside his house—he roars for his wife, either from the gravel walk, or over the low wall—and (if I may use so strong an expression) empties his mind to her in public, without appearing to care whose ears he wearies, whose delicacy he shocks, or whose ridicule he invites. If the man is not mad, his own small family fusses have taken such complete possession of all his senses, that he is quite incapable of noticing anything else, and perfectly impenetrable to the opinions of his neighbours. Let me show that the grievance of which I complain is no slight one, by giving a few examples of the general persecution that I suffer, and the occasional shocks that are administered to my delicacy, at the coarse hands of Major Namby.

We will say it is a fine warm morning. I am sitting in my front room, with the window open, absorbed over a deeply interesting book. I hear the door of the next house bang; I look up, and see the major descending the steps into his front garden.

He walks—no, he marches—half way down the front garden path, with his head high in the air, and his chest stuck out, and his military cane fiercely flourished in his right hand. Suddenly he stops, stamps with one foot, knocks up the hinder part of the brim of his extremely curly hat with his left hand, and begins to scratch at that singularly disagreeable-looking roll of fat red flesh in the back of his neck (which scratching, I may observe, in parenthesis, is always a sure sign, in the case of this horrid man, that a lost domestic idea has suddenly come back to him). He waits a moment in the ridiculous position

just described, then wheels round on his heel, looks up at the first-floor window, and, instead of going back into the house to mention what he has forgotten, bawls out fiercely from the middle of the walk:—

“Matilda!”

I hear his wife’s voice—a shockingly shrill one; but what can you expect of a woman who has been seen, over and over again, in a slatternly striped wrapper, as late as two o’clock in the afternoon—I hear his wife’s voice answer from inside the house:

“Yes, dear.”

“I said it was a south wind.”

“Yes, dear.”

“It isn’t a south wind.”

“Lor’, dear.”

“It’s sou’-cast. I won’t have Georgina taken out to-day. (Georgina is one of the first Mrs. Namby’s family, and they are all weak in the chest.) “Where’s nurse?”

“Here, sir.”

“Nurse, I won’t have Jack allowed to run. Whenever that boy perspires he catches cold. Hang up his hoop. If he cries, take him into my dressing-room, and show him the birch rod. Matilda!”

“Yes, dear.”

“What the devil do they mean by daubing all that grease over Mary’s hair? It’s beastly to see it—do you hear?—beastly! Where’s Pamby?” (Pamby is the unfortunate work-woman who makes and mends the family linen.)

“Here, sir.”

"Pamby, what are you about now?"

No answer. Pamby, or somebody else, giggles faintly. The major flourishes his cane in a fury.

"Why the devil don't you answer me? I give you three seconds to answer me, or leave the house. One—two—three. Pamby! what are you about now?"

"If you please, sir, I'm doing something—"

"What?"

"Something particular for baby, sir."

"Drop it directly, whatever it is. Nurse!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mind the crossings. Don't let the children sit down if they're hot. Don't let them speak to other children. Don't let them get playing with strange dogs. Don't let them mess their things. And above all, don't bring Master Jack back in a perspiration. Is there anything more before I go out?"

"No, sir."

"Matilda! Is there anything more?"

"No, dear."

"Pamby! Is there anything more?"

"No, sir."

Here the domestic colloquy ends, for the time being. Will any sensitive person—especially a person of my own sex—please to imagine what I must suffer as a delicate single lady, at having all these family details obtruded on my attention, whether I like it or not, in the major's rasping martial voice, and in the shrill answering screams of the women inside? It is bad enough to be submitted to this sort of persecution when one is alone; but it is far worse to be also ex-

posed to it—as I am constantly—in the presence of visitors, whose conversation is necessarily interrupted, whose ears are necessarily shocked, whose very stay in my house is necessarily shortened, by Major Namby's unendurably public way of managing his private concerns.

Only the other day, my old, dear, and most valued friend, Lady Malkinshaw, was sitting with me, and was entering at great length into the interesting story of her second daughter's unhappy marriage engagement, and of the dignified manner in which the family ultimately broke it off. For a quarter of an hour or so our interview continued to be delightfully uninterrupted. At the end of that time, however, just as Lady Malkinshaw, with the tears in her eyes, was beginning to describe the effect of her daughter's dreadful disappointment on the poor dear girl's mind and looks, I heard the door of the major's house bang as usual ; and looking out of the window in despair, saw the major himself strut half way down the walk, stop, scratch violently at his roll of red flesh, wheel round so as to face the house, consider a little, pull his tablets out of his waistcoat-pocket, shake his head over them, and then look up at the front windows, preparatory to bawling as usual at the degraded female members of his household. Lady Malkinshaw, quite ignorant of what was coming, happened, at the same moment, to be proceeding with her pathetic story, in these terms :—

“I do assure you, my poor dear girl behaved throughout with the heroism of a martyr. When I had told her of the vile wretch's behaviour, breaking

it to her as gently as I possibly could ; and when she had a little recovered I said to her——”

(“Matilda!”)

The major’s rasping voice sounded louder than ever, as he bawled out that dreadful name, just at the wrong moment. Lady Malkinshaw started as if she had been shot. I put down the window in despair ; but the glass was no protection to our ears—Major Namby can roar through a brick wall. I apologised—I declared solemnly that my next door neighbour was mad—I entreated Lady Malkinshaw to take no notice, and to go on. That sweet woman immediately complied. I burn with indignation when I think of what followed. Every word from the Namby’s garden (which I distinguish below by parentheses) came, very slightly muffled by the window, straight into my room, and mixed itself up with her ladyship’s story in this inexpressibly ridiculous and impertinent manner :—

“Well,” my kind and valued friend proceeded, “as I was telling you, when the first natural burst of sorrow was over, I said to her——”

“Yes, dear Lady Malkinshaw,” I murmured, encouragingly.

“I said to her——”

(“By jingo, I’ve forgotten something ! Matilda ! when I made my memorandum of errands, how many had I to do ?”)

“‘My dearest, darling child,’ I said——”

(“Pamby ! how many errands did your mistress give me to do ?”)

“I said, ‘my dearest, darling child——’”

("Nurse! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"'My own love,' I said——"

("Pooh! pooh! I tell you, I had four errands to do, and I've only got three of 'em written down. Check me off, all of you—I'm going to read my errands.")

"'Your own proper pride, love,' I said, 'will suggest to you——'"

("Grey powder for baby.")

—"the necessity of making up your mind, my angel, to——'"

("Row the plumber for infamous condition of back kitchen sink.")

—"to return all the wretch's letters, and——'"

("Speak to the haberdasher about patching Jack's shirts.")

—"all his letters and presents, darling. You need only make them up into a parcel, and write inside——'"

("Matilda! is that all?")

—"and write inside——'"

("Pamby! is that all?")

—"and write inside——'"

("Nurse! is that all?")

"I have my mother's sanction for making one last request to you. It is this——'"

("What have the children got for dinner to-day?")

—"it is this: Return me my letters, as I have returned yours. You will find inside——'"

("A shoulder of mutton and onion sauce? And a devilish good dinner too.")

The coarse wretch roared out those last shocking

words cheerfully, at the top of his voice. Hitherto, Lady Malkinshaw had preserved her temper with the patience of an angel; but she began—and who can wonder?—to lose it at last.

“It is really impossible, my dear,” she said, rising from her chair, “to continue any conversation while that very intolerable person persists in talking to his family from his front garden. No! I really cannot go on—I cannot, indeed.”

Just as I was apologising to my sweet friend for the second time, I observed, to my great relief (having my eye still on the window), that the odious major had apparently come to the end of his domestic business for that morning, and had made up his mind at last to relieve us of his presence. I distinctly saw him put his tablets back in his pocket, wheel round again on his heel, and march straight to the garden gate. I waited until he had his hand on the lock to open it; and then, when I felt that we were quite safe, I informed dear Lady Malkinshaw that my detestable neighbour had at last taken himself off, and, throwing open the window again to get a little air, begged and entreated her to oblige me by resuming the charming conversation.

“Where was I?” inquired my distinguished friend.

“You were telling me what you recommended your poor darling to write inside her enclosure,” I answered.

“Ah, yes—so I was. Well, my dear, she controlled herself by an admirable effort, and wrote exactly what I told her. You will excuse a mother’s partiality, I am sure—but I think I never saw her look so lovely

—so mournfully lovely, I should say—as when she was writing those last lines to the man who had so basely trifled with her. The tears came into my eyes as I looked at her sweet pale cheeks; and I thought to myself——”

(“Nurse! which of the children was sick, last time, after eating onion sauce?”)

He had come back again!—the monster had come back again, from the very threshold of the garden gate, to shout that unwarrantable, atrocious question in at his nursery window!

Lady Malkinshaw bounced off her chair at the first note of his horrible voice, and changed towards me instantly—as if it had been my fault!—in the most alarming and most unexpected manner. Her ladyship’s face became awfully red; her ladyship’s head trembled excessively; her ladyship’s eyes looked straight into mine with an indescribable fierceness.

“Why am I thus insulted? inquired Lady Malkinshaw, with a slow and dignified sternness which froze the blood in my veins. “What do you mean by it?” continued her ladyship, with a sudden rapidity of utterance that quite took my breath away.

Before I could remonstrate with my friend for visiting her natural irritation on poor innocent me: before I could declare that I had seen the major actually open his garden gate to go away, the provoking brute’s voice burst in on us again.

“Ha, yes?” we heard him growl to himself, in a kind of shameless domestic soliloquy. “Yes, yes, yes—Sophy was sick, to be sure. Curious. All

Mrs. Namby's step-children have weak chests and strong stomachs. All Mrs. Namby's own children have weak stomachs and strong chests. *I* have a strong stomach *and* a strong chest. Pamby!"

"I consider this," continued Lady Malkinshaw, literally glaring at me, in the fulness of her indiscriminate exasperation—"I consider this to be unwarrantable and unladylike. I beg to know——"

"Where's Bill?" burst in the major from below, before she could add another word. "Matilda! Nurse! Pamby! where's Bill? I didn't bid Bill good-bye—hold him up at the window, one of you?"

"My dear Lady Malkinshaw," I remonstrated, "Why blame *me*? What have I done?"

"Done?" repeated her ladyship. "Done?—all that is most unfriendly, most unwarrantable, most unladylike, most——"

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a!" roared the major, shouting her ladyship down, and stamping about the garden in fits of fond paternal laughter. "Bill, my boy, how are you? There's a young Turk for you? Pull up his frock—I want to see his jolly legs——"

Lady Malkinshaw screamed and rushed to the door. I sank into a chair, and clasped my hands in despair.

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! What calves the dog's got! Pamby! look at his calves. Aha! bless his heart, his legs are the model of his father's! The Namby build, Matilda: the Namby build, every inch of him. Kick again, Bill—kick out, like mad. I say, ma'am! I beg your pardon, ma'am!——"

*Ma'am?* I ran to the window Was the major

actually daring to address Lady Malkinshaw, as she passed indignantly, on her way out, down my front garden? He was! The odious monster was pointing out his—his, what shall I say?—his *undraped* offspring to the notice of my outraged visitor.

“Look at him, ma’am. If you’re a judge of children, look at him. There’s a two-year-older for you! Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! Show the lady your legs, Bill—kick out for the lady, you dog, kick out!”

*(By permission of the Author.)*

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### THE CONFESSION.

THERE’S somewhat on my breast, father,  
There’s somewhat on my breast!  
The live-long day I sigh, father,  
At night I cannot rest;  
I cannot take my rest, father,  
Though I would fain do so,  
A weary weight oppresseth me,—  
The weary weight of woe!  
  
’Tis not the lack of gold, father,  
Nor lack of worldly gear;  
My lands are broad and fair to see,  
My friends are kind and dear;  
My kin are leal and true, father,  
They mourn to see my grief,  
But, oh! ’tis not a kinsman’s hand  
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,  
'Tis not that she's unkind ;  
Though busy flatterers swarm around,  
I know her constant mind.  
'Tis not the coldness of her heart  
That chills my labouring breast,—  
*It's that confounded cucumber*  
*I ate, and can't digest !*

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*HANDY ANDY'S LITTLE MISTAKES.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way ; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends : so the nickname the neighbours stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself ; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs, that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out, or afore he wint in ;" and after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy pre-

sented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest crayther alive—and so willin'—nothin' comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.

"Throth, an' your honour, that's just it—if your honour would be plazed."

"What can he do?"

"Anything, your honour."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.

"Oh, no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"

"The best of care, sir," said the mother; while the miller, who was standing behind the squire, waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what we can do."

"May the Lord——"

"That'll do—there, now go."

"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and——"

"Will you go?"

"And may the angels make your honour's bed this blessed night, I pray."

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right-about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, for there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment; and Andy's boldness in this capacity soon made him a favourite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let anyone that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it *was* brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who had just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.

"It's me, sir."

"Oh, Andy! Come in."

"Here's the hot water, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that enormous tin can here? You might as well bring the stable bucket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honour, says there's not so much hot water ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hand?"

"Yes, sir ; but that's not nigh the full o' the stable bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief ! and get me some hot water directly."

"Will the can do, sir ?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir ?"

"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

And Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said—

"What did you do that for ?"

"Sure you *towld* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain !" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him.

"What are you looking at ?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks ?" said the butler.

"Oh no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well," said Andy, after a long pause, "The devil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before!"

The butler gave a horse laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as "household words" to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, &c. But "one day," as Zanga says—"one day" he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.

"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gentleman——"

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manœuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan!"

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be? Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."

"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well," said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you axed me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"

"Soda-water; but perhaps you haven't any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said, "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir," said he.

"Bad luck to you!—can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"

"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-wather, you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"The curse o' Crum'll on you! in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.

"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table; while the hostess at the head had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length, every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!—" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh, Lord!—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion; few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The

extinguished candles were re-lighted—the squire got his eye open again—and the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, “Send that fellow out of the room!” but within the same instant resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the dining-room in disgrace, and for days kept out of the master’s and mistress’s way; in the meantime the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants’ hall; and when he held up Andy’s ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for “soap and water,” Andy was given the name of “Suds,” and was called by no other for months after.

But, though Andy’s functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-door affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

“Ride into the town and see if there’s a letter for me,” said the squire one day to our hero.

“Yes, sir.”

“You know where to go?”

“To the town, sir.”

“But do you know where to go in the town?”

“No, sir.”

“And why don’t you ask, you stupid thief?”

“Sure I’d find out, sir.”

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance. "Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; where they sell gunpowder."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yis, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said, "I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do you want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told

him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here—that's the directions.

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masther."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, you stupid rascal! if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it if you liked, but you're fond of axin' impident questions, bekase you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidence," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yes; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then, you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire unless I know you're his servant. Is there anyone in this town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy; "it's not everyone is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter. 'Have you one for me?'

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one—"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster; "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'ud I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr. Durfy a letther for fourpence this minnit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now: here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief!" said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap."

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient

for his return, and when Andy made his appearance asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omad-haun, and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence apiece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay afore him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The master's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murder me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter : so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes, from the bottom of his pocket ; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that !" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying—

"Well ! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honour the worth o' your moncy anyhow !"

*NORTHERN FARMER.*

OLD STYLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

## I.

WHEER 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere  
aloän?

Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän  
an' agoän:

Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle: but I beänt a  
fool:

Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooïn' to break my  
rule.

## II.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways  
true:

Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that  
a do.

I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän  
'ere,

An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty  
year.

## III.

Parson's a beän loikewise, an' a sittin' 'ere o' my  
bed.

'The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,'  
a said,

An' a tow'd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I  
gied it in hond;  
I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the  
lond.

IV.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to  
arn.  
But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's  
barn.  
Thof a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squire an' choorch  
an' staäte,  
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the  
raäte.

V.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur  
deäd,  
An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock\*  
ower my yeäd,  
An' I niver know'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad  
summut to saäy,  
An I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed  
awaäy.

VI.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laäid it to  
meä.  
Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un,  
sheä.

\* Cockchafer.

'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understood ;

I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

## VII.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä

' The amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' says 'eä.

I weänt saäy men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aäste :

But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubbed Thornaby waäste.

## VIII.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then ;

Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen ;

Moäst loike a butter-bump,\* for I 'eerd un aboot an' aboot,

But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled un oot.

## IX.

Keäpers it wur ; fo' they fun un theer a-laäid on 'is faäce

Doon i' the woild 'enemies† afoor I comed to the plaäce.

\* Bittern.

† Anemones.

Noäks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot un as deäd as a  
naäil.

Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma  
my yaäle.

X.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste: theer warn't not feäd  
for a cow:

Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it  
now—

Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o'  
feäd,

Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in  
seäd.

XI.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd  
it at fall,

Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it  
an' all,

If godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma  
aloän,

Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond  
o my oän.

XII.

Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o'  
meä?

I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a  
peä;

An' Squire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a'  
dear!

And I 'a monaged for Squire come Michaelmas  
thirty year.

XIII.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o'  
sense,

Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a  
fence:

But godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma  
now

Wi 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to  
plow!

XIV.

Looäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a  
passin' by,

Says to thessén naw doot 'what a mon a beä  
sewer-ly!'

For they knaws what I beän to Squire sin fust a  
comed to the 'All;

I done my duty by Squire an' I done my duty  
by all,

XV.

Squire's in Lunnun, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to  
wroite,

For who's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles  
ma quoit;

Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to  
Joänes,  
Noither a moänt to Robins— a niver rembles the  
stoäns.

XVI.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle  
o' steäm  
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's  
oän teäm.  
Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is  
sweet,  
But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to  
see it.

XVII.

What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring ma the  
yaäle?  
Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd  
taäle;  
I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor  
nor a floy;  
Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun  
doy.

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

# *NORTHERN FARMER.*

NEW STYLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

## I.

DOSN'T thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters  
awaäy?

Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'cars 'em  
saäy.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass for  
thy paaĩs:

Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy  
braaĩns.

## II.

Woä—theer's a crow to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's  
parson's 'ouse—

Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a man  
or a mouse?

Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty to  
weeäk.\*

Proputty, proputty woä then woä—let ma 'ear  
mysén speäk.

## III.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o'  
thee;

Thou's been talkin' to muther, an' she beän a tellin'  
it me

\* This week.

Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo'  
parson's läss—

Noä—thou'll marry fur luvv—an' we boäth on us  
thinks tha an ass.

IV.

Seeä'd her todaäy goä by—Saäint's-daäy—they was  
ringing the bells.

She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o' gells,  
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the  
flower as blaws.

But propuppy, propuppy sticks, an' propuppy, propuppy  
grows.

V.

Do'ant be stunt\* : taäke time : I knaws what maäkes  
tha sa mad.

Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysén when I wur  
a lad ?

But I knaw'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as tow'd ma  
this :

'Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny  
is !'

VI.

An' I went wheer munny war : an' thy muther coom  
to 'and.

Wi' lots o' munny laaä'd by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.  
Maäybe she warn't a beauty :—I niver giv it a  
thowt—

But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass  
as 'ant nowt ?

\* Obstinate.

## VII.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when  
     'e's deäd,  
 Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle\* her  
     breäd:  
 Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt nivir git  
     naw 'igher;  
 An' 'e maäde the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to  
     the shire.

## VIII.

And thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' 'Varsity  
     debt,  
 Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on  
     'em yet.  
 An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' noän to lend 'im  
     a shove,  
 Woorse nor a far-welter'd\* yowe: fur, Sammy, 'e  
     married fur luvv.

## IX.

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er  
     munny too,  
 Maakin' 'em goä togither as they've good right to do.  
 Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny  
     laaïd by?  
 Naäy—fur I luvv'd 'er a vast sight moor fur it:  
     reäson why.

\* Earn.

† Or fow-welter'd—said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow.

X.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,  
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boäth on us  
thinks tha an ass.

Woä then, propuppy, wiltha?—an ass as near as  
mays nowt—.\*

Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as fell as  
owt. †

XI.

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'cäd, lad, out of  
the fence!

Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins  
an' pence?

Propuppy, propuppy's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm  
blest

If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's  
the best.

XII.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an'  
steäls,

Them as 'as coäts to their backs and taäkes their  
regular meäls.

Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's  
to be 'ad.

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp  
is bad.

\* Makes nothing.

† The flies are as fierce as anything.

## XIII.

Them or thir feythers, tha sees, mun 'a beän a  
 laäzy lot,  
 Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny  
 was got.  
 Feyther 'ad ammost nowt ; leästways 'is munny was  
 'id.  
 But 'e tued an' moil'd 'issén deäd, an 'e died a good  
 un, 'e did.

## XIV.

Loök thou theer wheer Wrigglesby beck comes out  
 by the 'ill !  
 Feyther run up to the farm, an' I runs up to the  
 mill ;  
 An' I'll run up to the brig, an' that thou'll live  
 to see ;  
 And if thou marries a good un I'll leäve the land  
 to thee.

## XV.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to  
 stick ;  
 But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leäve the land to  
 Dick.—  
 Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy—that's what I 'ears  
 'im saäy—  
 Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy—canter an' canter  
 awaäy.

*(By permission of the Publishers).*

## *A LECTURE ON PATENT MEDICINES.*

BY DR. PUFF STUFF.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN :—My name is Puff Stuff, the physician to that great and mighty Han Kann, Emperor of all the Chinas ; I was converted to Christianity during the embassy of the late Lord Macartney, and left that there country, and came to this here, which may be reckoned the greatest blessing that ever happened to Europe, for I've brought with me the following unparalleled, inestimable, and never-to-be-matched medicines : the first is called the great Parry Mandyron Rapskianum, from Whandy Whang Whang—one drop of which, poured into any of your gums, if you should have the misfortune to lose your teeth, will cause a new set to sprout out, like mushrooms from a hot-bed ; and if any lady should happen to be troubled with that unpleasant and redundant exuberance called a beard, it will remove it in three applications, and with greater ease than Packwood's razor strops.

I'm also very celebrated in the cure of eyes ; the late Emperor of China had the misfortune to lose his eyes by a cataract. I very dexterously took out the eyes of his Majesty, and after anointing the sockets with a particular glutinous application, I placed in two eyes from the head of a living lion, which not only restored his Majesty's vision, but made him dreadful to

all his enemies and beholders. I beg leave to say, that I have eyes from different hannimals, and to suit all your different faces and professions. This here bottle which I holds in my 'and, is called the great-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, which cures all the diseases incident to humanity. I don't like to talk of myself, ladies and gentlemen, because the man that talks of himself is a Hegotist ; but this I will venture to say, that I am not only the greatest physician and philosopher of the age, but the greatest genius that ever illuminated mankind—but you know I don't like to talk of myself: you should only read one or two of my lists of cures, out of the many thousands I have by me ; if you knew the benefits so many people have received from my grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity, none of you would be such fools as to be sick at all. I'll just read one or two. (*Reads several letters.*) “Sir, I was jammed to a jelly in a linseed-oil mill ; cured with one bottle.” “Sir, I was cut in half in a saw-pit ; cured with one bottle.” “Sir, I was boiled to death in a soap-manufactory ; cured with half a bottle.” Now comes the most wonderful of all.

“Sir, venturing too near a powder mill at Faversham, I was, by a sudden explosion, blown into a million of atoms ; by this unpleasant accident, I was rendered unfit for my business (a banker's clerk) ; but, hearing of your grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticurial-nervous cordial, I was persuaded to make essay thereof ; the first bottle united my strayed particles ; the second animated my shattered frame ; the third

effected a radical cure; the fourth sent me home to Lombardy-street, to count guineas, make out bills for acceptance, and recount the wonderful effects of your grand-elliptical-asiatical-panticural-nervous cordial, that cures all diseases incident to humanity."

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*THE HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.*

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band Captain eke was he  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
—Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,  
Myself and children three,  
Will fill the chaise, so you must ride  
On horseback after we.

He soon replied—I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the Calender  
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin,—That's well said ;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnish'd with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife ;  
O'erjoyed was he to find  
That, though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allow'd  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stay'd,  
Where they did all get in,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folk so glad,  
The stones did rattle underneath  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again.

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,  
When Betty screaming came down stairs,  
"The wine is left behind!"

Good lack ! quoth he, yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.

Now Mistress Gilpin, careful soul,  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipp'd from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,  
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones  
With caution and good heed.

But, finding soon a smother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which gall'd him in his seat.

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,  
Away went hat and wig!  
He little dreamt when he set out  
Of running such a rig!

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,  
Like streamer long and gay,  
And loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung,  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children scream'd,  
Up flew the windows all,  
And ev'ry soul cried out, Well done!  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?  
His fame soon spread around—  
He carries weight, he rides a race!  
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'Twas wonderful to view,  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seem'd to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced,  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington,  
These gambols he did play,  
And till he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wond'ring much  
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—  
They all at once did cry;  
The dinner waits, and we are tired:—  
Said Gilpin—So am I.

But yet his horse was not a whit  
Inclined to tarry there;  
For why? his owner had a house  
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,  
Shot by an archer strong;  
So did he fly—which brings me to  
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,  
And sore against his will,  
Till at his friend the Calender's  
His horse at last stood still.

The Calender, amazed to see  
His neighbour in such trim,  
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate.  
And thus accosted him :—

What news ? what news ? your tidings tell,  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bare-headed you are come,  
Or why you come at all ?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke,  
And thus unto the Calender  
In merry guise he spoke :—

I came because your horse would come ;  
And if I well forbode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.

The Calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Return'd him not a single word,  
But to the house went in.

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;  
A wig that flow'd behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus show'd his ready wit :—  
My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit,

But let me scrape the dirt away  
That hangs upon your face ;  
And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case.

Said John—It is my wedding day,  
And all the world would stare,  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware.

So, turning to his horse, he said—  
I am in haste to dine ;  
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine.

Ah ! luckless speech and bootless boast !  
For which he paid full dear ;  
For, while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear.

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And gallop'd off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig !  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why ?—they were too big !

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the Bell,—  
This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ;  
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went post-boy at his heels !  
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumb'ring of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With post-boy scamp'ring in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry :—

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman—  
Not one of them was mute ;  
And all and each that pass'd that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again  
Flew open in short space ;  
The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town;  
Nor stopp'd till where he had got up  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king,  
And Gilpin long live he;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see!

---

*FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.*

AN OLD BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,  
A carpenter by trade;  
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,  
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,  
They met a press-gang crew;  
And Sally she did faint away,  
While Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,  
Enough to shock a saint,  
That though she did seem in a fit,  
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,  
He'll be as good as me ;  
For when your swain is in our boat,  
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,  
And taken off her elf,  
She roused, and found she only was  
A-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone ?"  
She cried, and wept outright :  
"Then I will to the water side,  
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,  
"Now, young woman," said he,  
"If you weep on so, you will make  
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas ! they've taken my beau Ben  
To sail with old Benbow ;"  
And her woe began to run afresh,  
As if she'd said Gee woe !

Says he, "They've only taken him  
To the Tender-ship, you see ;"  
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,  
"What a hardship that must be !

"Oh ! would I were a mermaid now,  
For then I'd follow him ;  
But oh !—I'm not a fish-woman,  
And so I cannot swim.

“Alas ! I was not born beneath  
The Virgin and the Scales,  
So I must curse my cruel stars,  
And walk about in Wales.”

Now Ben had sailed to many a place  
That's underneath the world ;  
But in two years the ship came home,  
And all her sails were furled.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,  
To see how she went on,  
He found she'd got another Ben,  
Whose Christian name was John.

“Oh, Sally Brown ! Oh, Sally Brown !  
How could you serve me so ?  
I've met with many a breeze before,  
But never such a blow.”

Then reading on his 'bacco box,  
He heaved a bitter sigh,  
And then began to eye his pipe,  
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing “All's Well,”  
But could not though he tried ;  
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd  
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,  
At forty-odd befell :  
They went and told the sexton, and  
The sexton toll'd the bell.

*FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.*

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms :  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms !

Now as they bore him off the field,  
Said he, " Let others shoot,  
For here I leave my second leg,  
And the Forty-second Foot ! "

The army-surgeons made him limbs :  
Said he, " They're only pegs :  
But there's as wooden members quite,  
As represent my legs ! "

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,  
Her name was Nelly Gray ;  
So he went to pay her his devours,  
When he'd devour'd his pay !

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,  
She made him quite a scoff ;  
And when she saw his wooden legs,  
Began to take them off !

"Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !  
Is this your love so warm ?  
The love that loves a scarlet coat,  
Should be more uniform !"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,  
For he was blithe and brave ;  
But I will never have a man  
With both legs in the grave !

"Before you had those timber toes,  
Your love I did allow ;  
But then, you know, you stand upon  
Another footing now !"

"Oh, Nelly Gray ! Oh, Nelly Gray !  
For all your jeering speeches,  
At duty's call, I left my legs  
In Badajos's *breaches* !"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet  
Of legs in war's alarms,  
And now you cannot wear your shoes  
Upon your feats of arms."

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray ;  
I know why you refuse :—  
Though I've no feet—some other man  
Is standing in my shoes !

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face ;  
But, now, a long farewell !  
For you will be my death ;—alas !  
You will not be my *Nell* !"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,  
His heart so heavy got—  
And life was such a burthen grown,  
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck  
A rope he did entwine,  
And, for his second time in life,  
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,  
And then removed his pegs,  
And, as his legs were off,—of course,  
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead  
As any nail in town,—  
For though distress had cut *Ben* up,  
It could not cut him *down*!

A dozen men sat on his corpse.  
To find out why he died —  
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,  
With a *stake* in his inside!

*COME WITH THE RING.*

BY THOMAS HOOD.

## I.

I'LL tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore :—  
 Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door :  
 So he called upon Lucy—'twas just ten o'clock—  
 Like a spruce single man, with a smart double  
 knock.

## II.

Now, a handmaid, whatever her fingers be at,  
 Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat-tat* :  
 So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more  
 Had question'd the stranger and answer'd the door.

## III.

The meeting was bliss ; but the parting was woe ;  
 For the moment will come when such comers must  
 go :  
 So she kiss'd him, and whisper'd—poor innocent  
 thing,  
 "The next time you come, love, pray come with a  
 ring."

## HAPPY THOUGHTS.—HUNTING.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

So, this *is* the horse from Brett's stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have had it, if Mr. Parsons, who always rides it with the Harriers, "hadn't come rather a nasty cropper" at Deepford Mill, and won't be able to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm in luck. Hope so. It was off this horse that poor Parsons "came a nasty cropper." Miss Pelling, on the door-step, says, "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she's always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed Mr. Rarey's secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

Milburd wants to know if I'm going to be all day. Fridoline's horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive: if he goes on suddenly, I go off.

*Happy Thought.*—If I *do* come a nasty cropper like Parsons, I hope I shall do it alone, or before strangers only.

*Happy Thought.*—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. "Aren't those girths rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse

doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man, I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts back its ears and tries to make himself into a sort of arch. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

*Happy Thought.*—Ask Milburd.

He answers "Kicks." Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. That would be the time for the nasty cropper. This expression will hang about my memory. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups: one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or Fridoline may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says, "She goes easy on the snaffle. Pulls a little at first; but you needn't hold her." I shall though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in. Mustn't let the groom see this.

*Happy Thought.*—Take 'em up carelessly, anyhow. Watch Byng.

We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly; enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins, like Byng? Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like Milburd? Or, both in one hand, like Fridoline? Walking gently. As we go along Milburd points out nice little fences, which "your beast would hop over."—Yes, by herself.

*Happy Thought.*—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. *N.B.*—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses; not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him, he jerks his head, and hops. Fridoline calls him “showy.” Wonder if, to a spectator, I’m showy! Passing by a village grocer’s.

*Happy Thought.*—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly “showy.” Gaiters effective.

*Happy Thought.*—If I stay long here, buy a saddle, and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jogs, is too much on one stirrup.

Fridoline asks, “Isn’t this delightful?” I say, “Charming.” Milburd talks of riding as a science. He says, “The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium.”

*Happy Thought.*—The pummel.

“Shall we trot on?” If we don’t push along, Byng says, we shall never reach Pounder’s Barrow, where the Harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

*Happy Thought.*—Plenty of time. Needn’t go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left gaiter has come undone. The spring is weak. I can’t get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it *is* a great pace; not so much for speed, as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. His tail appears to be a little loose in the socket, and keeps whisking round and round, judging from the sound. I go up and down, and from side to side.

*Happy Thought.*—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that he's seen the loose gaiter, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumping on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Wish I could change mine for a pair of strong ones in comfortable boots and breeches. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This gaiter will bring me off, sooner or later, I know it will.

End of the lane. The three in front, I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

*Happy Thought.*—"Let's look at the view."

Byng cries, "Hang the view!—here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter." We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the gaiter goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; gaiter flapping.

*Happy Thought.*—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The fresh air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind

of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.

*Happy Thought.*—If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind; like a scarecrow.

*Happy Thought.*—End of canter. Thank heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

Fridoline looks round, and laughs. She is in high spirits. In an attempt to wave my whip to her with my right hand, I nearly come that nasty cropper on the left side. Righted myself by the mane quietly. What would a horse be without a mane?

*Happy Thought.*—The hard road. Walk. Fasten my gaiter. Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly.

Before talking to her I settle my hat and tie; also manage my pocket-handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the Harriers, and men on horseback, in green coats.

Byng knows several people, and introduces them to Miss Fridoline. He doesn't introduce me to anyone. We pass through a gate, into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!" If I do, we shall be all galloping about, and hunting.

*Happy Thought.*—Better not say anything about it. It's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Every one begins can-

tering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of gaiter out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green coat men disappear over the hedge. I suddenly think of poor Parsons and the nasty cropper.

*Happy Thought.*—Stop my horse: violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs, I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall. He didn't hurt himself.

*Happy Thought.*—You *can* fall and not hurt yourself. I thought you always broke your neck, or a leg.

*Happy Thought.*—Any gap?

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.

*Happy Thought.*—Hares double: therefore (logically) the hare will come back.

*Happy Thought.*—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten gaiter: tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. They come back: the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry. I am told afterwards

that he's one of the old school of sportsmen, who, I suppose, don't cut at hares with a whip.

*Happy Thought.*—I am in at the death. Say, "Tally ho!" to myself.

*Happy Thought.*—Ask for the brush. If I get it, present it to Fridoline.

Milburd laughs, and says he supposes I want a hare-brush.

After looking about for another hare for half an hour, my blood is not so much up as it was. We are "Away" again. The hare makes for the hill. We are galloping. I wish I'd had my stirrups put right before I started. A shirt button has broken, and I feel my collar rucking up; my tie working round. I cram my hat on again. There's something hard projecting out of the saddle, that hurts my knees. Woa! He *does* pull. I think we've leapt something; a ditch. If so, I can ride better than I thought. What pleasure can a horse have in following the hounds at this pace? Woa, woa! My stirrup-straps are flying; my gaiters on both sides have come undone; my breeches pinch my knees, my hat wants cramming on again. In doing this I drop a rein. I clutch at it. I feel I'm pulling the martingale. Stop for a minute; I am so tired. No one will stop.

*Happy Thought (at full gallop).*—"You Gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon" the dangers of this infernal hunting.

Up a hill at a rush. Down a hill. Wind rushing at me. It makes me gasp like going into a cold bath. Think my shirt collar has come undone on one side.

*Happy Thought (which flashes across me.)—Mazeppa.* "Again he urges on his wild career!" *Mazeppa* was tied on, though: I'm not.

I shall lose these gaiters, I know I shall. Down a hill. Up a hill slowly. The horse is walking, apparently, right out of his saddle. Will he miss me?

*Happy Thought.*—I shall come off over his tail. Try it. I do. Hooray!

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## HOW AMELIA ROPER PROPOSED TO JOHN EAMES.

(From "The Small House at Allington.")

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

I MAY as well announce at once that John Eames, when he went up to London, was absolutely and irretrievably in love with Lily Dale. He had declared his passion in the most moving language a hundred times; but he had declared it only to himself. He had written much poetry about Lily, but he kept his lines safe under double lock and key.

He had not dreamed of asking her to be his wife. John Eames was about to begin the world with eighty pounds a year, and an allowance of twenty more from his mother's purse. He was well aware that with such an income he could not establish himself as a married man in London, and he also felt that the man who might be fortunate enough to win Lily

for his wife should be prepared to give her every soft luxury that the world could afford. He knew well that he ought not to expect any assurance of Lily's love; but, nevertheless, he thought it possible that he might give her an assurance of his love. It would probably be in vain. He had no real hope, unless when he was in one of those poetic moods. He had acknowledged to himself, in some indistinct way, that he was no more than a hobbledohoy, awkward, silent, ungainly, with a face unfinished, as it were, or unripe. All this he knew, and knew also that there were Apollos in the world who would be only too ready to carry off Lily in their splendid cars. But not the less did he make up his mind that having loved her once, it behoved him, as a true man, to love her on to the end.

For the first year of his London life, John resided at a boarding-house in Burton Crescent, kept by a Mrs. Roper, the fortunate mother of our heroine.

Like most young men fresh from country-life, John was what we call impressionable; and though he asserted to himself that his love for Lily was as hot as ever, he had amused himself occasionally (he was pleased so to put it) by many a passing word with Amelia Roper. "She is a fine girl—a deuced fine girl," he said, using a style of language which he had learned since he left Guestwick and Allington.

Johnny Eames cannot be called unlucky in that matter of annual holidays, seeing that he was allowed to leave London in October, a month during which few choose to own that they remain in town.

"I shall go down by the mail train to-morrow

night," he said to Amelia Roper, on the evening before his departure. At that moment he was sitting alone with Amelia in Mrs. Roper's back drawing-room.

"Yes," said Amelia; "I know how great is your haste to get down to that fascinating spot. I could not expect that you would lose one single hour in hurrying away from Burton Crescent."

Amelia Roper was a tall, well-grown young woman, with dark hair and dark eyes;—not handsome, for her nose was thick, and the lower part of her face was heavy, but yet not without some feminine attractions. Her eyes were bright; but then, also, they were mischievous. She could talk fluently enough; but then, also, she could scold. She could assume sometimes the plumage of a dove; but then again she could occasionally ruffle her feathers like an angry kite. I am quite prepared to acknowledge that John Eames should have kept himself clear of Amelia Roper; but then young men so frequently do those things which they should not do!

"After twelve months up here in London one is glad to get away to one's own friends," said Johnny.

"Your own friends, Mr. Eames! What sort of friends? Do you suppose I don't know?"

"Well, no. I don't think you do know."

"L. D.!" said Amelia, showing that Lily had been spoken of among people who should never have been allowed to hear her name. But perhaps, after all, no more than those two initials were known in Burton Crescent. From the tone which was now used in naming them, it was sufficiently manifest that Amelia

considered herself to be wronged by their very existence.

"L. S. D.," said Johnny, attempting the line of a witty, gay young spendthrift. "That's my love; pounds, shillings, and pence; and a very coy mistress she is."

"Nonsense, sir. Don't talk to me in that way. As if I didn't know where your heart was. What right had you to speak to me if you had an L. D. down in the country?"

It should be here declared on behalf of poor John Eames that he had not ever spoken to Amelia—he had not spoken to her in any such phrase as her words seemed to imply. But then he had written to her a fatal note of which we will speak further before long, and that perhaps was quite as bad,—or worse.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Johnny. But the laugh was assumed, and not assumed with ease.

"Yes, sir; it's a laughing matter to you, I dare say. It is very easy for a man to laugh under such circumstances;—that is to say, if he is perfectly heartless,—if he's got a stone inside his bosom instead of flesh and blood. Some men are made of stone, I know, and are troubled with no feelings."

"What is it you want me to say? You pretend to know all about it, and it wouldn't be civil in me to contradict you."

"What is it I want? You know very well what I want; or rather, I don't want anything. What is it to me? It is nothing to me about L. D. You can go down to Allington and do what you like for me. Only I hate such ways."

"What ways, Amelia."

"What ways! Now, look here, Johnny: I'm not going to make a fool of myself for any man. When I came home here three months ago—and I wish I never had;"—she paused here a moment, waiting for a word of tenderness; but as the word of tenderness did not come, she went on—"but when I did come home, I didn't think there was a man in all London could make me care for him,—that I didn't. And now you're going away, without so much as hardly saying a word to me." And then she brought out her handkerchief.

"What am I to say when you keep on scolding me all the time?"

"Scolding you!—And me too! No, Johnny, I aint scolding you, and don't mean to. If it's to be all over between us, say the word, and I'll take myself away out of the house before you come back again. I've had no secrets from you. I can go back to my business in Manchester, though it is beneath my birth, and not what I've been used to. If L. D. is more to you than I am, I won't stand in your way. Only say the word."

L. D. was more to him than Amelia Roper,—ten times more to him. L. D. would have been everything to him, and Amelia Roper was worse than nothing. He felt all this at the moment, and struggled hard to collect an amount of courage that would make him free.

"Say the word," said she, rising on her feet before him, "and all between you and me shall be over. I have got your promise, but I'd scorn to take

advantage. If Amelia hasn't got your heart, she'd despise to take your hand. Only I must have an answer."

It would seem that an easy way of escape was offered to him; but the lady probably knew that the way as offered by her was not easy to such an one as John Eames.

"Amelia," he said, still keeping his seat.

"Well, sir."

"You know I love you."

"And about L. D.? And you love me?" said she.

"Of course I love you." And then, upon hearing these words, Amelia threw herself into his arms.

"You'll be true to me?" said Amelia, during the moment of that embrace—"true to me for ever?"

Then she leaned upon his shoulder, or attempted to do so.

I cannot say that Eames shook her off, seeing that he lacked the courage to do so; but he shuffled his shoulder about so that the support was uneasy to her, and she was driven to stand erect again. "Why did you write that cruel letter," she said again.

"Because I thought it best, Amelia. What's a man to do with ninety pounds a year, you know?"

"But your mother allows you twenty."

"And what's a man to do with a hundred and ten?"

"Rising five pounds every year," said the well-informed Amelia. "Of course we should live here, with mamma, and you would just go on paying her as you do now. If your heart was right, Johnny, you wouldn't think so much about money. If you loved me—as you said you did——" Then a little sob

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came, and the words were stopped. The words were stopped, but she was again upon his shoulder. What was he to do? In truth his only wish was to escape, and yet his arm, quite in opposition to his own desires, found its way round her waist. In such a combat a woman has many points in her favour! "Oh Johnny," she said again, as soon as she felt the pressure of his arm. "Gracious, what a beautiful watch you've got," and she took the trinket out of his pocket. "Did you buy that?"

"No; it was given to me."

"John Eames, did L. D. give it you?"

"No, no, no," he shouted, stamping on the floor as he spoke.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Amelia, quelled for the moment by his energy. "Perhaps it was your mother."

"No; it was a man. Never mind about the watch now."

"I wouldn't mind anything, Johnny, if you would tell me that you loved me again. Perhaps I oughtn't to ask you, and it isn't becoming in a lady; but how can I help it, when you know you've got my heart. Come upstairs and have tea with us now, won't you?"

What was he to do? He said that he would go up and have tea; and as he led her to the door he put down his face and kissed her. Oh, Johnny Eames. But then a woman in such a contest has so many points in her favour.

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*DORA.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode  
 William and Dora. William was his son,  
 And she his niece. He often look'd at them,  
 And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."  
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
 And yearn'd towards William; but the youth, because  
 He had been always with her in the house,  
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
 When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son:  
 I married late, but I would wish to see  
 My grandchild on my knees before I die:  
 And I have set my heart upon a match.  
 Now therefore look to Dora; she is well  
 To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.  
 She is my brother's daughter: he and I  
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
 In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred  
 His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;  
 For I have wished this marriage, night and day,  
 For many years." But William answer'd short;  
 "I cannot marry Dora; by my life,

I will not marry Dora." Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :  
" You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !  
But in my time a father's word was law,  
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;  
Consider, William : take a month to think,  
And let me have an answer to my wish ;  
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
And never more darken my doors again."  
But William answer'd madly ; bit his lips,  
And broke away. The more he look'd at her  
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;  
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
The month was out he left his father's house,  
And hired himself to work within the fields ;  
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
His niece and said : " My girl, I love you well ;  
But if you speak with him that was my son,  
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
My home is none of yours. My will is law."  
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,  
" It cannot be : my uncle's mind will change ! "

And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William ; then distresses came on him ;  
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
But Dora stored what little she could save,  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

“I have obey'd my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro' me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you :  
You know there has not been for these five years  
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,  
And I will set him in my uncle's eye  
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad  
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.”

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.  
Far off the farmer came into the field  
And spied her not ; for none of all his men  
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;  
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;  
And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field  
He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
And came and said ; “ Where were you yesterday ?

Whose child is that ! What are you doing here ? ”

So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,

And answer'd softly, “ This is William's child ! ”

“ And did I not,” said Allan, “ did I not

Forbid you, Dora ? ” Dora said again :

“ Do with me as you will, but take the child

And bless him for the sake of him that's gone ! ”

And Allan said, “ I see it is a trick

Got up betwixt you and the woman there.

I must be taught my duty, and by you !

You knew my word was law, and yet you dared

To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;

But go you hence, and never see me more.”

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud

And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,

And the boy's cry came to her from the field,

More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,

Remembering the day when first she came,

And all the things that had been. She bow'd down

And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd,

And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood

Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy

Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise

To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.

And Dora said, “ My uncle took the boy ;

But, Mary, let me live and work with you :

He says that he will never see me more.”

Then answer'd Mary, “ This shall never be,

That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :

And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,

For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,  
And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;  
And I will beg of him to take thee back :  
But if he will not take thee back again,  
Then thou and I will live within one house,  
And work for William's child, until he grows  
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd  
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw  
The boy sat up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
Like one that lov'd him : and the lad stretch'd out  
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung  
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
Then they came in : but when the boy beheld  
His mother, he cried out to come to her :  
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said :

" O father !—if you let me call you so—  
I never came a-begging for myself,  
Or William, or this child ; but now I come  
For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.  
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace  
With all men ; for I ask'd him, and he said  
He could not ever rue his marrying me—  
I had been a patient wife : but, Sir, he said  
That he was wrong to cross his father thus :  
' God bless him ! ' he said, ' and may he never know  
The troubles I have gone thro' ! ' Then he turn'd  
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !

But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you  
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
His father's memory ; and take Dora back,  
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
By Mary. There was silence in the room ;  
And all at once the old man burst in sobs :—

"I have been to blame—to blame. I have kill'd  
my son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.  
May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.  
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about  
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.  
And all the man was broken with remorse ;  
And all his love came back a hundredfold ;  
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,  
Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
Within one house together ; and as years  
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;  
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

*(By permission of the Publisher:.)*

*THE MAY QUEEN.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early,  
 mother dear ;  
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
 New-year ;  
 Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest mer-  
 riest day ;  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never  
 wake  
 If you do not call me loud when the day begins to  
 break :  
 But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and  
 garlands gay,  
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I  
 see,  
 But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-  
 tree ?  
 He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him  
 yesterday,—  
 But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
 Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its  
wavy bowers,  
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet  
cuckoo-flowers ;  
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in  
swamps and hollows gray,  
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and  
still,  
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the  
hill,  
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance  
and play,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early,  
mother dear,  
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad  
New-year :  
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest mer-  
riest day,  
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be  
Queen o' the May.

*NEW-YEAR'S EVE.*

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother  
dear,

For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,

Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no  
more of me.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on  
the pane:

I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:

I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on  
high:

I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the haw-  
thorn shade,

And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am  
lowly laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when  
you pass;

With your feet above my head in the long and  
pleasant grass.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-  
place;

Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon  
your iace;

Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what  
you say,

And be often, often with you when you think I'm far  
away.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is  
born.

All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;  
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,  
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother  
dear.

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*CONCLUSION.*

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;  
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the  
lamb.

How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!  
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's  
here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes between the  
skies,  
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that  
cannot rise,  
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers  
that blow,  
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to  
go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed  
sun,  
And now it seems so hard to say, and yet His will be  
done!  
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;  
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me  
words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair!  
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet  
me there!

O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver  
head!

A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my  
bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the  
sin.

Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will  
let me in :

Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could  
be,

For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-  
watch beat,

There came a sweeter token when the night and  
morning meet :

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in  
mine,

And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angel  
call ;

It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was  
over all ;

The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to  
roll,

And in the wild March-morning I heard them call  
my soul,

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie  
dear ;

I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;  
With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt  
resign'd,

And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,  
And then did something speak to me—I know not  
what was said ;

For great delight and shuddering took hold of all  
my mind,

And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, "It's not for them:  
it's mine."

And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for  
a sign.

And once again it came, and close beside the window  
bars,

Then seemed to go right up to Heaven, and die  
among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know  
The blessed music went that way my soul will have  
to go.

And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.

But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past  
away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to  
fret !

There's many worthier than I, would make him  
happy yet.

If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his  
wife ;

But all these things have ceased to be with my desire  
of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a  
glow ;

He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I  
know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light  
may shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day  
is done

The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the  
sun—

For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—

And what is life, that we should moan ? why make  
we such ado ?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—

And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie  
come—

To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your  
breast—

And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary  
are at rest.

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

*CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of death  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!” he said  
Into the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”  
Was there a man dismayed?  
Not though the soldiers knew  
Some one had blundered:  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die:  
Into the valley of death,  
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them,  
Volleyed and thundered:  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well:  
Into the jaws of death,  
Into the mouth of hell,  
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Sab'ring the gunners there,  
Charging an army, while

    All the world wondered :  
Plunged in the battery smoke,  
Right through the line they broke :  
Cossack and Russian  
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,  
    Shattered and sundered,  
Then they rode back—but not,  
    Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon behind them,

    Volleyed and thundered :  
Stormed at with shot and shell,  
While horse and hero fell,  
They that had fought so well,  
Came through the jaws of death,  
Back from the mouth of hell,  
All that was left of them,  
    Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?  
O, the wild charge they made !  
    All the world wondered.  
Honour the charge they made  
Honour the Light Brigade,  
    Noble six hundred !

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

*LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere, of me you shall not win  
renown,

You thought to break a country heart for pastime,  
ere you went to town.

At me you smiled, but unbeguiled I saw the snare,  
and I retired :

The daughter of a hundred earls, you are not one to  
be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, I know you proud to bear  
your name,

Your pride is yet no mate for mine, too proud to care  
from whence I came.

Nor would I break for your sweet sake a heart that  
doats on truer charms,

A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred  
coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, some meeker pupil you  
must find,

For were you queen of all that is, I could not stoop  
to such a mind.

You sought to prove how I could love, and my dis-  
dain is my reply.

The lion on your old stone gates is not more cold to  
you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, you put strange memories  
in my head,  
Not thrice your branching limes have blown since I  
beheld young Laurence dead.  
Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies: a great en-  
chantress you may be;  
But there was that across his throat which you had  
hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, when thus he met his  
mother's view,  
She had the passions of her kind, she spake some  
certain truths of you.  
Indeed, I heard one bitter word that scarce is fit for  
you to hear;  
Her manners had not that repose which stamps the  
caste of Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere, there stands a spectre in  
your hall:  
The guilt of blood is at your door: you changed a  
wholesome heart to gall.  
You held your course without remorse, to make him  
trust his modest worth,  
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare, and slew him with  
your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere, from yon blue heavens  
above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife smile at the  
claims of long descent.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me, 'tis only noble to be  
good ;

Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith  
than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere : you pine among  
your halls and towers :

The languid light of your proud eyes is wearied of  
the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth, but sickening  
of a vague disease,

You know so ill to deal with time, you needs must  
play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de Vere, if time be heavy on your  
hands,

Are there no beggars at your gate, nor any poor  
about your lands ?

Oh ! teach the orphan-boy to read, or teach the  
orphan-girl to sew,

Pray Heaven for a human heart, and let the foolish  
yeoman go.

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

*LADY CLARE.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

IT was the time when lilies blow,  
 And clouds are highest up in air,  
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe  
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :  
 Lovers long-betroth'd were they :  
 They two will wed the morrow morn ;  
 God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,  
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;  
 He loves me for my own true worth,  
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,  
 Said, "Who was this that went from thee ?"

"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,  
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked !" said Alice the nurse,  
 "That all comes round so just and fair :  
 Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,  
 And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ?"  
 Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild ?"

"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,  
 "I speak the truth : you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;  
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !  
I buried her like my own sweet child,  
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,  
O mother," she said, "if this be true,  
To keep the best man under the sun  
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret for your life,  
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,  
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,  
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie ;  
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,  
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,  
"But keep the secret all ye can."  
She said, "Not so : but I will know  
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,  
"The man will cleave unto his right."  
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,  
"Tho' I should die to night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !  
Alas, my child, I sinn'd for thee."  
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,  
"So strange it seems to me."

“ Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,  
My mother dear, if this be so,  
And lay your hand upon my head,  
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,  
She was no longer Lady Clare :  
She went by dale, and she went by down,  
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought  
Leapt up from where she lay,  
Dropt her head in the maiden’s hand,  
And follow’d her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :  
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !  
Why come you drest like a village maid,  
That are the flower of the earth ?”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,  
I am but as my fortunes are :  
I am a beggar born,” she said,  
“ And not the Lady Clare.”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
“ For I am yours in word and in deed,  
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,  
“ Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up !  
Her heart within her did not fail !  
She look’d into Lord Ronald’s eyes,  
And told him all her nurse’s tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :  
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood ;  
" If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, " the next in blood—  
  
" If you are not the heiress born,  
And I," said he, " the lawful heir,  
We two will wed to-morrow morn,  
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

*(By permission of the Publishers.)*

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## *THE DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

WHEN morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on, she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man ; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said " God bless you ! " with great fervour. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was

of beautiful music which she said was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had spoken very often of the two sisters, who, she said, were like dear friends to her. She wished they could be told how much she thought about them, and how she had watched them as they walked together, by the river-side at night. She would like to see poor Kit, she had often said of late. She wished there was somebody to take her love to Kit. And, even then, she never thought or spoke about him, but with something of her old, clear, merry laugh.

For the rest, she never murmured or complained ; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening.

The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he begged them to lay on her breast. It was he who had come to the window overnight and spoken to the sexton, and they saw in the snow traces of small feet, where he had been lingering near the room in which she lay, before he went to bed. He had a fancy, it seemed, that they had

left her there alone; and could not bear the thought.

He told them of his dream again, and that it was of her being restored to them, just as she used to be. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear of his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to this time the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from her bedside. But, when he saw her little favourite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, and to do almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes for ever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him.

They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed. It was Sunday—a bright, clear, wintry afternoon—and as they traversed the village street, those who were walking in their path drew back to make way for them, and gave them a softened greeting. Some shook the old man kindly by the

hand, and some uncovered while he tottered by, and many cried "God bless him," as he passed along.

\* \* \* \* \*

And anon the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rang its remorseless toll, for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms, to see the closing of that early grave. What was the death it would shut in, to that which still could crawl and creep above it!

Along the crowded path they bore her now; pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it; whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on through the coloured window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches

in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some, and they were not a few, knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loopholes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place—when the bright moon poured her light on

tomb and monument, on pillar, well, and arch, and most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts, they turned away, and left the child with God.

Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that we must all learn, and is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity, and love, to walk the world, and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven.

It was late when the old man came home. The boy had led him to his own dwelling, under some pretence, on their way back; and, rendered drowsy by his long ramble, he had sunk into a deep sleep by the fireside. He was perfectly exhausted, and they had taken care not to rouse him. The slumber held him a long time, and when he at length awoke the moon was shining.

The younger brother, uneasy at his protracted absence, was watching at the door for his coming, when he appeared in the pathway with his little guide. He advanced to meet them, and tenderly

obliging the old man to lean upon his arm, conducted him with slow and trembling steps towards the house.

He repaired to her chamber, straight. Not finding what he had left there, he returned with distracted looks to the room in which they were assembled. From that, he rushed into the schoolmaster's cottage; calling her name. They followed close upon him, and when he had vainly searched it, brought him home.

With such persuasive words as pity and affection could suggest, they prevailed upon him to sit among them, and hear what they should tell him. Then, endeavouring by every little artifice to prepare his mind for what must come, and dwelling with many fervent words upon the happy lot to which she had been removed, they told him, at last, the truth. The moment it had passed their lips, he fell down among them like a murdered man.

For many hours they had little hopes of his surviving; but grief is strong, and he recovered.

If there be any who have never known the blank that follows death—the weary void—the sense of desolation that will come upon the strongest minds, when something familiar and beloved is missed at every turn—the connection between inanimate and senseless things, and the object of recollection, when every household god becomes a monument, and every room a grave—if there be any who have not known this, and proved it by their own experience, they can never faintly guess how, for days, the old man pined and moped away the time, and wandered

here and there as if seeking something, and had no comfort.

\* \* \* \* \*

At length, they found, one day, that he had risen early, and, with his knapsack on his back, his staff in hand, her own straw hat, and little basket full of such things as she had been used to carry, was gone. As they were making ready to pursue him far and wide, a frightened schoolboy came who had seen him, but a moment before, sitting in the church—upon her grave.

They hastened there, and going softly to the door, espied him in the attitude of one who waited patiently. They did not disturb him then, but kept watch upon him all that day. When it grew quite dark, he rose and returned home, and went to bed, murmuring to himself, "She will come to-morrow!"

Upon the morrow he was there again from sunrise until night; and still at night he laid him down to rest, and murmured, "She will come to-morrow!"

And thenceforth, every day, and all day long, he waited at her grave, for her.

How many pictures of new journeys over pleasant country, of resting-places under the free broad sky, of rambles in the fields and woods, and paths not often trodden—how many tones of that one well-remembered voice—how many glimpses of the form, the fluttering dress, the hair that waved so gaily in the wind—how many visions of what had been, and what he hoped yet to be, rose up before him, in the old, dull, silent church! He never told them what he thought, or where he went. He would sit with

them at night, pondering with a secret satisfaction, they could see, upon the flight that he and she would take before night came again ; and still they would hear him whisper in his prayers, " Lord ! let her come to-morrow ! "

The last time was on a genial day in spring. He did not return at the usual hour, and they went to seek him. He was lying dead upon the stone.

They laid him by the side of her whom he had loved so well ; and, in the church where they had so often prayed, and mused, and lingered hand in hand, the child and the old man slept together.

*(By Permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

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## *THE DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

PAUL had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly ; not caring much how the time went, but watching it, and watching everything about him with observing eyes. When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched

it deepen, deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city ; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the host of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the streets became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out. But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself ; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun ; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured?—he saw the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below ; the servants in the house were roused and busy ; faces looked in at the door, and voices

asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you. Tell papa so!" By little and little he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think."

But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest. "You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now." They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him. Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble downstairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his

mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid. The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing on an easy-chair, often changed to Miss Fox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next, without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there with fear.

"Floy," he said, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there, except papa." The figure lifted up its head and rose, and coming to the bedside, said—"My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked it in the face, and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to

it, "Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa ; indeed I am quite happy !" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly ; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me ; indeed I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall ; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him ; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind and he more grateful every day ; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room downstairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying ; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother ; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma ?" "No, darling ; why ?" "Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's,

looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh yes, dear!" "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's; often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!" "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow."—"Thank you, Floy!"

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in. Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind good face," said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and, Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very

near the sea. I hear the waves ! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes ! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on ; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank ? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it ; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy ; I know her by the face ! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go !"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion ! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death ! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality ! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean !

*(By permission of Messrs. Chapman and Hall.)*

*HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS  
FROM GHENT.*

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;  
"Good speed !" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts  
undrew ;  
"Speed !" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;  
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,  
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace  
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our  
place ;  
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,  
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,  
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,  
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near  
Lockeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;  
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;  
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;  
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half  
chime,  
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time !"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,  
And against him the cattle stood black every one,  
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,  
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,  
With resolute shoulders, each butting away  
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent  
back  
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his  
track ;  
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance  
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !  
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and  
anon  
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay  
spur !  
Your Ross galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,  
We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick  
wheeze  
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering  
knees,  
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,  
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,  
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;  
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,  
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like  
chaff ;

Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,  
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"  
"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his  
roan

Rolled neck and crop over, lay dead as a stone;  
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight  
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her  
fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,  
And with circles of red for his eye-socket's rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,  
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,  
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,  
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without  
peer;

Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad  
or good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round  
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the  
ground,

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,  
As I poured down his throat our last measure of  
wine,

Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)  
Was no more than his due who brought good news  
from Ghent.

*(By permission of the Author.)*

*THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IT was the schooner *Hesperus*  
That sailed the wintry sea ;  
And the skipper had taken his little daughter  
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,  
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,  
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,  
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,  
His pipe was in his mouth,  
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow,  
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailör  
Had sailed the Spanish Main—  
“I pray thee put into yonder port,  
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,  
And to-night no moon we see !”  
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,  
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,  
A gale from the north-east ;  
The snow fell hissing in the brine,  
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain  
The vessel in its strength ;  
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,  
Then leapt her cable's length.

"Come hither—come hither, my little daughtèr,  
And do not tremble so ;  
For I can weather the roughest gale  
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her in his seaman's coat,  
Against the stinging blast ;  
He cut a rope from a broken spar,  
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh ! father ! I hear the church-bells ring—  
Oh ! say, what may it be ?"  
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast !"  
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh ! father ! I hear the sound of guns ;  
Oh ! say, what may it be ?"

"Some ship in distress, that cannot live  
In such an angry sea !"

"Oh ! father ! I see a gleaming light ;  
Oh ! say, what may it be ?"

But the father answered never a word—  
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,  
With his face turned to the skies,  
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow  
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed  
That savèd she might be ;  
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave  
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,  
Through the whistling sleet and snow,  
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept  
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between  
A sound came from the land ;  
It was the sound of the trampling surf  
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows :  
She drifted a dreary wreck ;  
And a whooping billow swept the crew  
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
Looked soft as carded wool ;  
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side  
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,  
With the mast went by the board ;  
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—  
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared !

At day-break, on the black sea-beach,  
A fisherman stood aghast,  
To see the form of a maiden fair  
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,  
The salt tears in her eyes ;  
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,  
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,  
In the midnight and the snow.  
Christ save us all from a death like this,  
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

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*KING ROBERT OF SICILY.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Apparelled in magnificent attire,  
With retinue of many a knight and squire,  
On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat,  
And heard the priests chant the Magnificat.  
And as he listened, o'er and o'er again  
Repeated, like a burden or refrain,  
He caught the words, *Deposuit potentes  
De sede, et exaltavit humiles* ;  
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,  
He to a learned clerk beside him said,  
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer  
meet,  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,

And has exalted them of low degree."  
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,  
" 'Tis well that such seditious words are sung  
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;  
For unto priests and people be it known,  
There is no power can push me from my throne !"  
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep,  
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.

When he awoke, it was already night ;  
The church was empty, and there was no light,  
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and faint,  
Lighted a little space before some saint.  
He started from his seat and gazed around,  
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.  
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;  
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked,  
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,  
And imprecations upon men and saints.  
The sounds re-echoed from the roofs and walls  
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without  
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,  
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,  
Came with his lantern, asking, " Who is there ? "  
Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,  
" Open : 'tis I, the King ! Art thou afraid ? "  
The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,  
" This is some drunken vagabond, or worse ! "  
Turned the great key, and flung the portal wide ;  
A man rushed by him at a single stride,

Haggard, half-naked, without hat or cloak,  
Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,  
But leaped into the blackness of the night,  
And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane  
And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Despoiled of his magnificent attire,  
Bare-headed, breathless, and besprent with mire,  
With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,  
Strode on and thundered at the palace gate ;  
Rushed through the court-yard, thrusting in his rage  
To right and left each seneschal and page,  
And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,  
His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.  
From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed ;  
Voices and cries he heard but did not heed,  
Until at last he reached the banquet-room,  
Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,  
Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,  
King Robert's self in features, form and height,  
But all transfigured with angelic light !  
It was an Angel ; and his presence there  
With a divine effulgence filled the air,  
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,  
Though none the hidden Angel recognise.

A moment, speechless, motionless, amazed,  
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,  
Who met his looks of anger and surprise  
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;

Then said, "Who art thou? and why com'st thou here?"  
To which King Robert answered, with a sneer,  
"I am the King, and come to claim my own  
From an impostor, who usurps my throne!"  
And suddenly, at these audacious words,  
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords;  
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,  
"Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou  
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,  
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;  
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,  
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall!"

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,  
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs;  
A group of tittering pages ran before,  
And as they opened wide the folding door,  
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,  
The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,  
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring  
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam,  
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"  
But the straw rustled as he turned his head,  
There were the cap and bells beside his bed,  
Around him rose the bare discoloured walls,  
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls,  
And in the corner a revolting shape,  
Shivering and chattering, sat the wretched ape.  
It was no dream; the world he loved so much  
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went ; and now returned again  
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign ;  
Under the Angel's governance benign  
The happy island danced with corn and wine,  
And deep within the mountain's burning breast  
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest.

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,  
Sullen, and silent, and disconsolate.  
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,  
With looks bewildered and a vacant stare,  
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn,  
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,  
His only friend the ape, his only food  
What others left,—he still was unsubdued.  
And when the Angel met him on his way,  
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say,  
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel  
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,  
“ Art thou the King ? ” the passion of his woe  
Burst from him in resistless overflow,  
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling  
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the King ! ”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came  
Ambassadors of great repute and name  
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,  
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane  
By letter summoned them forthwith to come  
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.  
The Angel with great joy received his guests,  
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,

And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined,  
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.  
Then he departed with them o'er the sea  
Into the lovely land of Italy,  
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made  
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,  
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir  
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.

And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,  
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,  
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind,  
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,  
King Robert rode, making huge merriment  
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp, and blare  
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's Square,  
Giving his benediction and embrace,  
Fervent and full of apostolic grace.  
While with congratulations and with prayers  
He entertained the Angel unawares,  
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd,  
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,  
"I am the King ! Look and behold in me  
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily !  
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,  
Is an impostor in a King's disguise.  
Do you not know me ? does no voice within  
Answer my cry, and say we are akin ?"  
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,  
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene ;

The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport  
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"  
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace  
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the holy week went by,  
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky;  
The presence of the Angel, with its light,  
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,  
And with new fervour filled the hearts of men,  
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.  
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw,  
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendour saw,  
He felt within a power unfelt before,  
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber floor,  
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord,  
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more  
Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,  
Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again  
The land was made resplendent with his train,  
Flashing along the towns of Italy  
Unto Salerno, and from there by sea.  
And when once more within Palermo's wall,  
And, seated on the throne in his great hall,  
He heard the Angelus from convent towers,  
As if the better world conversed with ours,  
He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,  
And with a gesture bade the rest retire;  
And when they were alone, the Angel said,  
"Art thou the King?" Then bowing down his head,

King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast,  
And meekly answered him : "Thou knowest best !  
My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,  
And in some cloister's school of penitence,  
Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,  
Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul is shriven !"  
The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face  
A holy light illumined all the place,  
And through the open window, loud and clear,  
They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,  
Above the stir and tumult of the street :  
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
And has exalted them of low degree !"  
And through the chant a second melody  
Rose like the throbbing of a single string :  
"I am an Angel, and thou art the King !"

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo ! he was alone !  
But all apparelled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold ;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

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*THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence ;  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall !

'They climb up into my turret,  
O'er the arms and back of my chair ;  
If I try to escape they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine ;  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon,  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away !

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*THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
 The day was just begun,  
 And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
 Streamed the red autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
 And the white sails of ships ;  
 And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
 Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe, and Dover,  
 Were all alert that day,  
 To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
 When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
 Their cannon, through the night,  
 Holding their breath, had watched, in grim defiance,  
 The sea-coast opposite.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
 On every citadel ;  
 Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
 That all was well.

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
 Replied the distant forts,  
 As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
 And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

242     *The Warden of the Cinque Ports.*

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
    No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrasure,  
    Awaken with its call !

No more, surveying with an eye impartial  
    The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
    Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
    In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,  
    The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
    The dark and silent room,  
And as he entered, darker grew, and deeper,  
    The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
    But smote the Warden hoar :  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble  
    And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without, the surly cannon waited,  
    The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
    That a great man was dead !

*RESIGNATION.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,  
 But one dead lamb is there !  
 There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
 But has one vacant chair !

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead ;  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
 Amid these earthly damps ;  
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers,  
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! What seems so is transition ;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
 But gone unto that school  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
For, when with raptures wild,  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
And anguish long suppressed,  
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
We may not wholly stay ;  
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
The grief that must have way.

*A PSALM OF LIFE.*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 "Life is but an empty dream!"  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end or way;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
 Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!  
 Act,—act in the living Present!  
 Heart within, and God o'erhead!

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Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time ;

Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait.

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*THE NATURAL BRIDGE OF VIRGINIA.*

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impres-

sive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them: and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their name a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Buonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws him-

self up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough ; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends grow weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment ! what a meagre chance to escape destruction ! there is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his

destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair:—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasted blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where if he falls he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging

mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom ; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels ; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart ; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there ! one foot swings off !—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity. Hark !—a shout falls on his ears from above ! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought, the noose rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God !" and

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“mother!” whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting! and such leaping and weeping for joy never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

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*THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF  
WATERLOO.*

BY LORD BYRON.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—

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But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could  
rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum

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Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! They  
come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"  
rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's  
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and  
low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day

Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial  
blent !

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*THE DYING GLADIATOR.*

BY LORD BYRON.

THE seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power !  
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour,  
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;  
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear,  
That we become a part of what has been,  
And grow unto the spot, all seeing but unseen.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran  
In murmur'd pity, or loud roar'd applause,  
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man.  
And wherefore slaughter'd ? wherefore, but because  
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,  
And the imperial pleasure—Wherefore not ?  
What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
Of worms—on battle plains or listed spot ?  
Both are but theatres where chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie :

He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony ;

And his droop'd head sinks gradually low ;  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the  
wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes

Were with his heart, and that was far away ;  
He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize,

But where his rude hut by the Danube lay—  
*There* were his young barbarians all at play ;

*There* was their Dacian mother—he their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday :

All this rush'd with his blood.—Shall he expire,  
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your  
ire !

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*THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

BY FATHER PROUT.

WITH deep affection  
 And recollection  
 I often think of  
     Those Shandon bells,  
 Whose sounds so wild would,  
 In the days of childhood,  
 Fling round my cradle  
     Their magic spells.

On this I ponder  
 Where'er I wander,  
 And thus grow fonder,  
     Sweet Cork, of thee,—  
 With thy bells of Shandon,  
 That sound so grand, on  
 The pleasant waters  
     Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
 Full many a clime in,  
 Tolling sublime in  
     Cathedral shrine ;  
 While at a glib rate  
 Brass tongues would vibrate ;  
 But all their music  
     Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of thy belfry, knelling  
    Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand, on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling  
Old Adrian's mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
    From the Vatican ;  
And cymbals glorious  
Swinging uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
    Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
    Pealing solemnly.  
O ! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand, on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;  
While on tower and kiosk O  
In Saint Sophia  
    The Turkman gets,

*Hohenlinden.*

And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer,  
From the tapering summits  
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem  
More dear to me;  
'Tis the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand, on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the river Lee.

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*HOHENLINDEN.*

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ON Linden when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neigh'd  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;  
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;  
And louder than the bolts of Heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet ;  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

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## LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

*Wizard.* LOCHIEL ! Lochiel ! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight :  
 They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown ;  
 Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down !  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far !  
 'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin ; whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate ;  
 A steed comes at morning : no rider is there,  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !  
 Oh weep ! but thy tears cannot number the dead ;  
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—  
 Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.* Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright !

*Wizard.* Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the  
north ?

Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the  
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;  
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely, return !  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.* False wizard, avaunt ! I have marshall'd my  
clan,

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !  
They are true to the last of their blood and their  
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome be Cumberland's steel to the shock !  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws !  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

*Wizard.* Lochiel ! Lochiel ! beware of the day !

For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal ;  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !  
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my  
sight—

Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the  
moors ;

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores ;  
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,  
Like a limb from his country lies bleeding and torn?  
Ah no! for a darker departure is near ;  
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier ;  
His death-bell is tolling : oh, mercy! dispel  
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims ;  
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,  
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to  
beat

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

*Lochiel.* Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the  
tale.

For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their  
gore

Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,  
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

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### *THE DYING SAILOR.*

BY GEORGE CRABEE.

HE call'd his friend, and prefaced with a sigh  
A lover's message—"Thomas, I must die :  
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest  
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,  
And gazing, go !—if not, this trifle take,  
And say, till death I wore it for her sake ;  
Yes ! I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on !  
Give me one look, before my life be gone,  
Oh ! give me that, and let me not despair,  
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer."

He had his wish, had more ; I will not paint  
The lovers' meeting : she beheld him faint,—  
With tender fears, she took a nearer view,  
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew ;  
He tried to smile, and, half succeeding, said,  
"Yes ! I must die ;" and hope for ever fled.

Still long she nursed him ; tender thoughts, meantime,

Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.  
To her he came to die, and every day  
She took some portion of the dread away :  
With him she pray'd, to him his Bible read,  
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head ;  
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer ;  
Apart, she sigh'd ; alone, she shed the tear ;  
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave  
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot  
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot ;  
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,  
Yet said not so—"perhaps he will not sink :"  
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,  
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard ;—  
She had been reading in the book of prayer,  
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair ;  
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,  
The friendly many, and the favourite few ;  
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,  
But she has treasured, and she loves them all ;  
When in her way she meets them, they appear  
Peculiar people—death has made them dear.  
He named his friend, but then his hand she prest,  
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest ;"  
"I go," he said ; but, as he spoke, she found  
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound !  
Then gazed affrighten'd ; but she caught a last,  
A dying look of love, and all was past.

## ELIHU.

BY ALICE CAREY.

"O SAILOR, tell me, tell me true,  
 Is my little lad—my Elihu—  
 A sailing in your ship?"  
 The sailor's eyes were dimmed with dew,  
 "Your little lad? Your Elihu?"  
 He said with trembling lip;  
 "What little lad—what ship?"

What little lad?—as if there could be  
 Another such a one as he!

"What little lad, do you say?"  
 "Why, Elihu, that took to the sea  
 The moment I put him off my knee.  
 It was just the other day  
 The *Gray Swan* sailed away."

The other day? The sailor's eyes  
 Stood wide open with surprise.

"The other day?—the *Swan*?"  
 His heart began in his throat to rise.  
 "Ay, ay, sir; here in the cupboard lies  
 The jacket he had on."  
 "And so your lad is gone!—

“Gone with the *Swan*.” “And did she stand  
With her anchor clutching hold of the sand,  
For a month, and never stir?”

“Why, to be sure! I’ve seen from the land,  
Like a lover kissing his lady’s hand,  
The wild sea kissing her—  
A sight to remember, sir.”

“But, my good mother, do you know,  
All this was twenty years ago?”

I stood on the *Gray Swan’s* deck,  
And to that lad I saw you throw—  
Taking it off, as it might be so—  
The kerchief from your neck;  
Ay, and he’ll bring it back.

“And did the little lawless lad,  
That has made you sick and made you sad,  
Sail with the *Gray Swan’s* crew?”

“Lawless! the man is going mad;  
The best boy ever mother had;  
Be sure, he sailed with the crew—  
What would you have him do?”

“And he has never written line,  
Nor sent you word, nor made you sign,  
To say he was alive?”

“Hold—if ’twas wrong, the wrong is mine;  
Besides he may be in the brine;  
And could he write from the grave?  
Tut, man! what would you have?”

"Gone twenty years ! a long, long cruise ;  
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse ;  
But if the lad still live,  
And come back home, think you you can  
Forgive him ?" "Miserable man !  
You're mad as the sea ; you rave—  
What have I to forgive ?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,  
And from within his bosom drew  
The kerchief. She was wild :  
"My God !—my Father !—is it true ?  
My little lad—my Elihu ?  
And is it ?—is it ?—is it you ?  
My blessed boy—my child—  
My dead—my living child !"

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*LOVE.*

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame.  
Oft in my waking dreams do I  
Live o'er again that happy hour,  
When midway on the mount I lay,  
Beside the ruined tower.  
The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,  
Had blended with the lights of eve ;  
And she was there, my life, my joy,  
My own dear Genevieve !

She leaned against the armed man,  
The statue of the armed knight ;  
She stood and listened to my lay,  
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,  
My hope ! my joy ! my Genevieve !  
She loves me best whene'er I sing  
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,  
I sang an old and moving story—  
An old rude song, that suited well  
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
For well she knew I could not choose  
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore  
Upon his shield a burning brand ;  
And that for ten long years he wooed  
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !  
The deep, the low, the pleading tone  
With which I sang another's love,  
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,  
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;  
And she forgave me that I gazed  
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn  
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,  
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,  
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,  
And sometimes from the darksome shade,  
And sometimes starting up at once  
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face  
An angel beautiful and bright ;  
And that he knew it was a Fiend,  
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,  
He leaped amid a murderous band,  
And saved from outrage worse than death  
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;  
And how she tended him in vain—  
And ever strove to expiate  
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;  
And how his madness went away,  
When on the yellow forest leaves  
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached  
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,  
My faltering voice and pausing harp  
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of sound and sense  
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;  
The music and the doleful tale,  
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
And gentle wishes long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long ;

She wept with pity and delight,  
She blushed with love and virgin shame ;  
And like the murmur of a dream,  
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,  
As conscious of my look she stept—  
Then suddenly, with timorous eye  
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,  
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;  
And bending back her head, looked up,  
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,  
And partly 'twas a bashful art,  
That I might rather feel, than see,  
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,  
And told her love with virgin pride ;  
And so I won my Genevieve,  
My bright and beauteous Bride !

*ELIZA.*

BY ERASMUS DARWIN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
O'er Minden's plains spectatress of the fight ;  
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife  
Her dearer self, the partner of her life ;  
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
And view'd his banner, or believed she view'd.  
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,  
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led ;  
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm  
Slept on her kerchief, cradled on her arm :  
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.  
—Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,  
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,  
Heard the exulting shout—" They run !—they run !"  
" He's safe !" she cried, " he's safe ! the battle's  
won !"

—A ball now hisses through the airy tides  
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides),  
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,  
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck :  
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,  
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.  
—" Ah me !" she cried, and sinking on the ground,  
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound :  
" Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn,  
Wait, gushing life, oh ! wait my love's return !"

Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far,  
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war ;—

“ Oh spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age !  
On me, on me,” she cried, exhaust your rage !”  
Then with weak arms, her weeping babes caress’d,  
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stain’d vest.

From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,  
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes :  
Eliza’s name along the camp he calls,  
Eliza echoes through the canvas walls ;  
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps  
tread,

O’er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,  
Vault o’er the plain,—and in the tangled wood,—  
Lo ! dead Eliza—weltering in her blood !  
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,  
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds,  
“ Speak low,” he cries, and gives his little hand,  
“ Mamma’s asleep upon the dew-cold sand ;  
Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
Why do you weep ? Mamma will soon awake.”  
—“ She’ll wake no more !” the hopeless mourner cried,  
Upturn’d his eyes, and clasp’d his hands, and sigh’d ;  
Stretch’d on the ground, awhile entranced he lay,  
And press’d warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;  
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
And all the father kindled in his heart ;  
“ Oh, Heaven !” he cried, “ my first rash vow forgive !  
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live.”  
Round his chill babes he wrapp’d his crimson vest,  
And clasp’d them sobbing to his aching breast.

*THE SPANISH CHAMPION.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE warrior bowed his crested head,  
 And tamed his heart of fire,  
 And sued the haughty king to free  
 His long-imprison'd sire ;  
 "I bring thee here my fortress keys,  
 I bring my captive train,  
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord !—  
 O break my father's chain !"

"Rise, rise ! even now thy father comes,  
 A ransom'd man this day ;  
 Mount thy good horse, and thou and I  
 Will meet him on his way."  
 Then lightly rose that loyal son,  
 And bounded on his steed,  
 And urged, as if with lance in rest,  
 His charger's foaming speed.

And lo ! from far, as on they press'd,  
 There came a glittering band,  
 With one that 'mid them stately rode,  
 As a leader in the land ;  
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste ! for there,  
 In very truth, is he,  
 The father whom thy faithful heart  
 Hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,  
His cheek's hue came and went ;  
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side,  
And there, dismounting, bent ;  
A lowly knee to earth he bent,  
His father's hand he took.—  
What was there in its touch that all  
His fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—  
It dropped from his like lead ;—  
He look'd up to the face above—  
The face was of the dead !  
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—  
The brow was fix'd and white ;  
He met at last his father's eyes—  
But in them was no sight !

Up from the ground he sprung and gazed ;  
But who can paint that gaze ?  
It hush'd their very hearts, who saw  
Its horror and amaze ;  
They might have chain'd him, as before  
That stony form he stood,  
For the power was stricken from his arm,  
And from his lip the blood !

“ Father ! ” at length he murmur'd low,  
And wept like childhood then ;  
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen  
The tears of warlike men !—

He thought on all his glorious hopes—  
On all his high renown,—  
He flung the falchion from his side,  
And in the dust sat down.

And covering with his steel-gloved hand  
His darkly mournful brow,  
“No more, there is no more,” he said,  
“To lift the sword for now.  
My king is false, my hope betray’d,  
My father—oh! the worth,  
The glory, and the loveliness  
Are pass’d away from earth!

“I thought to stand where banners waved,  
My sire, beside thee yet;  
I would that there on Spain’s free soil  
Our kindred blood had met;  
Thou would’st have known my spirit then,  
For thee my fields were won;  
But thou hast perish’d in thy chains,  
As if thou hadst no son.”

Then starting from the ground once more,  
He seized the monarch’s rein,  
Amid the pale and ’wilder’d looks  
Of all the courtier train;  
And with a fierce o’ermastering grasp,  
The rearing war-horse led,  
And sternly set them face to face—  
The king before the dead!

“ Came I not here upon thy pledge,  
My father's hand to kiss ?—  
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,  
And tell me what is this ?  
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—  
Give answer, where are they ?  
If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul,  
Put life in this cold clay !—

“ Into these glassy eyes put light,—  
Be still, keep down thine ire,—  
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak !—  
This earth is not my sire !  
Give me back him for whom I strove,  
For whom my blood was shed !—  
Thou canst not, and, O king ! his dust  
Be mountains on thy head ! ”

He loosed the rein ; his slack hand fell !  
Upon the silent face  
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—  
Then turn'd from that sad place !  
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate  
Untold in martial strain,—  
His banner led the spears no more  
Among the hills of Spain !

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*THE RUINED COTTAGE.*

BY MRS. MACLEAN (L. E. L.)

NONE will dwell in that cottage, for they say  
 Oppression reft it from an honest man,  
 And that a curse clings to it : hence the vine  
 Trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground ;  
 Hence weeds are in that garden ; hence the hedge,  
 Once sweet with honey-suckle, is half dead ;  
 And hence the grey moss on the apple-tree.

One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth  
 A soldier ; and when many years had pass'd  
 He sought his native village, and sat down  
 To end his days in peace. He had one child—  
 A little, laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,  
 He said, were like the mother's he had left  
 Buried in strange lands ; and time went on  
 In comfort and content—and that fair girl  
 Had grown far taller than the red rose tree  
 Her father planted her first English birth-day ;  
 And he had train'd it up against an ash  
 Till it became his pride ;—it was so rich  
 In blossom and in beauty, it was call'd  
 The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal  
 To all the better feelings of the heart  
 To mark their quiet happiness ; their home,  
 In truth a home of love : and more than all,  
 To see them on the Sabbath, when they came

Among the first to church ; and Isabel  
With her bright colour, and her clear glad eyes,  
Bow'd down so meekly in the house of prayer ;  
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible :—  
Her father look'd so fond of her, and then  
From her look'd up so thankfully to Heaven !  
And their small cottage was so very neat ;  
Their garden fill'd with fruits, and herbs, and flowers :  
And in the winter there was no fireside  
So cheerful as their own. But other days  
And other fortunes came—an evil power !  
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped  
For better times, but ruin came at last ;  
And the old soldier left his own dear home,  
And left it for a prison. 'Twas in June,  
One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,  
The butterfly, were on their brightest wings ;  
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light ;  
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,  
And the old man look'd back upon his cottage  
And wept aloud :—they hurried him away,  
And the dear child that would not leave his side.  
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven  
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,  
The windows shutting out the blessed sun  
With iron grating ; and for the first time  
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear  
His Isabel's "good night !" But the next morn  
She was the earliest at the prison gate,  
The last on whom it closed ; and her sweet voice,  
And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.  
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers,

But every morning could he see her cheek  
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones  
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew  
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw  
The sun shine through the grating of his cell,  
Yet Isabel came not ; at every sound  
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still  
She came not near him. But one sad day  
He mark'd the dull street through the iron bars  
That shut him from the world ;—at length he saw  
A coffin carried carelessly along,  
And he grew desperate—he forced the bars ;  
And he stood on the street, free and alone !  
He had no aim, no wish for liberty—  
He only felt one want, to see the corpse  
That had no mourners. When they set it down,  
Or e'er 'twas lower'd into the new dug grave,  
A rush of passion came upon his soul,  
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face  
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child !  
He lay down by the coffin quietly—  
His heart was broken !

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*WILLY'S GRAVE.*

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THE frosty wind was wailing wild across the wintry  
wold ;  
The cloudless vault of Heaven was bright with studs  
of gleaming gold ;  
The weary cotter's heavy lids had closed with closing  
day,  
And on his silent hearth a tinge of dying fire-light lay.

The ancient hamlet seemed asleep beneath the starry  
sky ;  
A little river, sheathed in ice, came gliding gently by ;  
The grey church, in the graveyard, where the "rude  
forefathers lay,"  
Stood, like a mother, waiting till her children came  
from play.

No footstep trod the tiny town ; the drowsy street  
was still,  
Save where the wandering night-wind sang its requiem  
wild and shrill.  
The stainless snow lay thick upon those quaint old  
cottage eaves,  
And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung where grew  
last summer's leaves.

Each village home was dark and still, and closed was  
every door ;

For gentle sleep had twined her arms around both  
rich and poor,—

Save in one little cot, where, by a candle's flickering  
ray,

A childless mother sighing sat, and combed her locks  
of grey.

Her husband and her children all were in the last  
cold bed,

Where, one by one, she'd laid them down, and left  
them with the dead ;

Then, toiling on towards her rest—a lonely pilgrim,  
she—

For God and poverty were now her only company.

Upon the shady window-sill a well-worn Bible lay ;  
Against the wall a coat had hung for many a weary  
day :

And, on the scanty table-top, with crumbs of supper  
strewn,

There stood, beside a porringer, two little empty  
shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate ; the spinning-wheel  
at rest ;

The cricket's song rang loudly in that lonely woman's  
nest,

As, with her napkin thin and worn, and wet with  
many a tear,

She wiped the little pair of shoon her darling used to  
wear.

Her widowed heart had often leaped to hear his  
prattle small ;  
He was the last that she had left—the dearest of  
them all ;  
And as she rocked her to and fro, while tears came  
drooping down,  
She sighed and cried, “ Oh, Willy, love ! these little  
empty shoon ! ”

With gentle hand she laid them by, she laid them by  
with care,  
For Willy he was in his grave, and all her thoughts  
were there ;  
She paused before she dropped the sneck that closed  
her lambless fold,  
It grieved her heart to bar the door and leave him in  
the cold.

A threadbare cloak she wrapped around her limbs so  
thin and chill,  
She left her lonely cot behind whilst all the world  
was still ;  
And through the solitary night she took her silent  
way,  
With weeping eyes, towards the spot where little  
Willy lay.

The pale, cold moon had climbed aloft into the welkin  
blue,  
A snow-clad tree across the grave its leafless shadow  
threw ;

And, as that mournful mother sat, upon a mound  
there by,  
The bitter wind of winter sighed to hear her wailing  
cry !

\* \* \* \* \*

“ My little Willy’s cowl an’ still ! He’s not a cheep  
for me ;

Th’ last leaf has dropt, th’ last tiny leaf, that cheered  
this withered tree.

Oh, my poor heart ! my comfort’s gone ; aw’m lonely  
under th’ sky !

He’ll never clip my neck again, an’ tell me not to cry !

“ Nipt,—nipt i’ th’ bud, an’ laid i’ th’ dust, my little  
Willy’s dead,

And o’ that made me cling to life lies in his frosty  
bed.—

He’s gone ! He’s gone ! My poor bare neest ! What’s  
o’ this world to me ?

My darlin’ lad ! aw’m lonely neaw ! when mun aw  
come to thee ?

“ He’s crept into his last dark nook, an’ left me pinin’  
here ;

An’ never moor his two blue e’en for me mun twinkle  
clear.

He’ll never lisp his prayers again at his poor manmy’s  
knee ;

Oh, Willy ! oh, aw’m lonely neaw, when mun aw  
come to thee ? ”

\* \* \* \* \*

284 *Come Whoam to thy Childer an' Me.*

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain, to hear that  
plaintive cry ;  
The old church listened, and the spire kept pointing  
to the sky ;  
With kindlier touch the bitter wind play'd in her  
locks of grey,  
And the queenly moon upon her head shone with a  
softened ray.  
She rose to leave that lonely bed—her heart was  
grieving sore,—  
One step she took, and then her tears fell faster than  
before ;  
She turned and gave another look,—one lingering  
look she gave,—  
Then, sighing, left him lying in his little wintry grave.

*(By permission of the Author.)*

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*COME WHOAM TO THY CHILDER AN' ME.*

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;  
Owd Swaddle has brought thi new shoon ;  
There's some nice bacon-collops o' th' hob,  
An' a quart o' ale posset i'th' oon ;  
Aw've brought thi top-cwot, does ta know,  
For th' rain's comin' deawn very dree ;  
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;—  
Come whoam to thi childer an' me.

When aw put little Sally to bed,  
Hoo cried, 'cose her feyther weren't theer ;  
So, aw kissed th' little thing, an' aw said  
Thae'd bring her a ribbin fro th' fair ;  
An' aw gav her her doll, an' some rags,  
An' a nice little white cotton bo' ;  
An' aw kiss'd her again ; but hoo said  
At hoo wanted to kiss *thee* an' o'.

An' Dick, too, aw'd sich wark wi' him,  
Afore aw could get him upstairs ;  
Thae tow'd him thae'd bring him a drum,  
He said, when he're sayin' his prayers ;  
Then he looked i' my face, an' he said,  
" Has th' boggarts taen houd o' my dad ? "  
An' he cried till his e'en were quite red ;  
He likes thee some weel, does yon lad !

At th' lung-length, aw geet em' laid still ;  
An' aw hearken't folk's feet at went by ;  
So aw iron't o' my clooas reet weel,  
An' aw hanged 'em o' th' maiden to dry ;  
When aw'd mended thi stockin's an' shirts,  
Aw sit deawn to knit i' my cheer,  
An' aw rayley did feel rayther hurt,—  
Mon, aw'm *one-ly* when theaw artn't theer.

" Aw've a drum an' a trumpet for Dick ;  
Aw've a yard o' blue ribbin for Sal ;  
Aw've a book full o' babs ; an' a stick,  
An' some 'bacco an' pipes for mysel ;

Aw've brought thee some coffee an' tay,—  
Iv thae'll *feel* i' my pocket, thae'll *see* ;  
An' aw bought thee a new cap to-day,—  
But, aw olez bring summat for *thee* !”

“ God bless thou, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,  
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' reawnd  
Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,  
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd greawnd.  
Aw can do wi' a crack o'er a glass ;  
Aw can do wi' a bit ov a spree ;  
But aw've no gradely comfort, my lass,  
Except wi' yon childer an' thee !”

*(By permission of the Author.)*

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### MAUD MÜLLER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day,  
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.  
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of simple beauty and rustic health.  
Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee  
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.  
But, when she glanced to the far-off town,  
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,  
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,  
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed  
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,  
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down  
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,  
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether  
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,  
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise  
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay  
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed : " Ah, me !  
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,  
And praise and toast me at his wine.

" My father should wear a broad-cloth coat :  
My brother should sail a painted boat.

" I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,  
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

" And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor ;  
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

" A form more fair, a face more sweet,  
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

" And her modest answer and graceful air,  
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

" Would she were mine, and I to-day  
Like her a harvester of hay :

" No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,  
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

" But low of cattle and song of birds,  
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,  
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,  
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,  
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,  
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,  
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes  
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,  
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,  
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain :  
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,  
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,  
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,  
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot  
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall  
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again  
She saw a rider draw his rein :

And, gazing down with timid grace,  
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls  
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,  
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,  
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,  
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,  
Saying only, " It might have been ! "

Alas ! for Maiden, alas ! for Judge,  
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,  
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad works of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these : " It might have been ! "

" Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies  
Deeply buried from human eyes :

And, in the hereafter, angels may  
Roll the stone from its grave away !

*THE SAILOR'S JOURNAL.*

BY CHARLES DIBDIN.

'Twas post meridian, half-past four,  
 By signal I from Nancy parted ;  
 At six she lingered on the shore,  
 With uplift hands and broken-hearted.  
 At seven, while taughtening the forestay,  
 I saw her faint or else 'twas fancy ;  
 At eight we all got under way,  
 And bade a long adieu to Nancy.

Night came, and now eight bells had rung,  
 While careless sailors ever cheery,  
 On the mid watch so jovial sung,  
 With tempers labour cannot weary.  
 I, little to their mirth inclined,  
 While tender thoughts rushed on my fancy,  
 And my warm sighs increased the wind,  
 Looked on the moon, and thought of Nancy !

And now arrived that jovial night  
 When every true-bred tar carouses ;  
 When o'er the grog, all hands delight  
 To toast their sweethearts and their spouses.  
 Round went the can, the jest, the glee,  
 While tender wishes filled each fancy ;  
 And when, in turn, it came to me,  
 I heaved a sigh, and toasted Nancy !

Next morn a storm came on at four,  
At six the elements in motion  
Plunged me and three poor sailors more  
Headlong within the foaming ocean.  
Poor wretches ! they soon found their graves ;  
For me—it may be only fancy,—  
But Love seemed to forbid the waves  
To snatch me from the arms of Nancy !

Scarce the foul hurricane was cleared,  
Scarce winds and waves had ceased to rattle,  
When a bold enemy appeared,  
And, dauntless, we prepared for battle.  
And, now, while some loved friend or wife  
Like lightning rushed on every fancy,  
To Providence I trusted life,  
Put up a prayer, and thought of Nancy !

At last,—'twas in the month of May,—  
The crew, it being lovely weather,  
At three a.m. discovered day,  
And England's chalky cliffs together.  
At seven up Channel how we bore,  
While hopes and fears rushed on my fancy ;  
At twelve I gaily jumped ashore,  
And to my throbbing heart pressed Nancy !

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*PARRHASIUS.*

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE golden light into the painter's room  
Streamed richly, and the hidden colours stole  
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,  
And, in the soft and dewy atmosphere,  
Like forms and landscapes, magical they lay.  
The walls were hung with armour, and about  
In the dim corners, stood the sculptured forms  
Of Cytheris, and Dian, and stern Jove ;  
And from the casement soberly away  
Fell the grotesque, long shadows, full and true,  
And like a veil of filmy mellowness,  
The lint-specks floated in the twilight air.

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully  
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,  
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus ;  
The vulture at his vitals, and the links  
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh.  
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim,  
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild  
Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form  
And colour clad them, his fine, earnest eye  
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl  
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,  
Were like the winged god's, breathing from his flight.

“Bring me the captive now !  
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift  
From my waked spirit, airily and swift ;  
And I could paint the bow  
Upon the bended heavens around me play  
Colours of such divinity to-day.  
Ha ! bind him on his back !  
Look, as Prometheus, in my picture here.  
Quick — or he faints ! — stand with the cordial  
near !

Now bend him to the rack !  
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh,  
And tear agape that healing wound afresh !  
So—let him writhe ! How long  
Will he live thus ? Quick, my good pencil, now !  
What a fine agony works on his brow !

Ha ! grey-haired, and so strong !  
How fearfully he stifles that short moan !  
Gods ! if I could but paint a dying groan !

“Pity” thee ! So I do !  
I pity the dumb victim at the altar ;  
But does the robed priests for his *pity* falter ?  
I’d rack thee, though I knew  
A thousand lives were perishing in thine ;  
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine ?  
“Hereafter !” *Ay hereafter !*  
A whip to keep a coward to his track !  
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back,  
To check the sceptic’s laughter ?  
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,  
And I may take some softer path to glory.  
No, no, old man ; we die

E'en as the flowers, and we shall breathe away  
Our life upon the chance wind, e'en as they.

Strain well thy fainting eye ;  
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,  
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

Yet there's a deathless name—  
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,  
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn ;  
And though its crown of flame  
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me,  
By all the fiery stars ! I'd pluck it on me.

Ay, though it bid me rifle  
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst ;  
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first ;  
Though it should bid me stifle

The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,  
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild ;—

All, I would do it all,  
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot ;  
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.

O heavens ! but I appal  
Your heart, old man ! forgive—Ha ! on your lives  
Let him not faint !—rack him till he revives !

Vain, vain, give o'er ! His eye  
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.  
Stand back ! I'll paint the death dew on his brow.

Gods ! if he do not die  
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse  
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips !

Shivering ! Hark ! he mutters  
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—  
Another ! Wilt thou never come, oh death ?

Look ! how his temple flutters !  
Is his heart still ? Aha ! lift up his head !  
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—HE'S  
DEAD."

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### *THE LEPER.*

BY N. P. WILLIS.

IT was noon ;  
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool  
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,  
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touch'd  
The loathsome water to his fever'd lips,  
Praying that he might be so bless'd—to die !  
Footsteps approach'd, and with no strength to flee,  
He drew the covering closer on his lip,  
Crying, "Unclean ! unclean !" and in the folds  
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,  
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.  
Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er  
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—  
"Helon !" The voice was like the master-tone  
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet ;  
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,  
And for a moment beat beneath the hot  
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.  
"Helon ! arise !" and he forgot his curse,  
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe

Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye  
As he beheld the stranger. He was not  
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow  
The symbol of a princely lineage wore ;  
No followers at His back, nor in His hand  
Buckler, or sword, or spear ; yet in his mien  
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,  
A kingly condescension graced His lips,  
The lion would have crouch'd to in his lair.

His garb was simple, and His sandals worn :  
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace ;  
His countenance the impress of a God,  
Touch'd with the opening innocence of a child ;  
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky  
In the serenest noon ; His hair unshorn  
Fell to His shoulders ; and His curling beard  
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.

He look'd on Helon earnestly a while,  
As if His heart were moved, and, stooping down,  
He took a little water in His hand  
And laid it on his brow, and said, " Be clean."  
And lo ! the scales fell from him, and his blood  
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,  
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow  
The dewy softness of an infant stole.  
His leprosy was cleansed ; and he fell down  
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipp'd Him.

*JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.*

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE mighty Jephthah led his warriors on  
 Through Mizpeth's streets. His helm was proudly  
     set,  
 And his stern lip curl'd slightly, as if praise  
 Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,  
 But free as India's leopard ; and his mail,  
 Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,  
 Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.  
 His crest was Judah's kingliest ; and the look  
 Of his dark lofty eye and bended brow  
 Might quell the lion.

    A moment more,  
 And he had reach'd his home ; when lo ! there sprang  
 One with a bounding footstep, and a brow  
 Of light to meet him. Oh ! how beautiful !—  
 Her dark eye flashing like a sunlit gem—  
 And her luxuriant hair !—'twas like the sweep  
 Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,  
 As if the sight had wither'd him. She threw  
 Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.  
 She called him “ Father ”—but he answered not.  
 She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth ?  
 There was no anger in that bloodshot eye.  
 Had sickness seized him ? She unclasp'd his helm,  
 And laid her white hand gently on his brow,  
 And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.

The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,  
And spoke the name of God, in agony.

She knew that he was stricken, then ; and rush'd  
Again into his arm ; and, with a flood  
Of tears she could not stay, she sobb'd a prayer  
That he would breathe his agony in words.  
He told her, and a momentary flush  
Shot o'er her countenance ; and then the soul  
Of Jephthah's daughter waken'd ; and she stood  
Calmly and nobly up, and said, 'twas well—  
And she would die.

The sun had well-nigh set.  
The fire was on the altar ; and the priest  
Of the high God was there. A pallid man  
Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven,  
As if he would have pray'd, but had no words—  
And she who was to die, the calmest one  
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone.  
And waited for the sun to set. Her face  
Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip  
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint  
Was deeper ; but her countenance was like  
The majesty of angels.

The sun set—  
And she was dead—but not by violence.

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*DEATH OF ABSALOM.*

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low  
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd  
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still  
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.  
The reeds bent down the stream ; the willow leaves,  
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,  
Forgot the lifting winds ; and the long stems,  
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,  
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,  
And lean'd in graceful attitudes, to rest.  
How strikingly the course of nature tells,  
By its light heed of human suffering,  
That it was fashion'd for a happier world !

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled  
From far Jerusalem ; and now he stood,  
With his faint people, for a little rest  
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind  
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow  
To its refreshing breath ; for he had worn  
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt  
That he could see his people until now.  
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,  
And spoke their kindly words ; and, as the sun  
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,  
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.

Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts  
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,  
And the poor common words of courtesy  
Are such an empty mockery—how much  
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!  
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up  
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those  
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones  
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—  
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—  
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,  
In all his princely beauty, to defy  
The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd  
In agony that would not be controll'd,  
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,  
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

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The pall was settled. He who slept beneath  
Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the folds  
Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd  
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.  
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls  
Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd  
To the admitted air, as glossy now  
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing  
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.  
His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd  
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,  
Reversed, beside him; and the jewell'd hilt,  
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,  
Rested, like mockery, on his cover'd brow.  
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,

Clad in the garb of battle ; and their chief,  
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,  
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,  
As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.  
A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade  
As if a trumpet rang ; but the bent form  
Of David enter'd, and he gave command,  
In a low tone, to his few followers,  
And left him with his dead. The king stood still  
Till the last echo died ; then, throwing off  
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back  
The pall from the still features of his child,  
He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth  
In the resistless eloquence of woe :

“ Alas ! my noble boy ! that thou should'st die !

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair !

That death should settle in thy glorious eye,

And leave his stillness in this clustering hair !

How could he mark thee for the silent tomb !

My proud boy, Absalom !

“ Cold is thy brow, my son ! and I am chill,

As to my bosom I have tried to press thee :

How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,

Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

And hear thy sweet ‘ *My Father !* ’ from these dumb

And cold lips, Absalom !

“ But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush

Of music, and the voices of the young ;

And life will pass me in the mantling blush,

And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung ;

But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come  
To meet me, Absalom !

“ And oh ! when I am stricken, and my heart,  
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,  
How will its love for thee, as I depart,  
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token !  
It were so sweet, amid death’s gathering gloom,  
To see thee, Absalom !

“ And now, farewell ! ’Tis hard to give thee up ;--  
With death so like a slumber on thee ;—  
And thy dark sin !—Oh ! I could drink the cup,  
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.  
May God have call’d thee, like a wanderer, home,  
My lost boy, Absalom !”

He cover’d up his face, and bow’d himself  
A moment on his child ; then, giving him  
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp’d  
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer ;  
And, as if strength were given him of God,  
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall  
Firmly and decently—and left him there—  
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

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*THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.*

BY LAURENCE STERNE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies, which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard. I say sitting, for in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together; but this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it? Ask my pen—it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. "'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything, till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he; "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself; and take a couple of bottles with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too: there must be something more than common in him that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host." "And of his whole family," added the corporal; "for they are all concerned for him." "Step after him," said my uncle Toby; "do, Trim; and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord,

coming back into the parlour with the corporal ; " but I can ask his son again." " Has he a son with him, then ?" said my uncle Toby. " A boy," replied the landlord, " of about eleven or twelve years of age ; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father ; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account ; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

" Stay in the room a little," said my uncle Toby. " Trim !" said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. " Corporal !" said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

" Trim," said my uncle Toby, " I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." " Your honour's roquelaure," replied the corporal, " has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas. And besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's tor-

ment in your groin." "I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?" "Leave it, an't please your honour, to me," quoth the corporal. "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour." "Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant." "I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant." "Is he in the army, then?" said my uncle Toby. "He is," said the corporal. "And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby. "I'll tell your honour," replied the corporal, "everything straightforwards as I learned it." "Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou

hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again." The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—Your honour is good. And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered: and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked"—("That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby)—"I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed—to join, I suppose, the regiment—he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me; 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth. 'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I

did it. 'I believe, sir,' said he, very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.' 'I am sure,' said I, 'his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears." "Poor youth?" said my uncle Toby; "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?" "Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour, though a stranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—("And thou mightst have added my purse too," said my uncle Toby)—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honour; but no answer, for his heart was so full; so he went upstairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking his pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the corporal. "I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack

and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step upstairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.'

" 'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.'

I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. 'A soldier, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often of his own accord as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.' " "'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe,' said I—'for I was piqued,' quoth the corporal, 'for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he

prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.' "Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying on his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to

your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Levens's,' said the lieutenant,—I told him your honour was,—‘Then,’ said he, ‘I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but ’tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus’s. But he knows me not,’ said he, a second time musing. ‘Possibly he may my story,’ added he. ‘Pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.’ ‘I remember the story, an’t please your honour,’ said I, ‘very well.’ ‘Do you so?’ said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; ‘then well may I.’ In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. ‘Here, Billy,’ said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and, falling down upon his knees, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.” “I wish,” said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—“I wish, Trim, I was asleep.” “Your honour,” replied the corporal, “is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?” “Do, Trim,” said my uncle Toby.

“I remember,” said my uncle Toby, sighing again, “the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted: and particularly well

that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, I forget what, was universally pitied by the whole regiment ; but finish the story thou art upon." "'Tis finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs ; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas !" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." "Then what is to become of his boy ?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when copped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn ; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honour knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby; "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offer'dst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march." "He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world," said the corporal. "He will march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. "An' please your honour," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." "He shall march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe

on, though without advancing an inch—"he shall march to his regiment." "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal; "and what will become of his boy?" "He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-o'-day do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die." "He shall not die, by G—!" cried my uncle Toby. The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

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*SOMEBODY'S DARLING.*

BY MRS. LACOSTE.

INTO a ward of the whitewash'd halls,  
Where the dead and dying lay,  
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,  
Somebody's Darling was borne one day—  
Somebody's Darling, so young and so brave,  
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,  
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.  
Matted and damp are the curls of gold,  
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow,  
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—  
Somebody's Darling is dying now.

Back from his beautiful blue-vein'd brow  
Brush all the wandering waves of gold,  
Cross his hands on his bosom now,  
Somebody's Darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer soft and low ;  
One bright curl from its fair mates take,  
They were somebody's pride, you know :  
Somebody's hand had rested there ;  
Was it a mother's, soft and white ?  
And have the lips of a sister fair  
Been baptized in the waves of light ?

God knows best ; he has somebody's love ;  
Somebody's heart enshrined him there ;  
Somebody wafted his name above  
Night and morn on the wings of prayer.  
Somebody wept when he march'd away,  
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand ;  
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,  
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him--  
Yearning to hold him again to their heart ;  
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,  
And the smiling childlike lips apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear ;  
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—  
"Somebody's Darling slumbers here."

*GINEVRA.*

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

IF thou shouldst ever come, by choice or chance,  
 To Modena, where still religiously  
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved  
 Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs  
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine),  
 Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,  
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.  
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,  
 Its sparkling fountains, statues, cypresses,  
 Will long detain thee ; thro' their archèd walks,  
 Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse  
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,  
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,  
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,  
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,  
 Venturing together on a tale of love,  
 Read only part that day. A summer sun  
 Sets ere one-half is seen ; but, ere thou go,  
 Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—  
 And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,  
 The very last of that illustrious race,  
 Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not,  
 He who observes it—ere he passes on,  
 Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,  
 That he may call it up, when far away

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,  
Her lips half open, and her finger up,  
As tho' she said, "Beware!" Her vest of gold  
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,  
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;  
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,  
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,  
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowings of an innocent heart—  
It haunts me still, tho' many a year has fled,  
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs  
Over a mouldering heirloom, its companion,  
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,  
But richly carved by Antony of Trent  
With Scripture stories from the Life of Christ;  
A chest that came from Venice, and had held  
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.  
That by the way—it may be true or false—  
But don't forget the picture: and thou wilt not,  
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy  
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.  
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,  
That precious gift, what else remained to him?  
The young Ginevra was his all in life,  
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;  
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,  
Marrying an only son, Francèscò Doria,  
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,  
She was all gentleness, all gaiety;

Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.  
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;  
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,  
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;  
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave  
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,  
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there,  
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,  
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love !"  
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,  
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.  
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,  
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,  
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.  
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;  
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,  
But that she was not !

Weary of his life,  
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith  
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.  
 Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen  
 An old man wandering as in quest of something,  
 Something he could not find—he knew not what.  
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile  
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,  
When on an idle day, a day of search  
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,  
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 'twas said  
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,  
“ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”

'Twas done as soon as said ; but, on the way  
It burst, it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton,  
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,  
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.  
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,  
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,  
Engraven with a name, the name of both,  
“GINEVRA.”

There, then, had she found a grave !  
Within that chest had she concealed herself,  
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy ;  
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there,  
Fastened her down for ever !

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### *THE DIVER.*

BY SCHILLER. TRANSLATED BY LORD LYTTON.

“OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold  
As to dive to the howling Charybdis below ?—  
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,  
And o'er it already the dark waters flow ;  
Whoever to me may the goblet bring  
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,  
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge  
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,  
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the  
surge.

"And where is the diver so stout to go—  
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered  
around,  
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;  
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,  
And the peril chilled back every thought of the  
prize.

And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,  
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king,  
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,  
'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the  
ring,

Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;  
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,  
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave  
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,  
Lo! the wave that for ever devours the wave,  
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;  
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,  
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,  
As when fire is with water commixed and con-  
tending;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,  
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending ;  
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,  
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,  
And dark through the whiteness, and still through  
the swell,

The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in  
ocean

A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell ;  
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,  
Sucked into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before  
That path through the riven abyss closed again,  
Hark ! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—  
And behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !  
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,  
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went  
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and  
fell,

Or save when the tremulous sighing lament  
Thrilled from lip unto lip, " Gallant youth, fare thee  
well ! "

More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—  
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,  
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"  
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a  
king,

A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.  
For never shall lips of the living reveal  
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,  
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless  
grave;

Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,  
To be seen tossed aloft in the glee of the wave!  
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,  
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,  
As when fire is with water commixed and con-  
tending;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,  
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,  
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,  
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,  
Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the  
sea?

Lo! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb!  
Steering stalwart and shoreward. O joy, it is he!  
The left hand is lifted in triumph; behold,  
It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,

And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.

They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—

“He lives—lo, the ocean has rendered its prey!

And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,  
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and  
glee;

And the goblet his daring has won from the water,  
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee—

And the king from her maidens has beckoned his  
daughter.

She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,  
And thus spoke the Diver—“Long life to the King!

“Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,

The air and the sky that to mortals are given!

May the horror below nevermore find a voice—

Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven,  
Nevermore, nevermore may he lift from the sight  
The veil which is woven with terror and night!

“Quick brightening like lightning, the ocean rushed  
o’er me,

Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day;  
Till a torrent rushed out on the torrents that bore me,  
And doubled the tempest that whirled me away.

Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,  
Round and round in its dance the mad element spun  
me.

“From the deep, then I called upon God, and He  
heard me ;

In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye  
A rock jutting out from the grave that interred me ;  
I sprung there, I clung there, and death passed me  
by.

And lo ! where the goblet gleamed through the abyss,  
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless.

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,  
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Ob-  
scure !

A silence of horror that slept on the ear,  
That the eye more appalled might the horror  
endure !

Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell  
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Dark crawled, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,  
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast ;  
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms ;  
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish  
passed ;

And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing mo-  
tion,

Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,  
So far from the earth, where man’s help there was  
none !

The one human thing, with the goblins before me—  
Alone—in a lonesome so ghastly—ALONE !

Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,  
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death,

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that  
now

It saw—a dread hundred-limbed creature—its prey!  
And darted, devouring; I sprang from the bough  
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way;  
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once  
more,

It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore.”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marvelled:  
quoth he,

“Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine;  
And this ring I will give, a fresh guerdon to thee—  
Never jewels more precious shone up from the  
mine—

If thou’lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,  
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!”

Then out spake the daughter in tender emotion—

“Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?  
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—

He has served thee as none would, thyself has  
confest.

If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,  
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the  
squire!”

The king seized the goblet, he swung it on high,  
And, whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide!

“But bring back that goblet again to my eye,  
And I’ll hold thee the dearest that rides by my  
side;

And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,  
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

And heaven, as he listened, spoke out from the space,  
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from  
his eyes ;

He gazed on the flush in that beautiful face—

It pales—at the feet of her father she lies !

How priceless the guerdon ! a moment—a breath—

And headlong he plunges to life and to death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,

Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along !

Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.

They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,

Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,

But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore !

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## *WE ARE SEVEN.*

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

A SIMPLE Child,

That lightly draws its breath,

And feels its life in every limb,

What should it know of death ?

I met a little cottage girl,

She was eight years old, she said ;

er hair was thick with many a curl

That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—  
Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ? ”  
“ How many ? seven in all,” she said,  
And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell ? ”  
She answered, “ Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea ;

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother :  
And in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.  
Yet ye are seven ; I pray you tell,  
Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply,  
“ Seven boys and girls are we :  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.”

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My 'kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sunset, sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer  
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was little Jane :  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain,  
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And all the summer dry,  
Together round her grave we played  
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,  
"If they two are in heaven ?"  
The little maiden did reply,  
"O master ! we are seven."

"But they are dead—those two are dead;  
Their spirits are in heaven :"  
'Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

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*LUCY GRAY.*

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray,  
And when I cross'd the wild,  
I chanced to see, at break of day,  
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew ;  
She dwelt on a wild moor—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door !

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green,  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go ;  
And take the lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do!  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook  
And snapp'd a faggot band;  
He plied his work, and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powd'ry snow  
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;  
She wander'd up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb,  
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlook'd the moor,  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood  
A furlong from their door.

And, turning homeward, now they cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet!"  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge  
They track'd the footmarks small,  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they cross'd,  
The marks were still the same ;  
They track'd them on, nor ever lost,  
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank  
The footmarks one by one,  
Into the middle of the plank,  
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day  
She is a living child ;  
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
And never looks behind,  
And sings a solitary song  
That whistles in the wind.

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*THE CATARACT OF LODORE.*

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

How does the water come down at Lodore ?

My little boy ask'd me thus, once on a time.

Moreover, he task'd me to tell him in rhyme ;

Anon at the word there first came one daughter,

And then came another to second and third

The request of their brother, and hear how the water

Comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,

As many a time they had seen it before.

So I told them in rhymes, for of rhymes I had store,

And 'twas in my vocation that thus I should sing,

Because I was laureate to them and the King.

From its sources which well

In the tarn on the fell,

From its fountain in the mountain,

Its rills and its gills,

Through moss and through brake,

It runs and it creeps,

For awhile till it sleeps,

In its own little lake,

And thence at departing,

Awakening and starting,

It runs through the reeds,

And away it proceeds,

Through meadow and glade,  
In sun and in shade,  
And through the wood shelter,  
Among crags and its flurry,  
Helter-skelter—hurry-skurry.

How does the water come down at Lodore?

Here it comes sparkling,  
And there it lies darkling;  
Here smoking and frothing,  
Its tumult and wrath in,  
It hastens along, conflicting, and strong,  
Now striking and raging,  
As if a war waging,  
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,  
Sinking and creeping,  
Swelling and flinging,  
Showering and springing,  
Eddying and whisking,  
Spouting and frisking,  
Twining and twisting,  
    Around and around,  
Collecting, disjecting,  
    With endless rebound;  
Smiting and fighting,  
A sight to delight in;  
Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzing and deafening the ear with its sound.  
Reeding and speeding,  
And shocking and rocking,  
And darting and parting,

And threading and spreading,  
And whizzing and hissing,  
And dripping and skipping,  
And whitening and brightening,  
And quivering and shivering,  
And hitting and splitting,  
And shining and twining,  
And rattling and battling,  
And shaking and quaking,  
And pouring and roaring,  
And waving and raving,  
And tossing and crossing,  
And flowing and growing,  
And running and stunning,  
And hurrying and skurrying,  
And glittering and frittering,  
And gathering and feathering,  
And dinning and spinning,  
And foaming and roaming,  
And dropping and hopping,  
And working and jerking,  
And heaving and cleaving,  
And thundering and floundering ;

And falling and crawling and sprawling,  
And driving and riving and striving,  
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,  
And sounding and bounding and rounding,  
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
Dividing and gliding and sliding,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering ;

And gleaming and steaming and streaming and  
beaming,

And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And thumping and flumping and bumping and jump-  
ing,

And dashing and flashing and splashing and clash-  
ing,—

And so never ending, but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—  
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

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*THE OLD WOMAN OF BERKELEY.*

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE raven croak'd as she sat at her meal,  
And the old woman knew what he said,  
And she grew pale at the raven's tale,  
And sicken'd and went to her bed.

"Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with  
speed,"

The Old Woman of Berkeley said,  
"The monk my son, and my daughter the nun,  
Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead."

The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,  
Their way to Berkeley went,  
And they have brought with pious thought  
The holy sacrament.

The old woman shriek'd as they enter'd her door,  
'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear,  
"Now take the sacrament away  
For mercy, my children dear."

Her lip it trembled with agony,  
The sweat ran down her brow,  
"I have tortures in store for evermore,  
Oh! spare me, my children, now!"

Away they sent the sacrament,  
The fit it left her weak,  
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes  
And faintly struggled to speak.

"All kind of sin I have rioted in,  
And the judgment now must be,  
But I secured my children's souls,  
Oh ! pray, my children, for me.

"I have suck'd the breath of sleeping babes,  
The fiends have been my slaves,  
I have 'nointed myself with infant's fat,  
And feasted on rifled graves.

"And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,  
My witchcrafts to atone,  
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave  
Shall never have rest in my own.

"Bless, I intreat, my winding sheet,  
My children, I beg of you !  
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,  
And sprinkle my coffin too.

"And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,  
And fasten it strong, I implore,  
With iron bars, and with three chains  
Chain it to the church floor.

"And bless the chains and sprinkle them,  
And let fifty priests stand round,  
Who night and day the mass may say  
Where I lie on the ground.

“And see that fifty choristers  
Beside the bier attend me,  
And day and night by the taper’s light  
With holy hymns defend me.

“Let the church bells all, both great and small,  
Be toll’d by night and day,  
To drive from thence the fiends who come  
To bear my body away.

“And ever have the church door barr’d  
After the even-song,  
And I beseech you, children dear,  
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

“And let this be three days and nights  
My wretched corpse to save,  
Keep me so long from the fiendish throng,  
And then I may rest in my grave.”

The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down,  
And her eyes grew deadly dim,  
Short came her breath and the struggle of death  
Did loosen every limb.

They bless’d the old woman’s winding sheet  
With rites and prayers due ;  
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud,  
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain’d her in her coffin of stone,  
And with iron barr’d it down,  
And in the church with three strong chains  
They chain’d it to the ground.

And they bless'd the chains and sprinkled them,  
And fifty priests stood round,  
By night and day the mass to say  
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred choristers  
Beside the bier attend her  
Who day and night by the tapers' light  
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the priests and choristers  
It was a goodly sight,  
Each holding, as it were a staff,  
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great and small,  
Did toll so loud and long,  
And they have barr'd the church door hard,  
After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light  
Burnt steadily and clear,  
But they without a hideous rout  
Of angry fiends could hear ;

A hideous roar at the church door,  
Like a long thunder peal,  
And the priests they pray'd and the choristers sung  
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,  
The tapers they burnt bright,  
The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,  
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, away they flew,  
The fiends from the herald of day,  
And undisturb'd the choristers sing,  
And the fifty priests they pray.

The second night the tapers' light  
Burnt dismally and blue,  
And every one saw his neighbour's face  
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise  
That the stoutest heart might shock,  
And a deafening roaring like a cataract pouring  
Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads,  
As fast as they could tell,  
And aye as louder grew the noise  
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung  
As they trembled more and more,  
And the fifty priests pray'd to Heaven for aid,—  
They never had pray'd so before.

The cock he crew, away they flew  
The fiends from the herald of day,  
And undisturb'd the choristers sing,  
And the fifty priests they pray.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame  
A hideous stench did make,  
And they burnt as though they had been dipt  
In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,  
Grew momentarily more and more,  
And strokes, as of a battering ram,  
Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they for very fear  
Could toll the bell no longer,  
And still as louder grew the strokes  
Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads,  
They fell on the ground dismay'd,  
There was not a single saint in heaven  
Whom they did not call to aid.

And the choristers' song, that late was so strong,  
Grew a quaver of consternation,  
For the church did rock, as an earthquake shock  
Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast  
That shall one day wake the dead,  
The strong church door could bear no more,  
And the bolts and the bars they fled,

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite,  
And the choristers faintly sung,  
And the priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd  
Till fear froze every tongue.

And in he came with eyes of flame,  
The Devil to fetch the dead,  
And all the church with his presence glow'd  
Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,  
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,  
And the coffin lid that was barr'd so firm  
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise  
And come with her master away,  
And the cold sweat stood on the cold cold corpse,  
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,  
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,  
And a groan like that which the old woman gave  
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd the fiend to the church door,  
There stood a black horse there,  
His breath was red like furnace smoke,  
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The fiend he flung her on the horse,  
And he leapt up before,  
And away like the lightning's speed they went,  
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries and shrieks  
For four miles round they could hear,  
And children at rest at their mother's breast  
Started and scream'd with fear.

*THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS  
SOUL.*

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :  
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !  
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,  
" Sister spirit, come away."  
What is this absorbs me quite ?  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !  
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring :  
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
O Death ! where is thy sting ?

*ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.*

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing :  
     The breathing instruments inspire ;  
 Wake into voice each silent string,  
     And sweep the sounding lyre !  
     In a sadly-pleasing strain,  
     Let the warbling lute complain :  
         Let the loud trumpet sound,  
         Till the roofs all around  
         The shrill echoes rebound :  
 While, in more lengthened notes and slow,  
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.  
     Hark ! the numbers, soft and clear,  
     Gently steal upon the ear ;  
     Now louder, and yet louder rise,  
     And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;  
 Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,  
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;  
     Till, by degrees, remote and small,  
     The strains decay,  
     And melt away,  
     In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,  
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.  
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,  
 Music her soft, assuasive voice applies ;

346 *Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day.*

Or when the soul is press'd with cares,  
Exalts her in enlivening airs.  
Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;  
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :  
    Melancholy lifts her head,  
    Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
    Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
    List'ning Envy drops her snakes;  
Intestine war no more our passions wage,  
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,  
How martial music every bosom warms !  
So when the first bold vessel dared the seas,  
High on the stern the Thracian raised his strain,  
    While Argo saw her kindred trees  
    Descend from Pelion to the main,  
    Transported demi-gods stood round,  
    And men grew heroes at the sound,  
Inflamed with glory's charms :  
Each chief his sevenfold shield display'd,  
And half unsheathed the shining blade ;  
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound,  
    To arms, to arms, to arms !

And when through all the infernal bounds,  
Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,  
    Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
    To the pale nations of the dead,  
What sounds were heard,  
What scenes appear'd,  
    O'er all the dreary coasts !

Dreadful gleams,  
Dismal screams,  
Fires that glow,  
Shrieks of woe,  
Sullen moans,  
Hollow groans,  
And cries of tortured ghosts !  
But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;  
And see the tortured ghosts respire,  
See shady forms advance !  
Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
And the pale spectres dance !  
The furies sink upon their iron beds,  
And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads

By the streams that ever flow,  
By the fragrant winds that blow  
O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;  
By those happy souls who dwell  
In yellow meads of asphodel,  
Or amaranthine bow'rs ;  
By the heroes' armèd shades,  
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;  
By the youths that died for love,  
Wandering in the myrtle grove  
Restore, restore Eurydice to life :  
Oh take the husband, or return the wife !  
He sung, and hell consented  
To hear the poet's prayer ;  
Stern Proserpine relented,  
And gave him back the fair.

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Thus song could prevail  
O'er death and o'er hell,  
A conquest how hard and how glorious!  
Though fate had fast bound her  
With Styx nine times round her,  
Yet music and love were victorious.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?  
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,  
Beside the falls of fountains,  
Or where Hebrus wanders,  
Rolling in mæanders,

All alone,  
Unheard, unknown,  
He makes his moan ;  
And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !  
Now with furies surrounded,  
Despairing, confounded,  
He trembles, he glows,  
Amidst Rhodopé's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;  
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries —  
Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung ;  
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue :  
Eurydice the woods,  
Eurydice the floods,  
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,  
And Fate's severest rage disarm ;  
Music can soften pain to ease,  
And make despair and madness please :  
Our joys below it can improve,  
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,  
And to her Maker's praise confined the sound.  
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear :  
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,  
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire ;  
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.  
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell ;  
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n ;  
His numbers raised a shade from hell,  
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

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### *SHERIDAN'S RIDE.*

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN REED.

UP from the South at break of day,  
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,  
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,  
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,  
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,  
Telling the battle was on once more,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war  
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;  
And louder yet into Winchester rolled  
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,  
Making the blood of the listener cold,  
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,  
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,  
A good broad highway leading down ;  
And there, through the flash of the morning light,  
A steed as black as the steeds of night  
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight,  
As if he knew the terrible need ;  
He stretched away with his utmost speed ;  
Hills rose and fell ; but his heart was gay,  
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,  
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth ;  
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,  
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.  
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master  
Were beaten like prisoners assaulting their walls,  
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls ;  
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,  
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road  
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,  
And the landscape sped away behind,  
Like an ocean flying before the wind,

And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,  
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.  
But lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire ;  
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,  
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups  
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops ;  
What was done ? what to do ? a glance told him both,  
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,  
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,  
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,  
because

The sight of the master compelled it to pause.  
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray ;  
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,  
He seemed to the whole great army to say,  
" I have brought you Sheridan all the way  
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah ! hurrah for Sheridan !  
Hurrah ! hurrah for horse and man !  
And when their statues are placed on high  
Under the dome of the Union sky,  
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,  
There with the glorious General's name  
Be it said in letters both bold and bright :  
" Here is the steed that saved the day  
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,  
From Winchester—twenty miles away !"

*THE MINSTREL BOY.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,  
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;  
 His father's sword he has girded on,  
 And his wild harp slung behind him—  
 "Land of song !" said the warrior bard,  
 "Though all the world betrays thee,  
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,  
 One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The Minstrel fell !—but the foeman's chain  
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;  
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,  
 For he tore its cords asunder ;  
 And said, " No chains shall sully thee,  
 Thou soul of love and bravery !  
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,  
 They shall never sound in slavery !"

*THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH  
TARA'S HALLS.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls  
 The soul of music shed,  
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls  
 As if that soul were fled.

So sleeps the pride of former days,  
So glory's thrill is o'er,  
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,  
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright  
The harp of Tara swells :  
The chord alone, that breaks at night,  
Its tale of ruin tells.  
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,  
The only throb she gives  
Is when some heart indignant breaks,  
To show that still she lives.

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*GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.*

BY THOMAS MOORE.

Go where glory waits thee,  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh ! still remember me.  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh ! then remember me.  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee,  
All the joys that bless thee  
Sweeter far may be ;  
But when friends are nearest,  
And when joys are dearest,  
Oh ! then remember me.

*Go where Glory Waits Thee.*

When at eve thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,

Oh ! then remember me.  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we have seen it burning,

Oh ! thus remember me.  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thine eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,

Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them,  
Her who made thee love them,

Oh ! then remember me.

When, around thee, dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,

Oh ! then remember me.  
And, at night, when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,

Oh ! still remember me.  
Then, should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,

Draw one tear from thee ;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee,—

Oh ! then remember me.

*LOCHINVAR.*

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west !  
 Through all the wide Border his steed was the best ;  
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone !  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none—  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar !

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall,  
 'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all !  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—  
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war ?—  
 Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

" I long woo'd you daughter, my suit you denied :  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide !  
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine !  
 There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
 Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar ! "

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; the knight took it up,  
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup !  
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh—  
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
“ Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace !  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
plume,  
And the bride-maidens whispered, “ ’Twere better by  
far  
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochin-  
var.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger  
stood near,  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
“ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow !” quoth young  
Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby  
clan ;  
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
ran ;  
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see !  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !

*ALLEN-A-DALE.*

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALLEN-A-DALE has no faggot for burning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no furrow for turning,  
 Allen-a-Dale has no fleece for the spinning,  
 Yet Allen-a-Dale has red gold for the winning.  
 Come, read me my riddle ! come hearken my tale !  
 And tell me the craft of bold Allen-a-Dale.

The Baron of Ravensworth prances in pride,  
 And he views his domains upon Arkindale side.  
 The mere for his net, and the land for his game,  
 The chase for the wild, and the park for the tame ;  
 Yet the fish of the lake and the deer of the vale  
 Are less free to Lord Dacre than Allen-a-Dale !

Allen-a-Dale was ne'er belted a knight,  
 Though his spur be as sharp, and his blade be as  
     bright ;

Allen-a-Dale is no baron or lord,  
 Yet twenty tall yeomen will draw at his word ;  
 And the best of our nobles his bonnet will vail,  
 Who at Rere-cross on Stanmore meets Allen-a-Dale.

Allen-a-Dale to his wooing has come ;  
 The mother she asked of his household and home ;  
 " Though the castle of Richmond stand fair on the  
     hill,

My hall," quoth bold Allen, " shows gallanter still ;  
 'Tis the blue vault of heaven, with its crescent so pale,  
 And with all its bright spangles !" said Allen-a-Dale.

The father was steel, and the mother was stone ;  
They lifted the latch, and they bade him be gone ;  
But loud, on the morrow, their wail and their cry :  
He had laughed on the lass with his bonny black eye,  
And she fled to the forest to hear a love-tale,  
And the youth it was told by was Allen-a-Dale !

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*JOHN LITTLEJOHN.*

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong,  
Upright and downright, scorning wrong ;  
He gave good weight, and paid his way,  
He thought for himself, and he said his say ;  
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,  
Instead of silver, a coin of brass,  
He took his hammer, and said with a frown,  
*" The coin is spurious, nail it down."*

John Littlejohn was firm and true,  
You could not cheat him in " two and two ;"  
When foolish arguers, might and main,  
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,  
He saw through the mazes of their speech,  
The simple truth beyond their reach ;  
And crushing their logic, said, with a frown,  
*" Your coin is spurious, nail it down."*

John Littlejohn maintained the right,  
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite ;  
When fools or quacks desired his vote,  
Dosed him with arguments learned by rote,  
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise tried  
To gain his support to the wrongful side,  
" *Nay, nay,*" said John, with an angry frown,  
" *Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that kings had a right divine,  
And that the people were herds of swine,  
That nobles alone were fit to rule,  
That the poor were unimproved by school,  
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate  
Of all but the wealthy and the great,  
John shook his head, and said, with a frown,  
" *The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

When told that events might justify  
A false and crooked policy ;  
That a decent hope of future good  
Might excuse departure from rectitude ;  
That a *lie*, if white, was of small offence-  
To be forgiven by men of sense,  
" *Nay, nay,*" said John, with a sigh and a frown,  
" *The coin is spurious. nail it down.*"

*THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,  
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea ;  
And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's  
dwelling,  
And she cried, " Dermot, darling, oh ! come back  
to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slum-  
bered,  
And smiled in her face, while she bended her knee.  
" Oh ! blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep  
adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

" And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy  
sleeping,  
Oh ! pray to them softly, my baby, with me ;  
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watched o'er thy  
father,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,  
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing,  
Said, " I knew that the angels were whispering with  
thee."

*SHEMUS O'BRIEN.*

BY J. S. LE FANU.

[This ballad, written many years ago, was the first ever composed in the dialect of the south of Ireland, and possibly suggested the kindred experiment of verse composition in the provincial dialects of England. The grammatical licences in which it abounds are current among the peasantry of Munster.]

JIST afther the war, in the year '98,  
 As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,  
 'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,  
 To hang them by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot,  
 There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,  
 And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.  
 It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon ;  
 If he missed iv the judges—he'd meet a dragoon ;  
 An whether the judges or sodgers gev sintence,  
 The divil a much time they allowed for repintance.  
 An' It's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'  
 Wid small share iv restin', or atin, or sleepin',  
 An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,  
 A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—  
 Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
 With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay ;  
 An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all  
 Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.  
 His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,  
 An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so  
     white ;  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red ;  
 An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,  
 For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,

So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night !  
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,  
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen.  
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,  
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare ;  
An' by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.  
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,  
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,  
An' it's many the one can remember right well  
The quare things he done : an' it's often I heerd tell  
How he leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,  
An' stretched the two strongest on ould Galtimore.  
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must  
rest,  
An' threachery preys on the blood iv the best ;  
Afther many a brave action of power and pride,  
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,  
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now Shemus, look back on the beautiful moon,  
For the door of your prison must close on you soon,  
An' take your last look at her dim lonely light,  
That falls on the mountain and valley this night ;  
One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood ;  
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you  
still ;  
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin', an' wake,  
And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.

An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,  
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail ;  
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands  
    wor bound,

An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison-  
    ground,

An' the dhram'es of his childhood kem over him there  
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air ;

An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,

As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,

Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,

Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.

But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart

Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to  
    start ;

An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,

An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,

By the hopes of the good and the cause of the brave,

That when he was mouldering in the cold grave

His enemies never should have it to boast

His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost ;

His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,

For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,

The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,

There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to  
    stand,

An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword in hand ;

An' the court-house so full that the people were  
    bothered,

An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein'  
    smothered ;

An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,  
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead ;  
An' the judge settled out so detarmined and big,  
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig ;  
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said  
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,  
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,  
An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock.  
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so shtrong,  
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,  
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend ;  
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;  
An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,  
An' the judge took a big pinch iv snuff, and he says,  
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plase?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,  
An' Shemus O'Brien made answer and said :  
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time  
I thought any treason, or did any crime  
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,  
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-  
    blow  
Before God and the world I would answer you, No !  
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,  
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,

I answer you, yes ; and I tell you again,  
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then  
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,  
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,  
An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light ;  
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap !  
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
Then Shemus's mother in the crowd standin' by,  
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :  
"O, judge darlin', don't, O, don't say the word !  
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord ;  
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin' ;  
You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to  
ruin !

He's the kindest crathur, the tendherest-hearted ;  
Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted.  
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,  
An' God will forgive you—O, don't say the word !"  
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,  
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken ;  
An' down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,  
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other ;  
An' two or three times he endeavoured to spake,  
But the sthrong, manly voice used to falther and  
break ;

But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,  
He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide,  
"An'," says he, "mother, darlin', don't break your  
poor heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;

And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear  
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,  
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,  
From thought, labour, and sorrow for ever shall rest.  
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour :  
For I wish, when my head's lyin' undher the raven,  
No thrue man can say that I died like a craven !"  
Then towards the judge Shemus bent down his head,  
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, and the mists rose on high,  
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky,  
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?  
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the strate ?  
What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?  
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?  
O Shemus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast ;  
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your  
last ;

Pray fast and pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,  
When, sthrong, proud, and great as you are, you must  
die.

An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,  
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair ;  
An' whisky was sellin', and cussamuck too,  
An' ould men an' young women enjoying the view.  
An' ould Tim Mulowny, he med the remark,  
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark.  
An' be gorra, 'twas thrue for him, for divil sich a scruge,  
Sich divarshin and ~~crowds~~, was known since the  
Deluge ;

For thousands wor gathered there, if there was one,  
Waiting till sich time as the hangin' 'id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,  
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,  
An' a cart in the middle, an' Shemus was in it,  
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.  
An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien,  
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',  
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through  
trees.

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
An' the cart an' the sodgers go steadily on ;  
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.  
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
And the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand ;  
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the  
ground,

An' Shemus O'Brien throws one last look round.  
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew  
still,

Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill ;  
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,  
For the gripe iv the life-strangling chord to prepare ;  
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last  
prayer.

But the good priest done more, for his hands he  
unbound,

And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the  
ground

Bang! Bang! go the carbines, and clash go the  
sabres;

He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him,  
neighbours!

Through the smoke and the horses he's into the  
crowd,—

By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,  
By one shout from the people the heavens were  
shaken,—

One shout that the dead of the world might awaken;  
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
But if you want hangin' it's yourselves you must hang;  
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,  
An' the divil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.

The sodgers ran this way, the yeomen ran that,  
And Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;  
And the sheriffs wor both iv them punished sevarely,  
And fined, like the divil, because Jim done them fairly.

*(By permission of the Author.)*

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## *KING ARTHUR.*

BY LORD LYTTON.

THRONE*d* on the dazzling and untrodden height,  
Formed of the frost-gems ages labour forth  
From the blanched air,—crowned with the pomp of  
light

I' the midst of dark,—stern Father of the North,  
Thee I invoke, as, awed, my steps profane  
The dumb gates opening on thy death-like reign!

Here did the venturous Ithacan explore,  
Amidst the dusky, wan, Cimmerian waste,  
By Ocean's farthest bounds—the spectre shore  
Trode by the Dead, and vainly here embraced  
The Phantom Mother. Pause, look round, survey  
The ghastly realm beyond the shafts of Day.

Magnificent Horror!—How like royal Death  
Broods thy great hush above the seeds of Life!  
Under the snow-mass cleaves thine icy breath  
And, with the birth of fairy forests rife,  
Blushes the world of white;—the green that glads  
The wave, is but the march of myriads;

There, immense, moves uncouth leviathan;  
There, from the hollows of phantasmal isles,  
The morse emerging rears the face of man,  
There, the huge bear scents, miles on desolate miles,  
The basking seal;—and ocean shallower grows,  
Where, through its world, a world, the kraken goes.

Father of races, marching at the van  
Of the great league and armament of Thought;—  
When Eastern stars grew dim to drooping man,  
And waned the antique light Prometheus brought,  
The North beheld the new Alcides rise,  
Unbind the Titan and relight the skies.

Imperial WINTER, hail!—All hail with thee  
Labour, the stern Perfecter of Mankind,  
Shaping the ends of human destiny  
Out of the iron of the human mind:  
For in our toils our fates we may survey!  
And where rests Labour there begins decay.

Winter, and Labour, and Necessity,

Behold the Three that make us what we are !

Forced to invent—aspirers to the High,

Nerved to endure—the conquerors of the Far—

So the crude nebula in movement hurled,

Takes form in moving, and becomes a world.

Dumb Universe of Winter—there it lies

Dim through the mist, a spectral skeleton !

Far in the wan verge of the solid skies

Hangs day and night the phantom of a moon ;

And slowly moving on the horizon's brink

Floats the vast ice-field with its grassy blink.

But huge adown the liquid Infinite

Drift the sea Andes—by the patient wrath

Of the strong waves uprooted from their site

In bays forlorn—and on their winter path

(Themselves a winter) glide, or heavily, where

They freeze the wind, halt in the inert air.

Nor bird nor beast lessens with visible

Life, the large awe of space without a sun ;

Though in each atom life unseen doth dwell

And glad with gladness God the Living One

HE breathes—but breathless hang the airs that freeze !

HE speaks—but noiseless list the silences !

A lonely ship—lone in the measureless sea, <sup>1</sup>

Lone in the channel through the frozen steeps,

Like some bold thought launched on infinity

By early sage—comes glimmering up the deeps !

The dull wave, dirge-like, moans beneath the oar ;

The dull air heaves with wings that glide before.

*(By permission of the Author.)*

*THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.*

BY THOMAS HOOD.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,  
 An evening calm and cool,  
 And four-and-twenty happy boys  
 Came bounding out of school :  
 There were some that ran, and some that leapt,  
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,  
 And shouted as they ran—  
 Turning to mirth all things of earth,  
 As only boyhood can :  
 But the usher sat remote from all,  
 A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,  
 To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;  
 For a burning thought was in his brow,  
 And his bosom ill at ease :  
 So he leaned his head on his hands, and read  
 The book between his knees !

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;  
 With a fast and fervent grasp  
 He strained the dusky covers close,  
 And fixed the brazen hasp :  
 "O God, could I so close my mind,  
 And clasp it with a clasp !"

Then leaping on his feet upright,  
Some moody turns he took;  
Now up the mead, then down the mead,  
And past a shady nook:  
And lo! he saw a little boy  
That pored upon a book!

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—  
Romance or fairy fable?  
Or is it some historic page,  
Of kings and crowns unstable?"  
The young boy gave an upward glance—  
"It is the Death of Abel."

The usher took six hasty strides,  
As smit with sudden pain;  
Six hasty strides beyond the place,  
Then slowly back again:  
And down he sat beside the lad,  
And talked with him of Cain.

He told how murderers walked the earth  
Beneath the curse of Cain—  
With crimson clouds before their eyes,  
And flames about their brain:  
For blood has left upon their souls  
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,  
Their pangs must be extreme—  
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—  
Who spill life's sacred stream!  
For why? Methought last night I wrought  
A murder in a dream!

“ One that had never done me wrong—  
A feeble man, and old ;  
I led him to a lonely field,  
The moon shone clear and cold :  
Now here, said I, this man shall die,  
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a rugged stick,  
And one with a heavy stone,  
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—  
And then the deed was done :  
There was nothing lying at my foot,  
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,  
That could not do me ill ;  
And yet I feared him all the more,  
For lying there so still :  
There was a manhood in his look,  
That murder could not kill !

“ And lo ! the universal air  
Seemed lit with ghastly flame—  
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes  
Were looking down in blame :  
I took the dead man by the hand,  
And called upon his name !

“ Oh, how it made me quake to see  
Such sense within the slain !  
But when I touched the lifeless clay,  
The blood gushed out again !  
For every clot, a burning spot  
Was scorching in my brain !

“And now from forth the frowning sky,  
From the heaven's topmost height,  
I heard a voice—the awful voice  
Of the blood-avenging sprite :  
'Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead,  
And hide it from my sight !'

“I took the dreary body up,  
And cast it in a stream—  
A sluggish water, black as ink,  
The depth was so extreme.  
My gentle boy, remember this  
Is nothing but a dream !

“Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,  
And vanished in the pool ;  
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,  
And washed my forehead cool,  
And sat among the urchins young  
That evening in the school !

“That night I lay in agony,  
In anguish dark and deep ;  
My fevered eyes I dare not close,  
But stared aghast at Sleep ;  
For sin had rendered unto her  
The keys of hell to keep !

“All night I lay in agony,  
From weary chime to chime,  
With one besetting horrid hint,  
That racked me all the time—  
A mighty yearning, like the first  
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“One stern, tyrannic thought, that made  
All other thoughts its slave ;  
Stronger and stronger every pulse  
Did that temptation crave—  
Still urging me to go and see  
The dead man in his grave !

“Heavily I rose up—as soon  
As light was in the sky—  
And sought the black accursed pool  
With a wild misgiving eye ;  
“And I saw the dead in the river bed,  
For the faithless stream was dry !

“Merrily rose the lark, and shook  
The dewdrop from its wing,  
But I never marked its morning flight,  
I never heard it sing :  
For I was stooping once again  
Under the horrid thing.

“With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,  
I took him up and ran—  
There was no time to dig a grave  
Before the day began :  
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,  
I hid the murdered man !

“And all that day I read in school,  
But my thought was other where !  
As soon as the mid-day task was done,  
In secret I was there :  
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,  
And still the corse was bare !

“Then down I cast me on my face,  
And first began to weep,  
For I knew my secret then was one  
That earth refused to keep ;  
Or land or sea, though he should be  
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

“So wills the fierce avenging sprite,  
Till blood for blood atones ;  
Ay, though he’s buried in a cave,  
And trodden down with stones,  
And years have rotted off his flesh—  
The world shall see his bones.

“Oh, how that horrid, horrid dream  
Besets me now awake !  
Again—again, with a dizzy brain,  
The human life I take ;  
And my red right hand grows raging hot,  
Like Cranmer’s at the stake.

“And still no peace for the restless clay  
Will wave or mould allow :  
The horrid thing pursues my soul—  
It stands before me now !”  
The fearful boy looked up, and saw  
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep  
The urchin eyelids kissed,  
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,  
Through the cold and heavy mist,  
And Eugene Aram walked between,  
With gyves upon his wrist.

*THE BELLS.*

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinabulation that so musically swells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,

Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight ;

From the molten-golden notes,

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells,

What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells !  
How it dwells  
On the future ! how it tells  
Of the rapture that impels  
To the swinging and the ringing  
Of the bells, bells, bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—  
Brazen bells !  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright !  
Too much horrified to speak,  
They can only shriek, shriek  
Out of tune,  
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,  
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire  
Leaping higher, higher, higher,  
With a desperate desire,  
And a resolute endeavour,  
Now—now to sit or never  
By the side of the pale-faced moon.  
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !  
What a tale their terror tells  
Of despair !  
How they clang, and crash, and roar !  
What a horror they outpour  
On the bosom of the palpitating air !

Yet the ear it fully knows,  
By the twanging  
And the clanging,  
How the danger ebbs and flows ;  
Yet the ear distinctly tells,  
In the jangling  
And the wrangling,  
How the danger sinks and swells,  
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,  
Of the bells—  
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,  
Bells, bells, bells—  
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—  
Iron bells !  
What a world of solemn thought their monody  
compels !  
In the silence of the night  
How we shiver with affright  
At the melancholy menace of their tone !  
For every sound that floats  
From the rust within their throats  
Is a groan.  
And the people—ah, the people—  
They that dwell up in the steeple  
All alone,  
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,  
In that muffled monotone,  
Feel a glory in so rolling  
On the human heart a stone—  
They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls :

And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,

A pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances and he yells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells,

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the tolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells,

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

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*SCENE FROM "THE MAN OF THE  
WORLD."*

BY CHARLES MACKLIN:

SIR PERTINAX. EGERTON.

*Sir P.* Zounds! sir, I will not hear a word about it: I insist upon it you are wrong: you should have paid your court till my lord, and not have scrupled swallowing a bumper or twa, or twenty, till oblige him.

*Eger.* Sir, I did drink his toast in a bumper.

*Sir P.* Yes, you did; but how, how?—just as a bairn takes physic—with aversions and wry faces, which my lord observed: then, to mend the matter, the moment that he and the Colonel got intill a drunken dispute about religion, you slily slunged away.

*Eger.* I thought, sir, it was time to go when my lord insisted upon half-pint bumpers.

*Sir P.* Sir, that was not levelled at you, but at the Colonel, in order to try his bottom; but they aw agreed that you and I should drink out of sma' glasses.

*Eger.* But, sir, I beg pardon: I did not choose to drink any more.

*Sir P.* But, zoons ! sir, I tell you there was a necessity for your drinking mair.

*Eger.* A necessity ! in what respect, pray, sir ?

*Sir P.* Why, sir, I have a certain point to carry, independent of the lawyers, with my lord, in this agreement of your marriage—aboot which I am afraid we shall have a warm squabble—and therefore I wanted your assistance in it.

*Eger.* But how, sir, could my drinking contribute to assist you in your squabble ?

*Sir P.* Yes, sir, it would have contributed—and greatly have contributed, to assist me.

*Eger.* How so, sir ?

*Sir P.* Nay, sir, it might have prevented the squabble entirely ; for as my lord is proud of you for a son-in-law, and is fond of your little French songs, your stories, and your bonmots, when you are in the humour ; and guin you had but stayed, and been a little jolly, and drunk half a score bumpers with him, till he had got a little tipsy, I am sure, when we had him in that mood, we might have settled the point as I could wish it, among ourselves, before the lawyers came : but now, sir, I do not ken what will be the consequence.

*Eger.* But when a man is intoxicated, would that have been a seasonable time to settle business, sir ?

*Sir P.* The most seasonable, sir : for, sir, when my lord is in his cups, his suspicion is asleep, and his heart is aw jollity, fun, and guid fellowship ; and, sir, can there be a happier moment than that for a bargain, or to settle a dispute with a friend ?—What is it you shrug up your shoulders at, sir ?

*Eger.* At my own ignorance, sir : for I understand neither the philosophy nor the morality of your doctrine.

*Sir P.* I know you do not, sir ; and, what is worse, you never wull understand it, as you proceed :—in one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world, as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar : why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune—and how do you think I raised it ?

*Eger.* Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

*Sir P.* Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead : nae sir, I'll tell you how I raised it :—sir, I raised it—by booing—[*Bows very low* ]—by booing : sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

*Eger.* How do you mean by instinct, sir ?

*Sir P.* How do I mean by instinct !—Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine, by example and demonstration ?

*Eger.* Certainly, sir.

*Sir P.* Then, sir, as the greatest favour I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the

stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum, for a man of the world to rise in the world.

*Eger.* Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

*Sir P.* Vary weel, sir; sit ye down then, sit you down here.—[*They sit.*]—And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts, that your grandfather was a man whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel; the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

*Eger.* Very prudent advice, sir.

*Sir P.* Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials I set out, a raw-boned strippling, fra the North to try my fortune with them here, in the Sooth; and my first step into the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here, in the city of London, which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

*Eger.* It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

*Sir P.* The reverse, the reverse. Weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night; and marked every man and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition,

and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty!—ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart; and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked; but the devil an entrance I ever let it get: for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally, a—proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

*Eger.* Very justly observed.

*Sir P.* And therefore, sir, I left it for prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and, in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-jointured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow; or a shrivelled, cadaverous piece of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainy thing, ainy thing that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north-star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

*Eger.* O doubtless, doubtless, sir.

*Sir P.* Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller?—nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies—nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the Methodists; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and all the world; had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and

supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

*Eger.* Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

*Sir P.* Oh, numbers, numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth, constantly, morning and evening, at the Tabernacle at Moorfields; and, as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! guid traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got 'most religiously intimate with her in a week—~~mar~~ried her in a fortnight, buried her in a month;—touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again; and this, sir, was the first boo—that is, the first effectual boo—I ever made till the vanity of human nature.—[*Rises.*]—Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

*Eger.* Perfectly well, sir.

*Sir P.* Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

*Eger.* Certainly, sir: extremely well.

*Sir P.* My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school: by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the Treasury: and, sir, my very next step was intill

parliament ; the which I entered with as ardent and determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booted, and watched, and hearkened, and ran aboot, backwards and forwards, and attended and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got intill the vary bowels of his confidence, and then, sir, I wriggled and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the vary thick of them : ha ! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and aw the political bonuses : till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier mon than one-half of the golden calves I had been so long a-booming to : and was nae that booming to some purpose ?

*Eger.* It was, indeed, sir.

*Sir P.* But are you convinced of the guid effects and the utility of booming ?

*Eger.* Thoroughly, sir.

*Sir P.* About twa hours since I told you, Charles, that I received a letter express, complaining of your brother's activity at an election in Scotland, against a particular friend of mine, which has given great offence ; and, sir, you are mentioned in the letter as well as he ; to be plain, I must roundly tell you that on this interview depends my happiness as a father and as a man ; and my affection to you, sir, as a son, for the remainder of our days.

*Eger.* I hope, sir, I shall never do anything either to forfeit your affection or disturb your happiness.

*Sir P.* I hope so, too : but to the point. The fact is this : there has been a motion made this vara day to bring on the grand affair, which is settled for Friday

seven-night. Now, sir, as you are popular, have talents, and are weel heard, it is expected, and I insist upon it, that you endeavour to atone, sir, for your late misconduct, by preparing, and taking a larger share in that question, and supporting it with a' your power.

*Eger.* Sir, I hope you will not so exert your influence as to insist upon my supporting a measure by an obvious prostituted sophistry, in direct opposition to my character and conscience.

*Sir P.* Conscience ! why, you are mad ! Did you ever hear any man talk of conscience in political matters ? Conscience, quotha ! I have been in parliament these three-and-thraty years, and never heard the term made use of before. Sir, it is an unparliamentary word, and you will be laughed at for it.

[*Crosses to R.*

*Eger.* Then, sir, I must frankly tell you, that you work against my nature ; you would connect me with men I despise, and press me into measures I abhor : for, know, sir, that the malignant ferment which the venal ambition of the times provokes in the heads and hearts of other men, I detest.

*Sir P.* What are you aboot, sir ? malignant ferment and venal ambition ! Sir, every man should be ambitious to serve his country, and every man should be rewarded for it : and pray, sir, would nae you wish to serve your country ? Answer me that. I say, would nae you wish to serve your country ?

*Eger.* Only show me how I can serve my country, and my life is hers. Were I qualified to lead her armies, to steer her fleets, and to deal her honest ven-

geance on her insulting foes ; or could my eloquence pull down a state leviathan, mighty by the plunder of his country, black with the treasons of her disgrace, and send his infamy down to a free posterity as a monumental terror to corrupt ambition, I would be foremost in such service, and act with the unremitting ardour of a Roman spirit !

*Sir P.* Why, are you mad, sir? You have certainly been bit by some mad Whig or other. O! you are young, vara young, in these matters ; but experience will convince you, sir, that every man in public business has twa consciences—a religious and a political conscience. Why, you see a merchant, now, or a shop-keeper, that kens the science o' the world, always looks upon an oath at a custom-house, or behind a counter, only as an oath in business—a thing of course, a mere thing of course, that has nothing to do with religion ; and just so it is at an election : for instance, now, I am a candidate, pray observe, and I gang till a periwig maker, a hatter, or a hosier, and I give ten, twenty, or thraty guineas for a periwig, a hat, or a pair of hose : and so on through a majority of voters. Vara weel, what is the consequence ? Why, this commercial intercourse, you see, begets a friendship betwixt us—a commercial friendship—and in a day or twa these men gang and give their suffrages ; weel, what is the inference ? Pray, sir, can you, or any lawyer, divine, or casuist, ca' this a bribe ?—Nae, sir, in fair political reasoning, it is ainly generosity on the one side, and gratitude on the other ; so, sir, let me have nae more of your religious or philosophical refinements, but prepare, attend, and speak till

the question, or you are nae son of mine. Sir, I insist upon it. Let us gang down and finish this business.

*Eger.* [*Stopping* SIR P.] Sir, with your permission, I beg you will first hear a word or two upon this subject.

*Sir P.* Weel, sir, what would you say?

*Eger.* I have often resolved to let you know my aversion to this match——

*Sir P.* How, sir?

*Eger.* But my respect and fear of disobliging you have hitherto kept me silent.

*Sir P.* Your aversion!—your aversion, sir! How dare you use sic language to me? Your aversion!—Look ye, sir, I shall cut the matter vara short: consider, my fortune is nae inheritance—a' mine acquisition; I can make ducks and drakes of it: so do not provoke me, but sign the articles directly.

*Eger.* I beg your pardon, sir, but I must be free on this occasion, and tell you at once, that I can no longer dissemble the honest passion that fills my heart for another woman.

*Sir P.* How! another woman? and, you villain, how dare you love another woman without my leave? But what other woman?—what is she?—Speak, sir, speak.

*Eger.* Constantia.

*Sir P.* Constantia! oh, you profligate!—what, a creature taken in charity!

*Eger.* Her poverty is not her crime, sir, but her misfortune: her birth is equal to the noblest; therefore, sir——

*Sir P.* Haud your jabbering, you villain, haud your jabbering ; none of your romance or refinement till me. I have but one question to ask you—but one question, and then I have done with you for ever—for ever—therefore think before you answer—will you marry the lady, or will you break my heart ?

*Eger.* Sir, my presence shall not offend you any longer ; but when reason and reflection take their turn, I am sure you will not be pleased with yourself for this unparental passion.

*Sir P.* Tarry, I command you ; and I command you, likewise, not to stir till you have given me an answer, a definite answer :—will you marry the lady, or will you not ?

*Eger.* Since you command me, sir, know, then, that I cannot, will not marry her. [Exit L.

*Sir P.* (*Throws himself in a chair in a furious passion—then rises and stands.*) Oh, the villain has shot me through the head ! he has cut my vitals ! I shall run distracted ! the fellow destroys a' my measures, a' my schemes ! there never was sic a bargain as I have made with this foolish lord : possession of his whole estate, with three boroughs upon it—six members. Why, what an acquisition ! what consequence, what dignity, what weight till the house of Macsycophant ! O, hang the fellow !—three boroughs, only for sending down six broomsticks !—O, miserable—O, miserable, ruined, undone ! For these five-and-twenty years, ever since this fellow came intill the world, have I been secretly preparing him for ministerial dignity ; and, with the fellow's eloquence, abilities, popularity, these boroughs and proper connexions, he might cer-



*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes ; and went between us very often.

*Iago.* Indeed !

*Oth.* *Indeed !* ay, indeed :—discern'st thou aught in that ? Is he not honest ?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord !

*Oth.* *Honest ! ay, honest.*

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think ?

*Iago.* Think, my lord ?

*Oth.* *Think, my lord !* By heaven he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown !—Thou dost mean something :

I heard thee say but now,—thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ?  
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, *Indeed !*  
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost.

And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more :  
For such things in a false-disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom ; but in a man that's just,  
They're close dilations, working from the heart  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;  
Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, *men should be what they seem.*

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this;  
I pr'ythee speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminatè; and give thy worst of  
thoughts  
The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and  
false,—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not?—

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his  
ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
(As I confess it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not,)—that your wisdom  
From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean ?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls :  
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 't is something-  
nothing ;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts !

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;  
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha !

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of Jealousy ;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on : that husband lives in bliss  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet soundly loves !

*Oth.* O, misery !

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;  
But riches fineless is as poor as winter  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor :—  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy !

*Oth.* Why, why is this ?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy ;  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions ? No : to be once in doubt,  
Is once to be resolv'd. 'T is not to make me jealous,

To say my wife is fair, loves company,  
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :  
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;  
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago ;  
 I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove ;  
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
 Away at once with love or jealousy !

*Iago.* I am glad of this ; for now I shall have reason  
 To show the love and duty that I bear you  
 With franker spirit : therefore, as I am bound,  
 Receive it from me :—I speak not yet of proof.  
 Look to your wife ;—observe her well with Cassio ;  
 Wear your eye thus,—not jealous nor secure :  
 I would not have your free and noble nature,  
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd ; look to 't :  
 I know our country disposition well ;  
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best con-  
 science

Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so ?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you ;  
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,  
 She lov'd them most.

*Oth.*

And so she did.

*Iago.*

Why, go to, then ;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
 To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—

He thought 't was witchcraft :—but I am much to  
 blame ;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke  
Comes from my love ;—but I do see you're mov'd :—  
I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy  
friend :—

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd :—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so ! and long live you to think  
so !

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point :—as,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposèd matches  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
Whereto we see in all things nature tends :—  
Foh ! one may smell in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportions, thoughts unnatural,  
But, pardon me ; I do not in position  
Distinctly speak of her ; though I may fear  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell :—

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;—  
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]

*Oth.* Why did I marry ?—This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* [*Returning.*] My lord, I would I might entreat  
your honour

To scan this thing no farther ; leave it to time :  
Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—  
For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—  
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means :  
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong, or vehement importunity ;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—  
As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit  
Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have ; or, for I am declin'd

Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much ;—  
She's gone ; I am abus'd ; and my relief  
Must be to loathe her. O, curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For others' uses. [Exit OTHELLO R.]

IAGO enters L.

*Iago.* I will in Cassio's lodging lose this kerchief  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ ; this may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison :—  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so :—  
Look, where he comes ! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Re-enter OTHELLO R.

*Oth.* Ha ! ha ! false to me ?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general ! no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt ! begone ! thou hast set me on the  
rack :—

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.*

How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours of sin?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept the next night well, was free and merry;

He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,

Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,

Pioners and all, had favour'd been,

So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever

Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!

Farewell the plum'd troops, and the big wars,

That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!

Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,

The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,

The royal banner, and all quality,

Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats

The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,

Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is 't possible?—My lord,—*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love is false,—

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

*[Seizing him by the throat.*

Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog

Than answer my wak'd wrath!

*Iago.*

Is 't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop

To hang a doubt on, or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more ; abandon all remorse ;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate ;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd ;  
For nothing canst thou to perdition add,  
Greater than that !

*Iago.* O, grace ! O, heaven forgive me !  
Are you a man ? have you a soul or sense ?—  
God be wi' you ; take mine office.—O, wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice !—  
O, monstrous world ! Take note, take note, O, world,  
To be direct and honest is not safe.—  
I thank you for this profit ; and from hence  
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay :—thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise ; for honesty 's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not ;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not !  
I'll have some proof : her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied !

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion :  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied ?

*Oth.* Would ! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may : but how ? how satisfied, my  
lord ?

. . . But yet, I say,

If imputation and strong circumstances,—  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office :

But, sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,—  
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,—  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;  
One of this kind is Cassio :

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves.* And then  
Cried, *Cursèd fate that gave thee to the Moor !*

*Oth.* O, monstrous ! monstrous !

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion,  
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise ; yet we see nothing done ;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a kerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one ; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that : but such a handkerchief  
(I am sure it was your wife's) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,—  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!  
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:  
'T is gone!—

Arise, black Vengeance, from the hollow hell!  
Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous Hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 't is of aspics' tongues!

*Iago.* Yet be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may  
change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my fiery thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not stir yet.—

Witness, you ever burning lights above,  
You elements that clip us round about,  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,

What fiery work so'er !

*Oth.*

I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And will upon the instant put thee to 't :

Within these three days let me hear thee say

That Cassio's not alive.

[*A pause.*

*Iago.* My friend is dead : 't is done at your request ;  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Curse her, lewd minx ! O, curse her !

Come, go with me apart ; I will withdraw,

To furnish me with some swift means of death

For the fair deceiver. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever.

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*SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF  
VENICE."*

BY SHAKESPEARE.

*The DUKE, ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SOLANIO,  
SHYLOCK, PORTIA, and NERISSA.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here ?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee ; thou art come to  
answer

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch

Uncapable of pity, void and empty

From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.*

I have heard

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course ; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose  
My patience to his fury ; and am arm'd  
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*Solan.* He's ready at the door : he comes, my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our  
face.

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act : and then, 't is thought  
Thou 'lt show thy mercy and remorse, more strange  
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty :  
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)  
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,  
But touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal ;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back,  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,  
And pluck commiseration of his state  
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,  
From stubborn Turks and Tartars never train'd  
To offices of tender courtesy.  
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.



*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew. You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;  
You may as well use question with the wolf,  
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;  
You may as well do anything most hard,  
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
His Jewish heart:—Therefore, I do beseech you,  
Make no more offers, use no further means,  
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them,—I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,  
You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,  
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds  
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,

The slaves are ours :—So do I answer you.  
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
Is dearly bought ; 't is mine, and I will have it :  
If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,  
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,  
Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
Come here to-day.

*Solan.* My lord, here stays without  
A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters ; Call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man ! courage  
yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me :  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed as a lawyer's clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

*Ner.* From both, my lord : Bellario greets your  
grace. *[Presents a letter.*

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen ; but no metal can,

No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men; thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:

Repair thy wit, good youth; or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court:—

Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—some three or four of  
you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[*Clerk reads.*] "Your grace shall understand that,  
at the receipt of your letter, I am very sick; but at  
the instant that your messenger came, in loving visi-  
tation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his  
name is Balthazar: I acquainted him with the cause

in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

*Duke.* You hear the learned Bellario, what he writes: And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome; take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court?

*Por.* I am informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule that the Venetian law Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed— You stand within this danger, do you not? [*To Ant.*

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;

'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown ;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;

But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,

It is enthroned in the heart of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself ;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—

That in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much,

To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head ! I crave the law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money ?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;

Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice ;

I'll be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :

If this will not suffice, it must appear

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :  
'T will be recorded for a precedent ;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel !  
O wise young judge, how do I honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
No, not for Venice.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart :—Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money : bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is :

You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

*Shy.* O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

*Por.* For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'T is very true : O wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast :  
So says the bond ;—Doth it not, noble judge ?—  
Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh  
The flesh ?

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond ?

*Por.* It is not so express'd ; But what of that ?  
'T were good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it : 't is not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

*Ant.* But little ; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—  
Give me your hand, Bassanio ; fare you well !  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom : it is still her use,  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow,  
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end,  
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death ;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,  
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life ;  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom I protest I love ;  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Ner.* 'T is well you offer it behind her back ;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Shy.* These be the Christian husbands ; I have a  
daughter ;  
Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian ! [*Aside.*  
We trifle time ; I pray thee pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine ;  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge !

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his  
breast ;

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge!—A sentence; come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little ;—there is something else.—  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
The words expressly are a pound of flesh :  
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew!—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law ?

*Por.* Thysself shall see the act :  
For as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew ; a learned judge !

*Shy.* I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft.

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft ;—no haste ;—  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew ! an upright judge, a learned judge !

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less nor more,  
But just a pound of flesh ; if thou tak'st more,  
Or less, than just a pound,—be it but so much  
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple,—nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,—

Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause ? take thy forfeiture,

*Sky.* Give me my principal, and let me go,

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court ;

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel ! still say I ; a second Daniel !—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Sky.* Shall I not have barely my principal ?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Sky.* Why then the devil give him good of it !

I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice,

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st :

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contriv'd against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.  
Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang  
thyself :

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our  
spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it :  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :  
You take my house, when you do take the prop  
That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the duke, and all the court,  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods ;  
I am content, so he will let me have  
The other half in use, to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter ;  
Two things provided more,—that for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian ;  
The other, that he do record a gift  
Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd  
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this : or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew ; what dost thou say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you give me leave to go from hence :  
I am not well ; send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

### SCENE FROM "KING HENRY VIII."

BY SHAKESPEARE.

SUFFOLK. NORFOLK. WOLSEY. CROMWELL.

*Suffolk.* Lord Cardinal, the king's further pleasure  
is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection :—This is my charge.

*Norfolk.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but WOLSEY.*]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;  
I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.—

*Enter CROMWELL.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir,

*Wol.*

What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder  
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.*

How does your grace ?

*Wol.*

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,  
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :  
 O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,  
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right  
 use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have ; I am able now, methinks,  
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)  
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
 What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
 Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.*

God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
 Lord Chancellor in your place.

*Wol.*

That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue  
 Long in his highness' favour, and do justice  
 For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,  
 When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
 May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !  
 What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
 Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.  
O Cromwell,  
The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever ;  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master : seek the king ;  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;  
Some little memory of me will stir him  
(I know his noble nature,) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O, my lord,  
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord,—  
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers  
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me  
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee ;  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't ?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate  
thee ;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-  
well,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;  
And,—Prithee, lead me in :  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny : 'tis the king's : my robe,  
And my integrity to heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

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## SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

BY SHAKESPEARE.

CASSIUS. BRUTUS.

*Cassius.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Brutus.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm ?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember !

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world

But for supporting robbers, shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bait not me ;  
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

*Bru.* Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man !

*Cas.* Is 't possible ?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

*Cas.* O ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

*Bru.* All this ? ay, more : Fret, till your proud  
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?  
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you ! for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier :  
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong me,  
Brutus ;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have  
mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted  
him.

*Cas.* I durst not ?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ? durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection ! I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not : he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd  
my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is aweary of the world :  
Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :

Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him  
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheathe your dagger :

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !—

*Bru.* What's the matter ?

*Cas.* Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful ?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

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## SCENE FROM "KING RICHARD III."

BY SHAKESPEARE.

CLARENCE. BRAKENBURY.

*Brakenbury.* Why looks your grace so heavily  
to-day?

*Clarence.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night  
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Brak.* What was your dream, my lord? I pray  
you tell me.

*Clar.* Methought that I had broken from the Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;  
And in my company my brother Gloster:  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches; there we look'd toward England,  
And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O Lord! methought what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks :  
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit there were crept,  
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Brak.* Had you such leisure in the time of death,  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

*Clar.* Methought I had ; and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood  
Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Brack.* Awak'd you not in this sore agony ?

*Clar.* No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;  
O, then began the tempest to my soul !  
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood  
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;  
Who spake aloud,—“ What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark Monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”  
And so he vanish'd : Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
“ Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—

'That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury ;—  
Seize on him, furies, take him unto torment !"  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Brak.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Clar.* O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—  
That now give evidence against my soul,—  
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !  
O God, if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Brak.* I will, my lord : God give your grace good  
rest !—

[CLARENCE retires.]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,—  
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.  
Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour for an inward toil ;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares ;  
So that, between their titles and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

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## SCENE FROM "ROMEO AND JULIET."

BY SHAKESPEARE.

MERCUTIO. ROMEO.

*Mercutio.* O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with  
you,

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,  
Drawn with a team of little atomies  
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :  
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,  
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;  
Her traces of the smallest spider's web ;  
Her collars of the moonshine's watery beams ;  
Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :  
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,  
Not half so big as a round little worm  
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid :  
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,  
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,  
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.  
And in this state she gallops night by night  
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love :  
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight :  
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :  
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream :  
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,  
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,  
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :  
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,  
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,  
Then dreams he of another benefice :  
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,  
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,  
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,  
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon  
Drums in his ear : at which he starts, and wakes ;  
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,  
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab  
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;  
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,  
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes—

*Romeo.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace,  
Thou talk'st of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams,  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;  
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;  
And more inconstant than the wind who woos  
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,  
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

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## SCENE FROM "JULIUS CÆSAR."

BY SHAKESPEARE.

BRUTUS. MARK ANTONY. CITIZENS.

*Brutus.* Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free-men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : there is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no

more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth. As which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cits.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair ;  
We'll hear him : Noble Antony, go up.

*Antony.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says for Brutus' sake,  
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cits.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your  
ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.'

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Yet he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once, not without cause ;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

O, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters ?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take  
the crown ;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with  
weeping.

3 *Cit.* There is not a nobler man in Rome than  
Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might

Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
 I found it in his closet, 't is his will :  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
 Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cits.* The will, the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read  
 it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.  
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
 'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we'll hear it, Antony ; you  
 shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? Will you stay awhile ?

I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*Cits.* The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers ! The will !  
read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will ?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend ? and will you give me leave ?

*Cits.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Cits.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii :—

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See, what a rent the envious Casca made :

Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

*Cits.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek,  
 —burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die  
 with him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
 you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,  
That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths,  
And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

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*SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK."*

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

MASTER WALTER. CLIFFORD.

*Master Walter.* I'll follow him !

Why do you hold me ? 'T is not courteous of you !  
Think'st thou I fear them ? Fear ! I rate them but  
As dust ! dross ! offals ! Let me at them !—Nay,  
Call you this kind ? then kindness know I not ;  
Nor do I thank you for 't ! Let go, I say !

*Sir Thos. Clifford.* Nay, Master Walter, they're not  
worth your wrath !

*Wal.* How know you me for Master Walter? By  
My hunchback, eh?—my stilts of legs and arms,  
The fashion more of ape's than man's? Aha!  
So you have heard them, too--their savage gibes,  
As I pass on,—“There goes my lord!” Aha!  
God made me, sir, as well as them and you!  
'Sdeath! I demand of you, unhand me, sir!

*Clif.* There, sir, you're free to follow them! Go forth,  
And I'll go too; so on your wilfulness  
Shall fall whate'er of evil may ensue.  
Is't fit you waste your choler on a burr?  
The nothings of the town; whose sport it is  
To break their villain jests on worthy men,  
The worthier the fitter! fie for shame!  
Regard what such would say? So would not I,  
No more than heed a cur.

*Wal.* You're right, sir; right.  
For twenty crowns!—so there's my rapier up!  
You've done me a good turn against my will;  
Which, like a wayward child, whose pet is off,  
That made him restive under wholesome check,  
I now right humbly own, and thank you for.

*Clif.* No thanks, good Master Walter, owe you me.  
I'm glad to know you, sir.

*Wal.* I pray you, now.  
How did you learn my name? Guess'd I not right?  
Was't not my comely hunch that taught it you?

*Clif.* I own it.

*Wal.* Right, I know it; you tell truth.  
I like you for't.

*Clif.* But when I heard it said  
That Master Walter was a worthy man,

Whose word would pass on 'change soon as his  
bond ;

A liberal man—for schemes of public good  
That sets down tens, where others units write ;  
A charitable man—the good he does,  
That's told of, not the half—I never more  
Could see the hunch on Master Walter's back !

*Wal.* You would not flatter a poor citizen ?

*Clif.* Indeed, I flatter not !

*Wal.* I like your face—

A frank and honest one ! Your frame 's well knit,  
Proportion'd, shaped !

*Clif.* Good sir !

*Wal.* Your name is Clifford ?—

Sir Thomas Clifford. Humph ! You're not the heir  
Direct to the fair baronetcy ? He

That was, was drown'd abroad. Am I not right ?

Your cousin, was 't not ?—so succeeded you

To rank and wealth your birth ne'er promised you.

*Clif.* I see you know my history.

*Wal.* I do.

You're lucky who conjoin the benefits

Of penury and abundance ; for I know

Your father was a man of slender means.

You do not blush, I see. That's right ! Why should  
you ?

What merit to be dropp'd on fortune's hill ?

The honour is to climb it. You'd have done it ;

For you were train'd to knowledge, industry,

Frugality, and honesty,—the sinews

That surest help a man to gain the top,

And then will keep him there. I have a clerk,

Once served your father ; there's the riddle for you.  
Humph ! I may thank you for my life to-day.

*Clif.* I pray you say not so.

*Wal.* But I will say so !

Because I think so, know so, feel so, sir !  
Your fortune, I have heard, I think, is ample !  
And doubtless you live up to 't ?

*Clif.* 'T was my rule,  
And is so still, to keep my outlay, sir,  
A span within my means.

*Wal.* A prudent rule !  
The turf is a seductive pastime ?

*Clif.* Yes.

*Wal.* You keep a racing stud ? You bet ?

*Clif.* No, neither.

'T was still my father's precept—" Better owe  
A yard of land to labour, than to chance  
Be debtor for a rood !"

*Wal.* 'T was a wise precept.  
You've a fair house—you'll get a mistress for it ?

*Clif.* In time !

*Wal.* In time ? 'T is time thy choice were made !  
Is 't not so yet ? Or is thy lady love  
The newest still thou seest ?

*Clif.* Nay, not so.

I'd marry, Master Walter, but old use—  
For since the age of thirteen, I have lived  
In the world—has made me jealous of the thing  
That flatter'd me with hope of profit. Bargains  
Another would snap up, might lie, for me ;  
Till I had turn'd and turn'd them ! Speculations,  
That promised twenty, thirty, forty, fifty,

Ay, cent.-per-cent. returns, I would not launch in,  
When others were afloat, and out at sea ;  
Whereby I made small gains, but miss'd great losses.  
As ever, then, I look'd before I leap'd,  
So do I now.

*Wal.* Thou'rt all the better for it !

[*Aside.*] Let's see ! Hand free—heart whole—well-  
favour'd—so !

Rich—titled—let that pass !—kind, valiant, prudent—  
Sir Thomas, I can help thee to a wife,  
Hast thou the luck to win her !

*Clif.* Master Walter !

You jest ?

*Wal.* I do not jest !—I like you !—Mark !—  
I like you—and I like not every one !  
I say a wife, sir, can I help you to,  
The pearly texture of whose dainty skin  
Alone were worth thy baronetcy ! Form  
And feature has she, wherein move and glow  
The charms that in the marble, cold and still,  
Cull'd by the sculptor's jealous skill and joined there,  
Inspire us ! Sir, a maid, beneath whose feet,  
A duke—a duke might lay his coronet,  
To lift her to his state, and partner her !  
A fresh heart too !—a young fresh heart, sir ; one  
That Cupid has not toy'd with ; and a warm one—  
Fresh, young, and warm !—Mark that ! A mind to  
boot—

Wit, sir ; sense, taste ;—a garden strictly tended—  
Where nought but what is costly flourishes !  
A consort for a king, sir ! You shall see her !

*Clif.* I thank you, Master Walter ! As you speak,

Methinks I see me at the altar-foot !  
Her hand fast lock'd in mine !—the ring put on !  
My wedding-bell rings merry in my ear ;  
And round me throng glad tongues that give me joy  
To be the bridegroom of so fair a bride !

*Wal.* What ! sparks so thick ? We'll have a blaze  
anon !

*Servant.* [*Entering.*] The chariot's at the door.

*Wal.* It waits in time !

Sir Thomas, it shall bear thee to the bower  
Where dwells this fair—for she's no city belle,  
But e'en a sylvan goddess !

*Clif.* Have with you !

*Wal.* You'll bless the day you served the Hunch-  
back, sir !

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*SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK."*

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

JULIA. CLIFFORD.

*Julia.* Speaks he not ?

Or does he wait for orders to unfold  
His business ? Stopp'd his business till I spoke,  
I'd hold my peace for ever !

[*CLIFFORD kneels ; presenting a letter*

Does he kneel ?

A lady am I to my heart's content !  
Could he unmake me that which claims his knee,  
I'd kneel to him—I would ! I would !—Your will ?

*Clifford.* This letter from my lord.

*Julia.* O fate ! who speaks ?

*Clif.* The secretary of my lord.

*Julia.* I breathe !

I could have sworn 't was he !

*[Makes an effort to look at him, but is unable.]*

So like the voice—

I dare not look, lest there the form should stand !

How came he by that voice ? 'T is Clifford's voice,

If ever Clifford spoke ! My fears come back—

Clifford, the secretary of my lord !

Fortune hath freaks, but none so mad as that !

It cannot be !—It should not be !—A look,

And all were set at rest.

*[Tries to look at him again, but cannot.]*

So strong my fears,

Dread to confirm them takes away the power

To try and end them ! Come the worst, I'll look !

*[She tries again ; and again is unequal to the task.]*

I'd sink before him if I met his eye !

*Clif.* Will 't please your ladyship to take the letter ?

*Julia.* There Clifford speaks again ! Not Clifford's  
heart

Could more make Clifford's voice ! Not Clifford's tongue

And lips more frame it into Clifford's speech !

A question, and 't is over ! Know I you ?

*Clif.* Reverse of fortune, lady, changes friends ;

It turns them into strangers. What I am

I have not always been !

*Julia.* Could I not name you ?

*Clif.* If your disdain for one, perhaps too bold

When hollow Fortune call'd him favourite, —

Now by her fickleness perforce reduced

To play an humbler part, would suffer you—

*Julia.* I might?

*Clif.* You might!

*Julia.* Oh, Clifford! is it you?

*Clif.* Your answer to my lord. [*Gives the letter.*

*Julia.* Your lord! [*Mechanically taking it.*

*Clif.* Wilt write it?

Or, will it please you send a verbal one?

I'll bear it faithfully.

*Julia.* You'll bear it?

*Clif.* Madam,

Your pardon, but my haste is somewhat urgent.

My lord's impatient, and to use dispatch

Were his repeated orders.

*Julia.* Orders? Well,

I'll read the letter, sir. 'T is right you mind

His lordship's orders. They are paramount!

Nothing should supersede them!—stand beside them!

They merit all your care, and have it! Fit,

Most fit they should! Give me the letter, sir.

*Clif.* You have it, madam.

*Julia.* So! How poor a thing

I look! so lost, while he is all himself!

Have I no pride? [*She rings, Servant enters.*

Paper, and pen, and ink!

If he can freeze, 't is time that I grow cold!

I'll read the letter.

[*Opens it, and holds it as about to read it.*

Mind his orders! So!

Quickly he fits his habits to his fortunes!

He serves my lord with all his will! His heart's

In his vocation. So! Is this the letter?

T is upside down—and here I'm poring on't!

Most fit I let him see me play the fool!  
Shame. Let me be myself!

*[A Servant enters with materials for writing.*

A table, sir,  
And chair.

*[Servant brings table and chair, and goes out. She sits awhile, vacantly gazing on letter—then looks at CLIFFORD.*

How plainly shows his humble suit!  
It fits not him that wears it! I have wrong'd him!  
He can't be happy—does not look it!—is not.  
That eye which reads the ground is argument  
Enough! He loves me. There I let him stand,  
And I am sitting!

*[Rises, takes a chair, and approaches CLIFFORD.*

Pray you take a chair.

*[He bows, as acknowledging and declining the honour. She looks at him awhile.*

Clifford, why don't you speak to me? *[She weeps.*

*Clif.* I trust

You're happy.

*Julia.* Happy! Very, very happy!

You see I weep, I am so happy! Tears  
Are signs, you know, of nought but happiness!  
When first I saw you, little did I look  
To be so happy!—Clifford!

*Clif.* Madam?

*Julia.* Madam!

I call thee Clifford, and thou call'st me madam!

*Clif.* Such the address my duty stints me to.  
Thou art the wife elect of a proud earl,  
Whose humble secretary, now, am I.

*Julia.* Most right ! I had forgot ! I thank you, sir  
For so reminding me ; and give you joy,  
That what, I see, had been a burthen to you,  
Is fairly off your hands.

*Clif.* A burthen to me !

Mean you yourself ? Are you that burthen, *Julia* ?  
Say that the sun's a burthen to the earth !  
Say that the blood's a burthen to the heart !  
Say health's a burthen, peace, contentment, joy,  
Fame, riches, honours ! everything that man  
Desires, and gives the name of blessing to !—  
E'en such a burthen, *Julia* were to me,  
Had fortune let me wear her.

*Julia.* [*Aside.*] On the brink  
Of what a precipice I'm standing ! Back,  
Back ! while the faculty remains to do 't !  
A minute longer, not the whirlpool's self  
More sure to suck me down ! One effort ! There !

[*She returns to her seat, recovers her self-possession,  
takes up the letter, and reads,*

To wed to-morrow night ! Wed whom ? A man  
Whom I can never love ! I should before  
Have thought of that ! To-morrow night ! This hour  
To-morrow ! How I tremble ! Happy bands  
To which my heart such freezing welcome gives,  
As sends an ague through me ! At what means  
Will not the desperate snatch ! What's honour's price ?  
Nor friends, nor lovers,—no, nor life itself !  
*Clifford* ! This moment leave me !

[*CLIFFORD retires up the stage out of JULIA'S sight.*

Is he gone !

O docile lover ! Do his mistress' wish

That went against his own! Do it so soon!—  
 Ere well 't was utter'd! No good-bye to her!  
 No word! No look! 'T were best that he so went!  
 Alas, the strait of her, who owns that best,  
 Which last she'd wish were done? What's left men now?  
 To weep!—To weep!

*Clif.* My Julia!

*[Leans her head upon her arm, which rests upon the desk—her other arm hanging listlessly at her side. CLIFFORD kneeling, takes her hand.]*

*Julia.* Here again!

Up! up! By all thy hopes of Heaven go hence!  
 To stay's perdition to me! Look you, Clifford!  
 Were there a grave where thou art kneeling now,  
 I'd walk into 't, and be inearth'd alive,  
 Ere taint should touch my name! Should some one  
 come

And see thee kneeling thus! Let go my hand!  
 Remember, Clifford, I'm a promised bride—  
 And take thy arm away! It has no right  
 To clasp my waist! Judge you so poorly of me,  
 As think I'll suffer this? My honour, sir!

*[She breaks from him, quitting her seat.]*

I'm glad you've forced me to respect myself—  
 You'll find that I can do so!

*Clif.* I was bold—

Forgetful of your station and my own;  
 There was a time I held your hand unchid!  
 There was a time I might have clasp'd your waist—  
 I had forgot that time was past and gone!  
 I pray you, pardon me!

*Julia.* *[Softened.]* I do so, Clifford.

*Clif.* I shall no more offend.

*Julia.* Make sure of that.

No longer is it fit thou keep'st thy post  
In's lordship's household. Give it up! A day—  
An hour remain not in it!

*Clif.* Wherefore?

*Julia.* Live

In the same house with me, and I another's!  
Put miles, put leagues between us! The same land  
Should not contain us. Oceans should divide us—  
With barriers of constant tempests—such  
As mariners durst not tempt! O Clifford!  
Rash was the act so light that gave me up,  
That stung a woman's pride, and drove her mad—  
Till in her frenzy she destroy'd her peace!  
Oh, it was rashly done! Had you reprov'd—  
Expostulated,—had you reason'd with me—  
Tried to find out what was indeed my heart,—  
I would have shown it—you'd have seen it. All  
Then would have been as nought can be again!

*Clif.* Lovest thou me, Julia?

*Julia.* Dost thou ask me, Clifford?

*Clif.* These nuptials may be shunn'd!—

*Julia.* With honour?

*Clif.* Yes!

*Julia.* Then take me!—Stop—hear me, and take  
me then!

Let not thy passion be my counsellor!  
Deal with me, Clifford, as my brother. Be  
The jealous guardian of my spotless name!  
Scan thou my cause as 't were thy sister's. Let  
Thy scrutiny o'erlook no point of it,—

Nor turn it over once, but many a time :—  
That flaw, speck,—yea—the shade of one,—a soil  
So slight, not one out of a thousand eyes  
Could find it out, may not escape thee ; then  
Say if these nuptials can be shunn'd with honour !

*Clif.* They can.

*Julia.* Then take me, Clifford !      [*They embrace.*]

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SCENE FROM "THE HUNCHBACK."

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

HELEN. MODUS.

*Helen.* I'm weary wandering from room to room ;  
A castle after all is but a house—  
The dullest one when lacking company.  
Were I at home, I could be company  
Unto myself. I see not Master Walter.  
He's ever with his ward. I see not her.  
By Master Walter will she bide, alone.  
My father stops in town. I can't see him.  
My cousin makes his books his company.  
I'll go to bed and sleep. No—I'll stay up  
And plague my cousin into making love !  
For, that he loves me, shrewdly I suspect.  
How dull he is, that hath not sense to see  
What lies before him, and he'd like to find !  
I'll change my treatment of him. Cross him, where  
Before I used to humour him. He comes,  
Poring upon a book. What's that you read ?

*Enter MODUS.*

*Mod.* Latin, sweet cousin.

*Helen.* 'T is a naughty tongue,  
I fear, and teaches men to lie.

*Mod.* To lie !

*Helen.* You study it. You call your cousin sweet,  
And treat her as you would a crab. As sour  
'T would seem you think her, so you covet her !  
Why how the monster stares, and looks about !  
You construe Latin, and can't construe that !

*Mod.* I never studied women.

*Helen.* No ; nor men.  
Else would you better know their ways ; nor read  
In presence of a lady. [*Strikes the book from his hand.*]

*Mod.* Right you say,  
And well you served me, cousin, so to strike  
The volume from my hand. I own my fault ;  
So please you may I pick it up again ?  
I'll put it in my pocket !

*Helen.* Pick it up.  
He fears me as I were his grandmother !  
What is the book ?

*Mod.* 'T is Ovid's Art of Love.

*Helen.* That Ovid was a fool !

*Mod.* In what ?

*Helen.* In that !  
To call that thing an art, which art is none.

*Mod.* And is not love an art ?

*Helen.* Are you a fool  
As well as Ovid ? Love an art ! No art  
But taketh time and pains to learn. Love comes  
With neither ! Is't to hoard such grain as that

You went to college? Better stay at home,  
And study homely English!

*Mod.* Nay, you know not  
The argument.

*Helen.* I don't? I know it better  
Than ever Ovid did! The face,—the form,—  
The heart,—the mind we fancy, cousin! that's  
The argument! Why, cousin, you know nothing!  
Suppose a lady were in love with thee,  
Couldst thou by Ovid, cousin, find it out?  
Couldst find it out, wert thou in love, thyself?  
Could Ovid, cousin, teach thee to make love?  
I could, that never read him! You begin  
With melancholy; then to sadness; then  
To sickness; then to dying—but not die!  
She would not let thee, were she of my mind!  
She'd take compassion on thee. Then for hope;  
From hope to confidence; from confidence  
To boldness;—then you'd speak; at first entreat;  
Then urge; then flout; then argue; then enforce;  
Make prisoner of her hand; besiege her waist;  
Threaten her lips with storming; keep thy word  
And carry her! My sampler 'gainst thy Ovid!  
Why, cousin, are you frighten'd, that you stand  
As you were stricken dumb? The case is clear,  
You are no soldier! You'll ne'er win a battle,  
You care too much for blows!

*Mod.* You wrong me there.  
At school I was the champion of my form;  
And since I went to college——

*Helen.* That for college!

*Mod.* Nay, hear me!

*Helen.* Well? What, since you went to college? You know what men are set down for, who boast Of their own bravery! Go on, brave cousin: What, since you went to college? Was there not One Quentin Halworth there? You know there was, And that he was your master?

*Mod.* He my master?  
Thrice was he worsted by me!

*Helen.* Still was he  
Your master.

*Mod.* He allow'd I had the best!  
Allow'd it, mark me! nor to me alone,  
But twenty I could name.

*Helen.* And master'd you  
At last! Confess it, cousin, 't is the truth!  
A proctor's daughter you did both affect—  
Look at me and deny it!—Of the twain  
She more affected you;—I've caught you now,  
Bold cousin! Mark you! opportunity  
On opportunity she gave you, sir,—  
Deny it if you can!—but though to others,  
When you discoursed of her, you were a flame;  
To her you were a wick that would not light,  
Though held in the very fire! And so he won her—  
Won her, because he woo'd her like a man;  
For all your cuffings, cuffing you again  
With most usurious interest! Now, sir,  
Protest that you are valiant!

*Mod.* Cousin Helen!

*Helen.* Well, sir?

*Mod.* The tale is all a forgery!

*Helen.* A forgery!

*Mod.* From first to last ; ne'er spoke I  
To a proctor's daughter, while I was at college.

*Helen.* Well, 'twas a scrivener's, then—or somebody's.  
But what concerns it whose ? Enough, you loved her !  
And, shame upon you, let another take her !

*Mod.* Cousin, I tell you, if you'll only hear me.  
I loved no woman while I was at college—  
Save one, and her I fancied ere I went there.

*Helen.* Indeed ! Now I'll retreat, if he's advancing.  
Comes he not on ! O what a stock's the man !  
Well, cousin ?

*Mod.* Well ! What more wouldst have me say ?  
I think I've said enough.

*Helen.* And so think I.  
I did but jest with you. You are not angry ?  
Shake hands ! Why, cousin, do you squeeze me so ?

*Mod.* [*Letting her go.*] I swear I squeezed you not.

*Helen.* You did not ?

*Mod.* No.

May I die if I did !

*Helen.* Why then you did not, cousin.  
So let's shake hands again—[*He takes her hand as  
before.*—O go ! and now

Read Ovid ! Cousin, will you tell me one thing :  
Wore lovers ruffs in master Ovid's time ?

Behoved him teach them, then, to put them on ;—  
And that you have to learn. Hold up your head !

Why, cousin, how you blush ! Plague on the ruff !

I cannot give 't a set. You're blushing still !

Why do you blush, dear cousin ? So !—'t will beat me !  
I'll give it up.

*Mod.* Nay, prithee don't—try on !

*Helen.* And if I do, I fear you'll think me bold.

*Mod.* For what?

*Helen.* To trust my face so near to thine.

*Mod.* I know not what you mean!

*Helen.* I'm glad you don't!

Cousin, I own right well-behaved you are,  
Most marvellously well-behaved! They've bred  
You well at college. With another man  
My lips would be in danger! Hang the ruff!

*Mod.* Nay, give it up, nor plague thyself, dear cousin.

*Helen.* Dear fool! [*Throws the ruff on the ground.*]

I swear the ruff is good for just  
As little as its master! There!—'T is spoil'd—  
You'll have to get another! Hie for it,  
And wear it in the fashion of a wisp,  
Ere I adjust it for thee! Farewell, cousin!  
You'd need to study Ovid's Art of Love!

[*HELEN goes out.*]

*Mod.* [*Solus.*] Went she in anger? I will follow her,—  
No, I will not! Heigho! I love my cousin!  
O would that she loved me! Why did she taunt me  
With backwardness in love? What could she mean?  
Sees she I love her, and so laughs at me,  
Because I lack the front to woo her? Nay,  
I'll woo her, then! Her lips shall be in danger,  
When next she trusts them near me! Look'd she at me  
To-day, as never did she look before!  
A bold heart, Master Modus! 'T is a saying,  
A faint one never won fair lady yet!  
I'll woo my cousin, come what will on 't. Yes:

[*Begins reading again, throws down the book.*]

Hang Ovid's Art of Love! I'll woo my cousin!

• • • • •  
*Enter HELEN.*

*Helen.* Why, cousin Modus? What, will you stand by  
And see me forced to marry? Cousin Modus!  
Have you not got a tongue? Have you not eyes?  
Do you not see I'm very—very ill,  
And not a chair in all the corridor?

*Mod.* I'll find one in the study

*Helen.* Hang the study!

*Mod.* My room's at hand. I'll fetch one thence.

*Helen.* You shan't!

I'd faint ere you came back!

*Mod.* What shall I do?

*Helen.* Why don't you offer to support me? Well?  
Give me your arm—be quick! [*MODUS offers his arm.*  
Is that the way  
To help a lady when she's like to faint?  
I'll drop unless you catch me! [*MODUS supports her.*  
That will do.

I'm better now—[*MODUS offers to leave her*] don't  
leave me! Is one well

Because one's better? Hold my hand. Keep so.  
I'll soon recover, so you move not. Loves he—[*Aside.*  
Which I'll be sworn he does, he'll own it now.  
Well, cousin Modus?

*Mod.* Well, sweet cousin!

*Helen.* Well?

You heard what Master Walter said?

*Mod.* I did.

*Helen.* And would you have me marry? Can't you  
speak?

Say yes, or no.

*Mod.* No, cousin !

*Helen.* Bravely said !

And why, my gallant cousin ?

*Mod.* Why ?

*Helen.* Ay, why ?

Women, you know, are fond of reasons—Why  
Would you not have me marry ? How you blush !  
Is it because you do not know the reason ?

You mind me of a story of a cousin  
Who once her cousin such a question ask'd—  
He had not been to college, though—for books,  
Had pass'd his time in reading ladies' eyes,  
Which he could construe marvellously well,  
Though writ in language all symbolical.

Thus stood they once together, on a day—  
As we stand now—discours'd as we discourse,—  
But with this difference,—fifty gentle words  
He spoke to her, for one she spoke to him !—  
What a dear cousin ! Well, as I was saying,  
As now I question'd thee, she question'd him.  
And what was his reply ? To think of it  
Sets my heart beating—'T was so kind a one !  
So like a cousin's answer—a dear cousin !  
A gentle, honest, gallant, loving cousin !  
What did he say ?—A man might find it out  
Though never read he Ovid's Art of Love—  
What did he say ? He'd marry her himself !  
How stupid are you, cousin ! Let me go !

*Mod.* You are not well yet ?

*Helen.* Yes.

*Mod.* I'm sure you're not !

*Helen.* I'm sure I am.

*Mod.* Nay, let me hold you, cousin!  
I like it.

*Helen.* Do you? I would wager you  
You could not tell me why you like it. Well?  
You see how true I know you! How you stare!  
What see you in my face to wonder at?

*Mod.* A pair of eyes!

*Helen.* At last he'll find his tongue— [Aside.  
And saw you ne'er a pair of eyes before?

*Mod.* Not such a pair.

*Helen.* And why?

*Mod.* They are so bright!  
You have a Grecian nose.

*Helen.* Indeed.

*Mod.* Indeed!

*Helen.* What kind of mouth have I?

*Mod.* A handsome one.

I never saw so sweet a pair of lips!  
I ne'er saw lips at all till now, dear cousin!

*Helen.* Cousin, I'm well,—You need not hold me  
now.

Do you not hear? I tell you I am well!  
I need your arm no longer—take't away!  
So tight it locks me, 't is with pain I breathe!  
Let me go, cousin! Wherefore do you hold  
Your face so close to mine? What do you mean?

*Mod.* You've question'd me, and now I'll question  
you.

*Helen.* What would you learn?

*Mod.* The use of lips.

*Helen.* To speak.

*Mod.* Nought else?

*Helen.* How bold my modest cousin grows!  
Why, other use know you?

*Mod.* I do!

*Helen.* Indeed!

You're wondrous wise? And pray what is it?

*Mod.* This! [*Attempts to kiss her.*]

*Helen.* Soft! my hand thanks you, cousin—for my  
lips

I keep them for a husband!—Nay, stand off!

I'll not be held in manacles again!

Why do you follow me?

*Mod.* I love you, cousin!

'T is out at last. [*Aside.*]

*Helen.* You love me! Love me, cousin!

O cousin, mean you so? That's passing strange!

Falls out most crossly—is a dire mishap—

A thing to sigh for, weep for, languish for,

And die for!

*Mod.* Die for!

*Helen.* Yes, with laughter, cousin,

For, cousin, I love you!

*Mod.* And you'll be mine?

*Helen.* I will.

*Mod.* Your hand upon it.

*Helen.* Hand and heart.

Hie to thy dressing-room, and I'll to mine—

Attire thee for the altar—so will I.

Whoe'er may claim me, thou'rt the man shall have me.

Away! Despatch! But hark you, ere you go,

Ne'er brag of reading Ovid's Art of Love!

*Mod.* And cousin! stop—One little word with you.

[*She returns—he snatches a kiss.*]

## SCENE FROM "LOVE."

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE DUKE. HUON.

*Duke.* Huon !*Huon.* My lord ?*Duke.* I have been thinking of thee.*Huon.* My lord is ever good.*Duke.* I have a notion

'T would profit thee to marry.

*Huon.* Marry !*Duke.* Yes.*Huon.* I first must love.*Duke.* And hast thou never loved ?Why art thou silent ? Wherefore holds thy tongue  
Its peace, and not thy cheek ?*Huon.* My cheek !*Duke.* It talks !

A flush pass'd o'er it, as I spoke to thee ;

And now it talks again—and on the ground

Thou cast'st thine eye. "Thou first must love"—My  
friend,

Thou art in love already ! Art thou not ?

Art thou not, Huon ?—Never mind, but keep

Thy secret.—I have fixed that thou shalt marry.

*Huon.* My lord——*Duke.* [*Interrupting him.*] I know it will advantage  
thee,

And I have look'd around my court to find

A partner for thee, and have lit on one.

*Huon.* [*More earnestly.*] My lord——

*Duke.* [*Interrupting him again.*] She has beauty,  
Huon, she has wealth ;

And that which qualifies her better still——

As of unequal matches discords grow——

She's of thy own class, Huon, she is a serf.

*Huon.* [*Impetuously.*] My lord——

*Duke.* [*Interrupting, indignantly.*] My serf!—How  
now?—Wouldst thou rebel?

*Huon.* Rebel, my lord!

*Duke.* I trust I was deceived!

I did not see defiance in thine eye,

And hear it on thy tongue? Thou wouldst not dare

So much as harbour wish to thwart thy lord,

Much less intent? Thou know'st him!—know'st thy-  
self!

Thou mayst have scruples—That thou canst not help ;

But thou canst help indulging them, in the face

Of thy lord's will. And so, as 't is my will

Thou marry straight, and I have found thy match,

I'll draw a paper up, where thou shalt make

The proffer of thy hand to Catherine,

And thou shalt sign it, Huon.

[*Writes.*

*Huon.* That I were dead!

O, what is death, compared to slavery!

Brutes may bear bondage—*They* were made for it!

When Heaven set man above them ; but no mark,

Definite and indelible, it put

Upon one man to mark him from another,

That he should live his slave! O heavy curse!

To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes,

Passions, and conscience, like another man,

And not have equal liberty to use them,  
But call *his* mood their master ! Why was I born  
With passion to be free—with faculties  
To use enlargement—with desires that cleave  
To high achievements—and with sympathies  
Attracting me to objects fair and noble—  
And, yet, with power over myself, as little  
As any beast of burden ? Why should I live ?  
There are of brutes themselves that will not tame  
So high in them is nature ;—whom, the spur  
And lash, instead of curbing, only chafe  
Into prouder mettle ;—that will let you kill them,  
Ere they will suffer you to master them.  
I am a man, and live !

*Duke.* Here, Huon, sign,  
And Catherine is your wife.

*Huon.* I will not sign.

*Duke.* How now, my serf !

*Huon.* My lord, I am a man ;  
And, as a man, owe duty, higher far  
Than that I owe to thee, which Heaven expects  
That I discharge. Didst thou command me murder,  
Steal, commit perjury, or even lie,  
Should I do it, though thy serf ? No ! To espouse  
her,  
Not loving her, were murder of her peace.  
I will not sign for that ! With like default,  
To compass mastery of her effects,  
Were robbery. I will not sign for that !  
To swear, what must I swear to make her mine,  
Were perjury at the very altar. Therefore  
I will not sign ! To put forth plea of love,

Which not a touch of love bears witness to,  
 Were uttering a lie. And so, my lord,  
 I will not sign at all!—O, good my liege,  
 My lord, my master, ask me not to sign!  
 My sweat, my blood, use without sparing; but  
 Leave me my heart—a miserable one  
 Although it be! Coerce me not in that,  
 To make me do the thing my heart abhors!  
 I beg no more!

[*The DUKE draws his sword, and resolutely approaches HUON.*

*Duke.* Huon, I love thee,  
 And would not do thee harm, unless compell'd.  
 Thou shouldst not play with me, and shall not. Take,  
 Therefore, thy choice—death, or the paper.

*Huon.* Death!

*Duke.* Thou makest thy mind up quickly, in a strait.

*Huon.* I do not wish to live.

[*Opens his vest, takes the point of the DUKE'S sword, and places it opposite his heart.*

Set here thy point;

'T is right against my heart! Press firm and straight;  
 The more, the kinder! [A pause.

*Duke.* As thou wishest death,  
 I will not kill thee for thy disobedience.  
 An hour I grant for calm reflection. Use it.  
 If, on the lapse of that brief space, I find  
 The page without addition, thou mayst learn  
 That even slavery hath its degrees,  
 Which make it sometimes sweet! Our felons throng  
 The galleys; but 't is hard, or we shall find  
 A bench and oar for thee!

[*He goes out.*

*Huon.* My lord, come back !

My lord ! What now my mind, be sure 't will be  
At the end of the hour ! of the day ! of my life !—My  
lord !

He does not hear, or will not. Most sweet cause  
Of most insufferable misery,  
Wouldst thou not weep at this ? Couldst thou look  
on,

And keep pride sitting in thy woman's eye—  
The proper throne of pity—which for me,  
The melting queen has yet refused to fill,  
But to a stern usurper all abandon'd !—  
Wouldst thou not weep ? Or would my name alone—  
My sole condition set 'gainst all myself ;  
The vivid thoughts, the feelings sensitive,  
The quick affections, passions of a man,  
Despite his misery of birthright ; flesh  
Warm, warm ; of as high vitality as though  
His lot had been an heirdom to a throne—  
Would that, prevailing 'gainst such odds as these,  
Prevent thee ? Yes ! Thou wouldst not weep for me.  
O, knew I what would make thee ! Would my corpse ?  
Then to thy father ! own my passion for thee,  
Tell him his serf aspires to love his daughter,  
Boasts of it, though he sends him to the galleys,  
Will glory in it, chain'd beside the felon,  
Ay, with the tasker's whip whirling above him,  
Reiterate it, when he threatens me,  
And when again he threatens, justify it,  
On the broad rights of common human nature,  
Till with his own hand he transfixes me !

## SCENE FROM "THE LOVE CHASE."

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

CONSTANCE. WILDRAKE.

*Constance.* I'll pine to death for no man! Wise it were,

Indeed, to die for neighbour Wildrake—No!—  
 I know the duty of a woman, better—  
 What fits a maid of spirit! I am out  
 Of patience with myself, to cast a thought  
 Away upon him. Hang him! Lovers cost  
 Nought but the pains of luring. I'll get fifty,  
 And break the heart of every one of them!  
 I will! I'll be the champion of my sex,  
 And take revenge on shallow, fickle man,  
 Who gives his heart to fools, and slights the worth  
 Of proper women! I suppose she's handsome!  
 My face 'gainst hers, at hazard of mine eyes!  
 A maid of mind! I'll talk her to a stand,  
 Or tie my tongue for life! A maid of soul!—  
 An artful, managing, dissembling one,  
 Or she had never caught him!—He's no man  
 To fall in love himself, or long ago,  
 I warrant he had fall'n in love with me!  
 I hate the fool!—I do! Ha, here he comes.  
 What brings him hither?—Let me dry my eyes;  
 He must not see I have been crying. Hang him,  
 I have much to do, indeed, to cry for him!

*Enter WILDRAKE.**Wild.* Your servant, neighbour Constance.*Con.* Servant, sir!

Now what, I wonder, comes the fool to say,  
Makes him look so important?

*Wild.* Neighbour Constance,  
I am a happy man.

*Con.* What makes you so?*Wild.* A thriving suit.*Con.* In Chancery?*Wild.* O no!

In love.

*Con.* O, true! You are in love! Go on!*Wild.* Well, as I said, my suit's a thriving one.

*Con.* You mean you are beloved again!—I don't  
Believe it.

*Wild.* I can give you proof.*Con.* What proof?

Love-letters? She's a shameless maid  
To write them! Can she spell? Ay, I suppose  
With prompting of a dictionary!

*Wild.* Nay,  
Without one.

*Con.* I will lay you ten to one  
She cannot spell! How know you she can spell?  
You cannot spell yourself! You write command  
With a single M—C—O—M—A—N—D:  
Yours to Co-mand.

*Wild.* I did not say she wrote  
Love-letters to me.

*Con.* Then she suffers you to press  
Her hand, perhaps?

*Wild.* She does.

*Con.* Does she press yours ?

*Wild.* She does.—It goes on swimmingly ! [*Aside.*

*Con.* She does !

She is no modest woman ! I'll be bound,  
Your arm the madam suffers round her waist ?

*Wild.* She does !

*Con.* She does ! Outrageous forwardness !  
Does she let you kiss her ?

*Wild.* Yes.

*Con.* She should be——

*Wild.* What ?

*Con.* What you got thrice your share of when at  
school,

And yet not half your due ! A brazen face !  
More could not grant a maid about to wed.

*Wild.* She is so.

*Con.* What.

*Wild.* How swimmingly it goes ! [*Aside.*

*Con.* [*With suppressed impatience.*] Are you about  
to marry, neighbour Wildrake ?

Are you about to marry ?

*Wild.* Excellent. [*Aside.*

*Con.* [*Breaking out.*] Why don't you answer me ?

*Wild.* I am.

*Con.* You are——

I tell you what, sir—You're a fool !

*Wild.* For what ?

*Con.* You are not fit to marry. Do not know  
Enough of the world, sir ! Have no more experience,  
Thought, judgment, than a schoolboy ! Have no mind  
Of your own !—Your wife will make a fool of you,

Will jilt you, break your heart ! I wish she may,  
I do ! You have no more business with a wife  
Than I have ! Do you mean to say, indeed,  
You are about to marry ?

*Wild.* Yes, indeed.

*Con.* And when ?

*Wild.* I'll say to-morrow !

[*Aside.*

*Con.* When, I say ?

*Wild.* To-morrow.

*Con.* Thank you ! much beholden to you !  
You've told me on 't in time ! I'm very much  
Beholden to you, neighbour Wildrake ! And,  
I pray you, at what hour ?

*Wild.* That we have left  
For you to name.

*Con.* For me !

*Wild.* For you.

*Con.* Indeed !

You're very bountiful ! I should not wonder  
Meant you I should be bridemaide to the lady !

*Wild.* 'T is just the thing I mean !

*Con.* [*Furiously.*] The thing you mean !  
Now pray you, neighbour, tell me that again,  
And think before you speak ; for much I doubt  
You know what you are saying. Do you mean  
To ask me to be bridemaide ?

*Wild.* Even so.

*Con.* Bridemaide ?

*Wild.* Ay, Bridemaide !—It is coming fast  
Unto a head.

[*Aside.*

*Con.* And 't is for me you wait  
To fix the day ? It shall be doomsday, then !

*Wild.* Be doomsday?

*Con.* Doomsday!

*Wild.* Wherefore doomsday?

*Con.* Wherefore!—

[*Boxes him.*

Go ask your bride, and give her that for me.

Look, neighbour Wildrake! you may think this strange,

But don't misconstrue it! For you are vain, sir!

And may put down, for love, what comes from hate.

I should not wonder, thought you I was jealous;

But I'm not jealous, sir!—would scorn to be so

Where it was worth my while—I pray henceforth

We may be strangers, sir!—you will oblige me

By going out of town. I should not like

To meet you on the street, sir. Marry, sir!

Marry to-day! The sooner, sir, the better!

And may you find you have made a bargain, sir.

As for the lady!—much I wish her joy.

I pray you send no bride-cake, sir, to me!

Nor gloves—If you do, I'll give them to my maid!

Or throw them into the kennel—or the fire.

I am your most obedient servant, sir!

*Wild.* She is a riddle, solve her he who can!

\* \* \* \* \*

*Con.* He loves another; he does;

I hate him! We were children, together,

For fifteen years and more; there never came

The day we did not quarrel, make it up,

Quarrel again, and make it up again:

Were never neighbours more like neighbours.

Since he became a man, and I a woman,

It still has been the same ; nor cared I ever  
To give a frown to any other.

And now to come and tell me he's in love,  
And ask me to be bridemaide to his bride !  
How durst he do it !—To fall in love !  
Methinks at least he might have ask'd my leave,  
Nor had I wonder'd had he ask'd myself !

*Wild.* Then give thyself to me !

*Con.* How ! what !

*Wild.* Be mine ;

Thou art the only maid thy neighbour loves.

*Con.* Art serious, neighbour Wildrake ?

*Wild.* In the church

I'll answer thee, if thou wilt take me ; though  
I neither dress, nor walk, nor dance, nor know  
"The Widow Jones" from an Italian, French,  
Or German air.

*Con.* No more of that.—My hand.

*Wild.* Givest it as free as thou didst yesterday ?

*Con.* [*Affecting to strike him.*] Nay !

*Wild.* I will thank thee, give it how thou wilt.

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## SCENE FROM "THE RIVALS."

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

CAPT. ABSOLUTE. SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

*Capt. Absolute.* Sir, I am delighted to see you here ; looking so well ! your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

*Sir Anthony.* Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack. What, you are recruiting here, hey ?

*Abs.* Yes, sir, I am on duty.

*Sir Anth.* Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

*Abs.* Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty ; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

*Sir Anth.* I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

*Abs.* Sir, you are very good.

*Sir Anth.* And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world. I have

resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

*Abs.* Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

*Sir Anth.* I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

*Abs.* Let my future life, sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

*Sir Anth.* Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

*Abs.* My wife, sir!

*Sir Anth.* Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

*Abs.* A wife, sir, did you say?

*Sir Anth.* Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

*Abs.* Not a word of her, sir.

*Sir Anth.* Odd so—I mustn't forget her though. Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

*Abs.* Sir! sir!—you amaze me!

*Sir Anth.* Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

*Abs.* I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

*Sir Anth.* Why, what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

*Abs.* If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

*Sir Anth.* What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

*Abs.* Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

*Sir Anth.* I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of!

*Abs.* Then, sir, I must tell you plainly that my inclinations are fixed on another—my heart is engaged to an angel.

*Sir Anth.* Then pray let it send an excuse. It is very sorry—but business prevents its waiting on her.

*Abs.* But my vows are pledged to her.

*Sir Anth.* Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

*Abs.* You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a frenzy.

*Abs.* Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

*Sir Anth.* Now curse me! if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

*Abs.* Nay, sir, but hear me.

*Sir Anth.* Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word ! not one word ! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean you dog—if you don't, by——

*Abs.* What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness ! to——

*Sir Anth.* Zounds ! sirrah ! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose : she shall have a hump on each shoulder ; she shall be as crooked as the crescent ; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum ; she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah ! yet I will make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

*Abs.* This is reason and moderation indeed !

*Sir Anth.* None of your sneering, puppy ! no grinning, jackanapes !

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'T is false, sir. I know you are laughing in your sleeve ; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah !

*Abs.* Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

*Sir Anth.* None of your passion, sir ! none of your violence, if you please !—It won't do with me, I promise you.

*Abs.* Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

*Sir Anth.* 'T is a confounded lie !—I know you are in a passion in your heart ; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog ! but it won't do.

*Abs.* Nay, sir, upon my word——

*Sir Anth.* So you will fly out ! can't you be cool

like me? What good can passion do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again! don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition!—Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a half to consider this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you.—If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and hang on! if ever I call you Jack again!

*SCENE FROM "THE SCHOOL FOR  
SCANDAL."*

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

SIR PETER. LADY TEAZLE.

*Sir Peter.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men—and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tift a little going to church, and fairly quarrelled before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honeymoon, and had lost all comfort in life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution—a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation beyond the annual gala of a race ball. Yet she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she never had seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter* LADY TEAZLE.

*Sir Pet.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady Teaz.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in everything, and, what's more, I will too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir Pet.* Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady Teaz.* Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir Pet.* Old enough!—ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance!

*Lady Teaz.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir Pet.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a greenhouse, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

*Lady Teaz.* And am I to blame, Sir Peter, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir Pet.* Oons ! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus ; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady Teaz.* No, no, I don't ; 't was a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in a somewhat humbler style—the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side, your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

*Lady Teaz.* Oh, yes ! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 't was so indeed.

*Lady Teaz.* And then you know, my evening amusements ! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up ; to play Pope Joan with the curate ; to read a sermon to my aunt ; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*Sir Pet.* I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from ; but now you must have your coach—*vis-a-vis*—and three powdered footmen before your chair ; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose,

when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

*Lady Teaz.* No—I swear I never did that : I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir Pet.* This, madam, was your situation ; and what have I done for you ? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank—in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady Teaz.* Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me add to the obligation, that is——

*Sir Pet.* My widow, I suppose ?

*Lady Teaz.* Hem ! hem !

*Sir Pet.* I thank you, madam—but don't flatter yourself ; for, though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you : however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady Teaz.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense ?

*Sir Pet.* 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me ?

*Lady Teaz.* Lud, Sir Peter ! would you have me be out of the fashion ?

*Sir Pet.* The fashion, indeed ! what had you to do with the fashion before you married me ?

*Lady Teaz.* For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir Pet.* Ay—there again—taste ! Zounds ! madam, you had no taste when you married me !

*Lady Teaz.* That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter !

and, after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's.

*Sir Pet.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance—a charming set of acquaintance you have made there!

*Lady Teaz.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir Pet.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose any body should have a character but themselves! Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady Teaz.* What, would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir Pet.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady Teaz.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir Pet.* Grace indeed!

*Lady Teaz.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse: when I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour: and I take it for granted they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

*Sir Pet.* Well, well, I'll call in, just to look after my own character.

*Lady Teaz.* Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So good-bye to ye.

[*Exit.*

*Sir Pet.* So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation! Yet with what a charming air she contradicts everything I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

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## SCENES FROM "THE GAMESTER."

BY EDWARD MOORE.

BEVERLEY. STUKELY. JARVIS.

*Bev. (Rises and comes forward.)* Why, what a world is this! The slave that digs for gold receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those for whom he labours convert their good to mischief, making abundance the means of want. O shame! shame! Had fortune given me but little, that little had still been my own. But plenty leads to waste; and shallow streams maintain their currents, while

swelling rivers beat down their banks, and leave their channels empty. What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing—My wishes and my means were equal. The poor followed me with blessings, love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight—Oh! bitter thought, that leads to what I was by what I am! I would forget both—Who's there?

*Enter JARVIS.*

Jarvis!—Why this intrusion?—Your absence had been kinder.

*Jar.* I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

*Bev.* It is—I would be private—hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

*Jar.* One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well—her tears tell me so.

*Bev.* Go with thy duty there then—I have no business for thee.

*Jar.* Yes, sir; to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age. If that has left you, I must not leave you.

*Bev.* Not leave me! Recall past time, then; or, through this sea of storm and darkness, show me a star to guide me. But what canst thou?

*Jar.* The little that I can, I will. You have been generous to me.—I will not offend you, sir—but—

*Bev.* No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee, too? I have enough of shame already—My wife! my wife! Wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night—I, who have loved her so, that

every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life ! But other bonds have held me—Oh, I have played the boy ! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost myself !

*Jar.* For pity's sake, sir !—I have no heart to see this change.

*Bev.* Nor I to bear it—How speaks the world of me, Jarvis ?

*Jar.* As of a good man dead—Of one who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

*Bev.* Ay, and pities me—Says it not so ? But I was born to infamy. I'll tell thee what it says ; it calls me villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother, one lost to nature and her charities ; or, to say all in one short word, it calls me—gamester. Go to thy mistress—I'll see her presently.

*[Goes back and sits.]*

*Jar.* And why not now ? (*Following him.*) Rude people press upon her ; loud, bawling creditors ; wretches who know no pity—I met one at the door—he would have seen my mistress ; I wanted means of present payment, so promised it to-morrow. But others may be pressing, and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

*Bev.* Tell her I'll come then. But what hast thou to do with my distresses ? Thy honesty has left thee poor. Keep what thou hast ; lest, between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me. That friend is Stukely—here he comes. Go, leave me.

*Enter STUKELY.*

Would I were dead !

*Stu.* Pr'ythee, be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age. Fortune may be ours again ; at least we'll try for 't.

*Bev.* No ; it has fooled us on too far.

*Stu.* Ay, ruined us ; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money ; but let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are Fortune's children. True, she's a fickle mother ; but shall we droop because she's peevish ? No ; she has smiles in store, and these her frowns are meant to brighten them.

*Bev.* Is this a time for levity ? But you are single in the ruin, and, therefore, may talk lightly of it : with me 'tis complicated misery.

*Stu.* You censure me unjustly ; I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows, he wants a comforter.

*Bev.* What new misfortune ?

*Stu.* I would have brought you money, but lenders want securities. What's to be done ? All that was mine is yours already.

*Bev.* And there's the double weight that sinks me, I have undone my friend, too ; one who, to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand, and perished with him.

*Stu.* Have better thoughts.

*Bev.* Whence are they to proceed ? I have nothing left.

*Stu.* [*Sighing.*] Then we're indeed undone—What! nothing? No movables, nor useless trinkets! Baubles locked up in caskets, to starve their owners? I have ventured deeply for you.

*Bev.* Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

*Stu.* No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich—who made him so? This is no time for ceremony.

*Bev.* And is it for dishonesty? The good old man! Shall I rob him too? My friend would grieve for't. No; let the little that he has buy food and clothing for him.

*Stu.* Good morning, then. [*Going.*]

*Bev.* So hasty! why, then, good morning.

*Stu.* And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell Lewson so, and tell him I have wronged you. He has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

*Bev.* No; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wrecked us both: Mine shall be self-upbraidings.

*Stu.* And will they feed us? You deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrowed for you while land or credit lasted; and now, when fortune should be tried, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted—turned loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

*Bev.* What hoards? Name them, and take them!

*Stu.* Jewels.

*Bev.* And shall this thriftless hand seize them too? My poor, poor wife! Must she lose all? I would not wound her so.

*Stu.* Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

*Bev.* Think of some other means, then.

*Stu.* I have, and you rejected them.

*Bev.* Pr'ythee, let me be a man.

*Stu.* Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done: And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep them, to deck out pride with, and show a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

*Bev.* No; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need we have talked lightly of her? The jewels that she values are truth and innocence. Those will adorn her ever; and, for the rest, she wore them for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give them. Alas! you know her not. Where shall we meet?

*Stu.* No matter; I have changed my mind. Leave me to a prison; 't is the reward of friendship.

*Bev.* Perish mankind first! Leave you to a prison! No, fallen as you see me, I'm not that wretch! Nor would I change this heart, o'ercharged as 't is with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distresses

*Stu.* You are too warm.

*Bev.* In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell—I'll meet you at your lodgings.

[*Going.*

*Stu.* Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost—better not hazard them—I was too pressing.

*Bev.* And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time—I have no leisure for 't—within an hour expect me.

[*Exit.*

*Stu.* The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! We shall have sport at night, then—but hold—the jewels are not ours yet—the lady may refuse them—the husband may relent too—'t is more than probable—I will write a note to Beverley, and the contents shall spur him to demand them. But am I grown this rogue through avarice? No; I have warmer motives, love and revenge. Do I not appear the friend of Beverley? I am rich, it seems; and so I am, thanks to another's folly and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? This Beverley's my fool; I cheat him, and he calls me friend. But more business must be done yet—his wife's jewels are unsold; so is the reversion of his uncle's estate: I must have these too. And then there's a treasure above all—I love his wife—before she knew this Beverley I loved her; but, like a cringing fool, bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won her. Never, never will I forgive him for it. My pride, as well as love, is wounded by this conquest. Those hints this morning were well thrown in—already they have fastened on her. These jewels may do much—he shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes.

*Enter BEVERLEY.*

Look to the door there!—[*In a seeming fright.*—My friend! I thought of other visitors.

*Bev.* No; these shall guard you from them. [*Offering notes.*] Take them, and use them cautiously. The world deals hardly by us.

*Stu.* And shall I leave you destitute? No; your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

*Bev.* Let these be your support, then. Yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

*Stu.* No: I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin can't cure it. Even now I would be gaming. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still; and say I am to blame. Yet will this little supply our wants? No, we must put it out to usury. Whether 't is madness in me, or some restless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant; but—

*Bev.* Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

*Stu.* 'T is surely impulse; it pleads so strongly. But you are cold—we'll e'en part here, then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses; I'll have none on 't. I thank you, though, and will seek fortune singly. One thing I had forgot—

*Bev.* What is it?

*Stu.* Perhaps 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend. Lewson speaks freely of you.

*Bev.* Of you I know he does.

*Stu.* I can forgive him for 't; but, for my friend, I'm angry.

*Bev.* What says he of me?

*Stu.* That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled. He talks on 't loudly,

*Bev.* He shall be silenced, then. How heard you of it?

*Stu.* From many. He questioned Bates about it. You must account with him, he says.

*Bev.* Or he with me—and soon, too.

*Stu.* Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

*Bev.* I'll think on't—But whither go you?

*Stu.* From poverty and prisons — no matter whither :

If fortune changes you may hear from me.

*Bev.* May these be prosperous, then. [*Offering the notes, which he refuses.*] Nay, they are yours—I have sworn it, and will have nothing. Take them, and use them.

*Stu.* Singly I will not. My cares are for my friend ; for his lost fortune and ruined family. All separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen ; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and my affections, all will have it so.

*Bev.* I am weary of being fooled.

*Stu.* And so am I. Here let us part, then. These bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled ; call them folly, and forget them—farewell.

*Bev.* No ; stay a moment. How my poor heart's distracted ! I have these bodings too ; but whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not. The trial shall determine. And yet, my wife—

*Stu.* Ay, ay, she'll chide.

*Bev.* No ; my chidings are all here.

[*Putting his hand over his heart.*]

*Stu.* I'll not persuade you.

*Bev.* I am persuaded : by reason too ; the strongest reason, necessity. Oh, could I but regain the height I have fallen from, Heaven should forsake me in my latest hour if I again mixed in these scenes, or sacrificed the husband's peace, his joy, and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

*Stu.* I have resolved like you ; and since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success ?

*Bev.* Come on, then. Where shall we meet ?

*Stu.* At Wilson's. Yet if it hurts you, leave me : I have misled you often.

*Bev.* We have misled each other. But come ! Fortune is fickle, and may be tired with plaguing us.— There let us rest our hopes.

*Stu.* Yet think a little——

*Bev.* I cannot—thinking but distracts me.

When desperation leads, all thoughts are vain ;  
Reason would lose what rashness may obtain.

[*Exeunt.*

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*Enter STUKELY and BEVERLEY.*

*Bev.* Whither would you lead me ? [*Angrily.*

*Stu.* Where we may vent our curses.

*Bev.* Ay, on yourself, and those cursed counsels that have destroyed me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me—I had resisted else,

*Stu.* Go on, sir. I have deserved this from you.

*Bev.* And curses everlasting. Time is too scanty for the——  
[*Drawing his sword.*]

*Stu.* What have I done?

*Bev.* What the arch-devil of old did—soothed with false hopes for certain ruin.

*Stu.* Myself unhurt; nay, pleased at your destruction—so your words mean. Why, tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in 't.

*Bev.* A friend! What's he? I had a friend.

*Stu.* And have one still.

*Bev.* Ay, I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crowned me; and love and peace lived in my heart. One spark of folly lurked there; that too he found; and by deceitful breath blew it into flames, that have consumed me. This friend were you to me.

*Stu.* A little more, perhaps. The friend, who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter, I have undone you, and am a villain.

*Bev.* No; I think not. The villains are within.

*Stu.* What villains?

*Bev.* Dawson and the rest. We have been dupes to sharpers.

*Stu.* How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you: yet still as fortune changed I blushed at my own thoughts. But you have proofs perhaps!

*Bev.* Ay, cursed ones. Repeated losses. Night after night, and no reverse. Chance has no hand in this.

*Stu.* I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt. The world speaks

fairly of this Dawson ; so it does of the rest. We have watched them closely too. But 't is a right usurped by losers to think the winners knaves. We'll have more manhood in us.

*Bev.* I know not what to think—this night has stung me to the quick—blasted my reputation too. I have bound my honour to these vipers ; played meanly upon credit, till I tired them ; and now they shun me, to rifle one another. What's to be done ?

*Stu.* Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

*Bev.* By heaven I'll not survive this shame. Traitor ! 't is you have brought it on me. (*Seizing his throat, and forcing him L.*) Show me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here, and next upon myself.

*Stu.* Why do it then, and rid me of ingratitude.

*Bev.* Pr'ythee forgive this language—I speak I know not what. Rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to it. Speak quickly ; tell me if in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains ? Name it, and be my oracle. [*Falling on his knees.*

*Stu.* To vent your curses on. You have bestowed them liberally. Take your own counsel ; and should a desperate hope present itself, 't will suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

*Bev.* What hope ? By heaven, I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

*Stu.* You have an uncle.

*Bev.* [*Rises.*] Ay, what of that ?

*Stu.* Old men live long by temperance, while their heirs starve on expectation.

*Bev.* What mean you ?

*Stu.* That the reversion of his estate is yours, and will bring money to pay debts with. Nay, more, it may retrieve what's past.

*Bev.* Or leave my child a beggar.

*Stu.* And what's his father ? A dishonourable one ; engaged for sums he cannot pay. That should be thought of.

*Bev.* It is my shame. The poison that inflames me. Where shall we go ? To whom ? I'm impatient till all's lost.

*Stu.* All may be yours again. Your man is Bates. He has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

*Bev.* I am resolved. Tell them within we'll meet them presently ; and with full purses too. Come, follow me.

*Stu.* No ; I'll have no hand in this ; nor do I counsel it. Use your discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

*Bev.* Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst,

'T is loss of fear to be completely curst.

[*Exit.*

*Stu.* [*Looking after him.*] Why, lose it then for ever. Fear is the mind's worst evil : and 't is a friendly office to drive it from the bosom. Thus far has fortune crowned me. Yet Beverley is rich ; rich in his wife's best treasure, her honour and affections. I would supplant him there too. But 't is the curse of thinking minds to raise up difficulties. Yet may a tale of art do much. Charlotte is sometimes absent.

The seeds of jealousy are sown already. If I mistake not, they have taken root too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wronged in love, or thinking that she's wronged, becomes a tigress in revenge. I'll instantly to Beverley's. No matter for the danger. When beauty leads us on, 't is indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt.

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SCENE FROM "*MONEY*."

BY LORD LYTTON.

EVELYN. CLARA.

*Evelyn.* Clara!

*Clara.* Cousin

*Eve.* And you too are a dependent!

*Clara.* But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

*Eve.* Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcombry of admiration—more galling than the arrogance of contempt! Look you now—Robe Beauty in silk and cashmere—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap

them from the winds—fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—See Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless! oh! *then* the devotion changes its character—the same crowd gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

*Clara.* My cousin, you are cruel!

*Eve.* Forgive me! There is a something when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter. Mortification for myself—it has ceased to chafe me. I can mock where I once resented. But *you*—YOU, so delicately framed and nurtured—one slight to you—one careless look—one disdainful tone—makes me feel the true curse of the poor man. His pride gives armour to *his own* breast, but it has no shield to protect another.

*Clara.* But I, too, have pride of my own—I, too can smile at the pointless insolence——

*Eve.* Smile—and he took your hand! Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you—young—fair—rich—the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. No—speak not!—my heart has broken its silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread purchased by toils that should have led me to loftier ends: yes, to see you—hear you—breathe the same air—be ever at hand—that if others slighted, from one at least you

might receive the luxury of respect :—for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. Oh ! Clara, we are orphans both—friendless both : you are all in the world to me : turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I LOVE YOU !

*Clara.* No—Evelyn—Alfred—No ! say it not ; think it not ! it were madness.

*Eve.* Madness !—nay, hear me yet. I am poor, penniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True !—But I have a heart of iron ! I have knowledge—patience—health,—and my love for you gives me at last ambition ! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved you. With you to toil for—your step to support—your path to smooth—and I—I, poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune ! Do not withdraw your hand—*this* hand—shall it not be mine ?

*Clara.* Ah, Evelyn ! Never—never !

*Eve.* Never.

*Clara.* Forget this folly ; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both !

*Eve.* [*Bitterly.*] Because I am poor !

*Clara.* And *I* too ! A marriage of privation—of penury—of days that dread the morrow ! I have seen such a lot ! Never return to this again.

*Eve.* Enough—you are obeyed. I deceived myself—ha !—ha !—I fancied that *I* too was loved. I, whose youth is already half gone with care and toil !—whose mind is soured—whom nobody *can* love—who ought to have loved no one !

*Clara.* [*Aside.*] And if it were only *I* to suffer, or

perhaps to starve?—Oh, what shall I say? [*Aloud.*]  
 Evelyn—Cousin?

*Eve.* Madam.

*Clara.* Alfred—I—I—

*Eve.* Reject me!

*Clara.* Yes! It is past! [*Exit*

*Eve.* Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well! courage! it is but a poor heart that a coquet's contempt can break! And now, that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune!

## SCENE FROM "MONEY."

BY LORD LYTTON.

EVELYN. GRAVES.

*Evelyn.* Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

*Graves.* [*Groaning.*] Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

*Eve.* Because I am miserable myself.

*Graves.* You! Pshaw! *you* have not been condemned to lose a wife.

*Eve.* But, plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one!—Sit down, and listen. I want a confidant!—Left fatherless, when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

\* *Graves.* A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

*Eve.* On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah!—a thing to *be* struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horse-whipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole College! A few days, and the lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted! That is the difference between Rich and Poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend—I ceased

to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

*Graves.* And were you loved again?

*Eve.* I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love, and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

*Graves.* Perfectly; what were the contents?

*Eve.* After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust to be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now—not impose a condition, but ask a favour. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice: my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not *rest* on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide: you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

*Graves.* But now she would accept you !

*Eve.* And do you think I am so base a slave to passion, that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection ?

*Graves.* But you must choose one, in common gratitude ; you *ought* to do so—yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house—the world observes it : you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes ; it is time to decide between her whom you love and her whom you do not !

*Eve.* Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life—Oh ! such a marriage would be a hell, the more terrible because Paradise was in sight.

*Graves.* Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous.—[*Aside.*] But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria !—[*Aloud.*] Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you *will* be as wretched as myself !—When you are married, we will mingle our groans together !

*Eve.* You may misjudge Georgina ; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed "*From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn,*" and enclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored

charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

*Graves.* Why not assure yourself?

*Eve.* Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! [*Taking a letter from his bosom, and looking at it.*] No, I can't recognize the hand. Graves, I detest that girl.

*Graves.* Who? Georgina?

*Eve.* No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven taken some revenge upon her. Come nearer.— [*Whispers.*] I've bribed Sharp to say that Mor-daunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

*Graves.* And didn't it? How odd, then, not to have mentioned her in his will!

*Eve.* One of his caprices: besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependent. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it!—owes it to me,—me, whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar!—Ha! ha!—there's some spite in that, eh?

*Graves.* You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address, and dictated this letter after all!

*Eve.* Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant!

*Graves.* Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think—I could——

*Eve.* No, no ; don't think any such thing ; women are even worse than men.

*Graves.* True ; to love is a boy's madness !

*Eve.* To feel is to suffer.

*Graves.* To hope is to be deceived.

*Eve.* I have done with romance !

*Graves.* Mine is buried with Maria !

*Eve.* If Clara did but write this——

*Graves.* Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out  
A vale of tears !—a vale of tears !

*Eve.* A vale of tears, indeed ! [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter GRAVES for his hat.*

*Graves.* And I left my hat behind me ! Just like my luck ! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

## SCENE FROM "RICHELIEU."

BY LORD LYTTON.

RICHELIEU. DE MAUPRAT.

*Richelieu.* Approach, sir.—Can you call to mind  
the hour,

Now three years since, when in this room, methinks,  
Your presence honour'd me ?

*De Mauprat.*

It is, my lord,

One of my most——

*Rich.* [*Drily.*] Delightful recollections.

*De Mau.* [*Aside.*] St. Denis! doth he make a jest  
of axe

And headsman?

*Rich.* [*Sternly.*] I did then accord you

A mercy ill requited—you still live!

*De Mau.* To meet death face to face at last.

*Rich.* Your words

Are bold.

*De Mau.* My deeds have not belied them.

*Rich.* Deeds!

O miserable delusion of man's pride!

Deeds! cities sack'd, fields ravaged, hearths profaned,

Men butcher'd! In your hour of doom behold

The *deeds* you boast of! From rank showers of blood,

And the red light of blazing roofs, you build

The rainbow glory, and to shuddering conscience

Cry,—Lo, the bridge to Heaven!

*De Mau.* If war be sinful,

Your hand the gauntlet cast.

*Rich.* It was so, sir.

Note the distinction :—I weigh'd well the cause

Which made the standard holy; raised the war

But to secure the peace. France bled—I groan'd;

But look'd beyond; and, in the vista, saw

France saved, and I exulted. You—but you

Were but the tool of slaughter—knowing nought,

Foreseeing nought, nought hoping, nought lamenting,

And for nought fit—save cutting throats for hire.

Deeds, marry, deeds!

*De Mau.* If you would deign to speak

Thus to your armies ere they march to battle,

Perchance your Eminence might have the pain  
Of the throat-cutting to yourself.

*Rich.* [*Aside.*] He has wit,  
This Mauprat—[*Aloud.*] Let it pass ; there is against  
you,

(What you can less excuse) Messire de Mauprat,  
Doom'd to sure death, how hast thou since consumed  
The time allotted thee for serious thought  
And solemn penitence ?

*De Mau.* [*Embarrassed.*] The time, my lord ?

*Rich.* Is not the question plain ? I'll answer for  
thee.

Thou hast sought nor priest nor shrine ; no sackcloth  
chafed

Thy delicate flesh. The rosary and the death's-head  
Have not, with pious meditation, purged  
Earth from the carnal gaze. What thou hast *not* done  
Brief told ; what done, a volume ! Wild debauch,  
Turbulent riot ;—for the morn the dice-box—  
Noon claim'd the duel—and the night the wassail ;  
These, your most holy, pure preparatives  
For death and judgment. Do I wrong you, sir ?

*De Mau.* I was not always thus :—if changed my  
nature,

Blame that which changed my fate.—Alas, my lord,  
There is a brotherhood which calm-eyed reason  
Can wot not of betwixt despair and mirth.  
My birth-place mid the vines of sunny Provence,  
Perchance the stream that sparkles in my veins  
Came from that wine of passionate life which, erst,  
Glow'd in the wild heart of the troubadour :  
And danger, which makes steadier courage wary,

But fevers me with an insane delight ;  
 As one of old, who on the mountain crags  
 Caught madness from a Mænad's haunting eyes.  
 Were you, my lord,—whose path imperial power,  
 And the grave cares of reverend wisdom, guard  
 From all that tempts to folly meaner men,—  
 Were you accursed with that which you inflicted—  
 By bed and board, dogg'd by one ghastly spectre—  
 The while within you youth beat high, and life  
 Grew lovelier from the neighbouring frown of death—  
 The heart no bud, nor fruit—save in those seeds  
 Most worthless, which spring up, bloom, bear, and  
 wither

In the same hour—Were this your fate, perchance  
 You would have err'd like me !

*Rich.* I might, like you,  
 Have been a brawler and a reveller ;—not,  
 Like you, a trickster and a thief.—

*De Mau.* [*Advancing threateningly.*] Lord Cardinal !  
 Unsay those words !—

[HUGUET *deliberately raises the carbine.*

*Rich.* [*Waving his hand.*] Not quite so quick, friend  
 Huguet ;

Messire de Mauprat is a patient man,  
 And he can wait !—

You have outrun your fortune ;—  
 I blame you not, that you would be a beggar—  
 Each to his taste !—But I do charge you, sir,  
 That, being beggar'd, you would coin false moneys  
 Out of that crucible, called DEBT.—To live  
 On means not yours—to be brave in silks and laces,  
 Gallant in steeds—splendid in banquets ;—all



Not so ;—my art was JUSTICE ! Force and fraud  
Misname it cruelty—you shall confute them !  
My champion YOU ? You met me as your foe ;  
Depart my friend—You shall not die,—France needs  
you.

You shall wipe off all stains,—be rich, be honour'd,  
Be great.—

[DE MAUPRAT *falls on his knee*—RICHELIEU  
*raises him.*

I ask, sir, in return, this hand,  
To gift it with a bride, whose dower shall match,  
Yet not exceed, her beauty.

*De Mau.*

I, my lord,—[*hesitating*]

I have no wish to marry.

*Rich.*

Surely, sir,

To die were worse.

*De Mau.*

Scarcely ; the poorest coward  
Must die ; but knowingly to march to marriage,  
My lord ; it asks the courage of a lion !

*Rich.* Traitor, thou triflest with me ! I know *all* !  
Thou hast dared to love my ward—my charge.

*De Mau.*

As rivers

May love the sunlight—basking in the beams,  
And hurrying on !

*Rich.*

Thou hast told her of thy love ?

*De Mau.* My lord, if I had dared to love a maid,

Lowliest in France, I would not so have wronged her,  
As bid her link rich life and virgin hope  
With one the deathman's gripe might, from her  
side,

Pluck at the nuptial altar.

*Rich.*

I believe thee ;

Yet, since she knows not of thy love, renounce her ;  
Take life and fortune with another !—Silent ?

*De Mau.* Your fate has been one triumph—you  
know not

How blest a thing it was in my dark hour  
To nurse the one sweet thought you bid me banish.  
Love hath no need of words ; nor less within  
That holiest temple—the Heaven-built soul—  
Breathes the recorded vow. Base knight, false lover  
Were he, who barter'd all that brighten'd grief,  
Or sanctified despair, for life and gold.  
Revoke your mercy ; I prefer the fate  
I look'd for !

*Rich.* Huguet ! to the tapestry chamber  
Conduct your prisoner. [*To MAUPRAT.*]

You will there behold  
The executioner :—your doom be private—  
And Heaven have mercy on you !

*De Mau.* When I am dead,  
Tell her I loved her.

*Rich.* Keep such follies, sir,  
For fitter ears ;—go.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

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## SCENE FROM "THE LADY OF LYONS."

BY LORD LYTTON.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE. PAULINE DESCHAPELLES.

*Pauline.* Sweet Prince, tell me again of thy palace by the Lake of Como ; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendours since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without Pauline ; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness.

*Melnotte.* Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me paint

The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers,  
This hand would lead thee, listen !—A deep vale  
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world ;  
Near a clear lake, margin'd by fruits of gold  
And whispering myrtles ; glassing softest skies,  
As cloudless, save with rare and roscate shadows,  
As I would have thy fate !

*Pau.* My own dear love !

*Mel.* A palace lifting to eternal summer  
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower  
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,  
Whose songs should syllable thy name ! At noon  
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder  
Why earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens  
Still left us youth and love ! We'd have no friends

That were not lovers ; no ambition, save  
 To excel them all in love ; we'd read no books  
 That were not tales of love—that we might smile  
 To think how poorly eloquence of words  
 Translates the poetry of hearts like ours !  
 And when night came, amidst the breathless Heavens  
 We'd guess what star should be our home when love  
 Becomes immortal ; while the perfumed light  
 Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,  
 And every air was heavy with the sighs  
 Of orange-groves and music from sweet lutes,  
 And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth  
 I' the midst of roses !—Dost thou like the picture ?

*Pau.* Oh, as the bee upon the flower, I hang  
 Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue !  
 Am I not blest ? And if I love too wildly,  
 Who would not love thee like Pauline !

*Mel.* [*Bitterly.*] Oh, False One !  
 It is the *prince* thou lovest, not the *man* :  
 If in the stead of luxury, pomp, and power,  
 I had painted poverty, and toil, and care,  
 Thou hadst found no honey on my tongue ;—Pauline,  
 That is not love !

*Pau.* Thou wrongst me, cruel Prince !  
 At first, in truth, I might not have been won,  
 Save through the weakness of a flatter'd pride ;  
 But now,—oh ! trust me,—could'st thou fall from  
 power  
 And sink——

*Mel.* As low as that poor gardener's son  
 Who dared to lift his eyes to thee ?

*Pau.* Even then,

Methinks, thou wouldst be only made more dear  
By the sweet thought that I could prove how deep  
Is woman's love ! We are like the insects, caught  
By the poor glittering of a garish flame :  
But, oh, the wings once scorch'd, the brightest star  
Lures us no more ; and by the fatal light  
We cling till death !

*Mel.*

Angel !

[*Aside.*] O conscience! conscience!

It must not be ;—her love hath grown a torture  
Worse than her hate. I will at once to Beauseant,  
And—ha! he comes. [*Looking off.*—Sweet love, one  
moment leave me.

I have business with these gentlemen—I—I  
Will forthwith join you.

*Par.*

Do not tarry long. [*Exeunt.*

CLAUDE. PAULINE.

*Mel.* Now, lady, hear me.

*Paul.*

Hear thee!

Ay, speak—her son ! have fiends a parent ? speak,  
That thou mayst silence curses !—speak !

*Mel.*

No, curse me !

Thy curse would blast me less than thy forgiveness.

*Pau.* [*Laughing wildly.*] This is thy palace, where  
"the perfumed light

Steals through the mist of alabaster lamps,  
And every air is heavy with the sighs  
Of orange-groves, and music from sweet lutes,  
And murmurs of low fountains, that gush forth

I' the midst of roses!" Dost thou like the picture?  
 This is my bridal home, and thou my bridegroom!  
 O fool—O dupe—O wretch! I see it all—  
 The bye-word and the jeer of every tongue  
 In Lyons. Hast thou in thy heart one touch  
 Of human kindness? If thou hast, why, kill me,  
 And save thy wife from madness. No, it cannot—  
 It cannot be: this is some horrid dream:  
 I shall wake soon [*touching him*]. Art flesh? art  
     man? or but  
 The shadows seen in sleep? It is too real.  
 What have I done to thee?—how sinned against  
     thee,  
 That thou shouldst crush me thus?

*Mel.*

Pauline, by pride

Angels have fallen ere thy time: by pride—  
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mould—  
 The evil spirit of a bitter love,  
 And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.  
 From my first years my soul was filled with thee:  
 I saw thee midst the flow'rs the lowly boy  
 Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,  
 And joy, and freshness, as if spring itself  
 Were made a living thing, and wore thy shape!  
 I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man  
 Entered the breast of the wild, dreaming boy,  
 And from that hour I grew—what to the last  
 I shall be—thine adorer! Well, this love,  
 Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became  
 A fountain of ambition and bright hope;  
 I thought of tales, that by the winter hearth  
 Old gossips tell—how maidens sprung from kings

Have stooped from their high sphere ; how Love, like  
Death,

Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook  
Beside the sceptre. Thus I made my home  
In the soft palace of a fairy Future !  
My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,  
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise  
Out of the prison of my mean estate ;  
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind  
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, buy my ransom  
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—  
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,  
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,  
And lured me on to those inspiring toils  
By which man masters men ! For thee I grew  
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages !  
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,  
And every Muse, such attributes as lend  
Ideal charms to Love. I thought of thee,  
And Passion taught me poesy—of thee,  
And on the painter's canvas grew the life  
Of beauty ! Art became the shadow  
Of the dear starlight of thy haunting eyes !  
Men called me vain—some mad—I heeded not ;  
But still toil'd on—hoped on—for it was sweet,  
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee !

*Pau.* Has he a magic to exorcise hate ?

*Mel.* At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour  
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,  
And sent them to thee—such a tribute, lady,  
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.  
The name—appended by the burning heart

That long'd to show its idol what bright things  
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name,  
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn!  
That very hour—when passion, turned to wrath,  
Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain  
Made my whole soul a chaos—in that hour  
The Tempters found me a revengeful tool  
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the  
worm—

It turn'd and stung thee!

*Pau.*

Love, sir, hath no sting.

What was the slight of a poor, powerless girl  
To the deep wrong of this most vile revenge?  
Oh, how I loved this man!—A serf!—a slave!

*Mel.* Hold, lady!—No, not slave! Despair is free!  
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—  
The anguish—the remorse: No—let it pass!  
And let me come to such most poor atonement  
Yet in my power. Pauline!

*[Approaching her with great emotion, and  
about to take her hand.]*

*Pau.*

No, touch me not!

I know my fate. You are, by law, my tyrant;  
And I—Oh Heaven!—a peasant's wife! I'll work—  
Toil—drudge—do what thou wilt—but touch me not;  
Let my wrongs make me sacred!

*Mel.*

Do not fear me.

Thou dost not know me, madam: at the altar  
My vengeance ceased, my guilty oath expir'd!  
Henceforth no image of some marble saint,  
Niched in cathedral aisles, is hallow'd more

From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.  
I am thy husband—nay, thou needst not shudder ;  
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.  
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfill'd—  
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,  
Made void and null. To-night sleep—sleep in peace.  
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn  
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the shrine,  
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.  
The law shall do thee justice, and restore  
Thy right to bless another with thy love.  
And when thou art happy and hast half forgot  
Him who so loved—so wrong'd thee, think at least,  
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still  
In that poor peasant's nature !

Ho ! my mother !

*[Speaking off.]*

Conduct this lady (she is not my wife ;  
She is our guest, our honoured guest, my mother !)  
To the poor chamber, where the sleep of virtue  
Never, beneath my father's honest roof,  
E'en villains dared to mar ! Nay, lady, now  
I think thou wilt believe me.

*[PAULINE walks slowly away, then turns to  
look back, and exits.]*

*Mel.* All angels bless and guard her. *[Exeunt.]*

*(By permission of the Author.)*

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## SCENES FROM "THE HONEYMOON."

BY JOHN TOBIN.

*The DUKE ARANZA. JACQUEZ, the Mock Duke. PEDRO.  
JULIANA.*

*Duke.* [*Brings a chair forward and sits down.*] You are welcome home.

*Juliana.* [*Crosses.*] Home! You are merry; this retired spot

Would be a place for an owl!

*Duke.* 'T is ours.—

*Ful.* Ay, for the time we stay in it.

*Duke.* By Heaven,

This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!

*Ful.* This!—You are not in earnest, though you bear it

With such a sober brow.—Come, come, you jest.

*Duke.* Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,

We should have none, wife.

*Ful.* Are you serious, sir?

*Duke.* I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

*Ful.* No duke?

*Duke.* But of my own creation, lady.

*Ful.* Am I betray'd—Nay, do not play the fool!

It is too keen a joke.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Ful.* You are no duke, then?

*Duke.* None.

*Ful.* Have I been cozen'd ?  
And have you no estate, sir ?  
No palaces, no houses ?

*Duke.* None but this :—

A small, snug dwelling, and in good repair.

*Ful.* No money, nor effects ?

*Duke.* None that I know of.

*Ful.* And the attendants who have waited on us—

*Duke.* They were my friends ; who, having done  
my business,

Are gone about their own.

*Ful.* Why, then, 't is clear.—  
That I was ever born !—What are you, sir ?

*Duke.* [*Rises.*] I am an honest man ; that may content you !

Young, nor ill-favour'd. Should not that content you ?  
I am your husband, and that must content you.

*Ful.* I will go home !

*Duke.* You are at home already.

*Ful.* I'll not endure it ! But remember this—

*Duke.* or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir !

*Duke.* A duchess ! You shall be a queen,—to all  
Who, by the courtesy, will call you so.

*Ful.* And I will have attendance !

*Duke.* So you shall,

When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.

*Ful.* To wait upon myself ! Must I bear this ?  
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,  
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes !

*Duke.* And if you should, 't would grow again.

I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife  
(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me)  
You were cut out by nature.

*Ful.* You will find then,  
That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.—  
Why! do you think I'll work?

*Duke.* I think 't will happen, wife.

*Ful.* What! Rub and scrub  
Your noble palace clean?

*Duke.* Those taper fingers  
Will do it daintily.

*Ful.* And dress your victuals  
(If there be any)?—Oh! I could go mad! [*Crosses.*

*Duke.* And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps  
neatly;

Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

*Ful.* Or like a clock, talk only once an hour?

*Duke.* Or like a dial; for that quietly  
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

*Ful.* To feed your poultry and your hogs! Oh,  
monstrous!

And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,  
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;  
Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,  
To sell your eggs and batter!

[*Crosses.*

*Duke.* Excellent!

How well you sum the duties of a wife!  
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!

*Ful.* A blessing!

*Duke.* When they talk of you and me,  
Darby and Joan shall be no more remember'd;—  
We shall be happy!

*Ful.* Shall we ?

*Duke.* Wondrous happy !

Oh, you will make an admirable wife !

*Ful.* I'll make a devil.

*Duke.* What ?

*Ful.* A very devil.

*Duke.* Oh, no. We'll have no devils.

*Ful.* I'll not bear it !

I'll to my father's !—

*Duke.* Gently ; you forget

You are a perfect stranger to the road.

*Ful.* My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

*Duke.* Softly !

You stir not hence, except to take the air ;

And then I'll breathe it with you.

*Ful.* What, confine me ?

*Duke.* 'T would be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

*Ful.* Am I a truant school-boy ?

*Duke.* Nay, not so ;

But you must keep your bounds.

*Ful.* And if I break them,

Perhaps you'll beat me—

*Duke.* Beat you !

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,

Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch

Whom 't were gross flattery to name a coward.

I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.

*Ful.* Well, if I may not travel to my father,  
I may write to him, surely !—And I will—

If I can meet within your spacious dukedom

Three such unhopèd-for miracles at once,

As pens, and ink, and paper.

*Duke.* You will find them  
In the next room. A word, before you go.—  
You are my wife, by every tie that's sacred ;  
The partner of my fortune and my bed.

*Ful.* Your fortune !

*Duke.* Peace !—No fooling, idle woman !  
Beneath th' attesting eye of Heaven I've sworn  
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.  
No human power can part us. What remains then ?  
To fret, and worry, and torment each other,  
And give a keener edge to our hard fate  
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars ?—  
Or, like a loving and a patient pair  
(Waked from a dream of grandeur, to depend  
Upon their daily labour for support),  
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness  
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment ?—  
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please,  
But pause before you stain the spotless paper  
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal !

*Ful.* Why, what a patient worm you take me for !

*Duke.* I took you for a wife ; and, ere I've done,  
I'll know you for a good one.

*Ful.* You shall know me  
For a right woman, full of her own sex ;  
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her anger ;  
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,  
By the proud reason of superior man,  
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart  
Cries out revenge !

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Why, let the flood rage on !  
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion

But hath an ebb,—I've broken the ice, however.—  
Write to her father!—She may write a folio—  
But if she send it!—'T will divert her spleen,—  
The flow of ink may save her blood-letting.  
Perchance she may have fits!—They are seldom  
mortal,

Save when the doctor's sent for.—  
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,  
A woman's honour is her safest guard,  
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key.

*[Goes off to lock door—returns.]*

So, thus begins our honeymoon.—'T is well!  
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,  
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,  
Like April, she may wear a changeful face  
Of storm and sunshine :—and when that is past,  
She will break glorious as unclouded May ;  
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading  
blossoms

Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.—  
Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy,  
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,  
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,  
That after, to the very lees shall relish ;  
And to the close of this frail line prolong  
The pure delights of a well-governed marriage.

*[Exit.]*

---

*Enter the DUKE.*

*Duke.* She hath composed a letter ; and, what's  
worse,  
Contrived to send it by a village boy

That passed the window.—Yet she now appears  
Profoundly penitent. It cannot be ;  
'T is a conversion too miraculous.  
Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit ;  
Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—  
Not by the gradual and kindly thaw  
Of the resolving elements—give it air,  
Will straight congeal again.—She comes—I'll try her.

*Enter JULIANA.*

Why, what's the matter, now ?

*Ful.* That foolish letter !

*Duke.* What ! you repent of having written it ?

*Ful.* I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers  
For being partners in the act.

*Duke.* No matter ;

You may indite one in a milder spirit,  
That shall pluck out its sting.

*Ful.* I can—

*Duke.* You must.

*Ful.* I can—

*Duke.* You shall.

*Ful.* I will, if 't is your pleasure.

*Duke.* Well replied !

I now see plainly you have found your wits,  
And are a sober, metamorphosed woman.

*Ful.* I am, indeed.

*Duke.* I know it ; I can read you.

There is a true contrition in your looks :—  
Yours is no penitence in masquerade—  
You are not playing on me ?

*Ful.* Playing, sir.

*Duke.* You have found out the vanity of those things

For which you lately sighed so deep ?

*Ful.* I have, sir.

*Duke.* A dukedom !—Pshaw !—It is an idle thing.

*Ful.* I have begun to think so.

*Duke.* That's a lie ! *[Aside.*

Is not this tranquil and retired spot  
More rich in real pleasures than a palace ?

*Ful.* I like it infinitely.

*Duke.* That's another ! *[Aside.*

The mansion's small, 't is true, but very snug.

*Ful.* Exceeding snug !

*Duke.* The furniture not splendid,  
But then all useful.

*Ful.* All exceeding useful ;

There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes. *[Aside.*

*Duke.* And, though we're seldom plagued by visitors,

We have the best of company—ourselves.  
Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,  
Need we loll in a carriage, to provoke  
A lazy circulation of the blood,

*[Takes her arm and walks about.*

When walking is a nobler exercise.

*Ful.* More wholesome, too.

*Duke.* And far less dangerous.

*Ful.* That's certain !

*Duke.* Then for servants, all agree,  
They are the greatest plagues on earth.

*Ful.* No doubt on't !

*Duke.* Who, then, that has a taste for happiness,  
Would live in a large mansion, only fit  
To be a habitation for the winds ;  
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders ;  
See everybody, care for nobody ;  
When they could live as we do ?

*Ful.* Who, indeed !

*Duke.* Here we want nothing,

*Ful.* Nothing !—Yes, one thing.

*Duke.* Indeed ! What's that ?

*Ful.* You will be angry !

*Duke.* Nay—

Not if it be a reasonable thing.

*Ful.* What wants the bird who, from his wiry prison,  
Sings to the passing travellers of air  
A wistful note,—that she were with them, sir ?

*Duke.* Umph ! What, your liberty ? I see it now.

[*Aside.*

*Ful.* 'T were a pity in such a paradise  
I should be caged !

*Duke.* Why, whither would you, wife ?

*Ful.* Only to taste the freshness of the air,  
That breathes a wholesome spirit from without ;  
And weave a chaplet for you, of those flowers  
That throw their perfume through my window bars.  
And then I will return, sir.

*Duke.* You are free ;—

[*JULIANA crosses ; DUKE takes her hand.*

But use your freedom wisely.

*Ful.* Doubt me not, sir !—

I'll use it quickly, too.

[*Aside.*

*Duke.* But I do doubt you.—

There is a lurking devil in her eye,  
That plays at bo-peep there, in spite of her—  
Her anger is but smother'd, not burnt out—  
And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.  
You have your liberty ;  
But I shall watch you closely, lady,  
And see that you abuse it not.

[*Exit.*

---

*Enter PEDRO, reading.*

“For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that Jacquez should, in all things, at present, act as my representative ; you will, therefore, command my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from . . . . . “ARANZA.”

Well, we must await the upshot. [*Laughing without.*  
By their merriment, this should be he.

[*Exit PEDRO.*

*Enter JACQUEZ, dressed as the DUKE, followed by ATTENDANTS, who in vain endeavour to restrain their laughter.*

*Jac.* Why, you ragamuffins ! What d'ye titter at ? Am I the first great man that has been made off hand by a tailor ? Show your grinders again, and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armour, and my sword has a trick of getting between my legs, like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility.—And now, villains ! Don't let me see you tip the wink to each other, as I do the honours of my table. If I tell one

of my best stories don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to show that you have heard it before:—take care that you don't call me by my Christian name, and then pretend it was by accident; that shall be transportation, at least:—and when I drink a health to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are in the number.

*Enter PEDRO.*

Well, sir?

*Ped.* There is a lady without presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

*Jac.* A lady?

*Ped.* Yes, your highness.

*Jac.* Is she young?

*Ped.* Very, your grace!

*Jac.* Handsome?

*Ped.* Beautiful, your highness!

*Jac.* Send her in. [*Exit PEDRO.*—You may retire. [*The Attendants retire up the stage a little.* I'll finish my instructions bye-and-bye.—Young and handsome!—I'll attend to her business *in propria persona*. Your old and ugly ones I shall despatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then soothe her with my condescension. I must appear important; big as a country pedagogue, when he enters the schoolroom with—a hem! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple-woman.—Bring my chair of state!—Hush!

[*The Attendants place the state chair.*

*Enter PEDRO and JULIANA. PEDRO goes to the Attendants.*

*Ful.* I come, great duke, for justice!

*Jac.* You shall have it.

Of what do you complain?

*Ful.* My husband, sir!

*Jac.* I'll hang him instantly!—What's his offence?

*Ful.* He has deceived me.

*Jac.* A very common case;—few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

*Ful.* He has abused your grace—

*Jac.* Indeed! If he has done that, he swings most softly. But how, lady, how?

*Ful.* Shortly thus, sir:

Being no better than a low-born peasant

He has assumed your character and person--

*Enter the DUKE.*

Oh! you are here?—This is he, my lord.

*[Crosses behind chair.]*

*Jac.* Indeed! *[Aside.]* Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an alehouse, that you enter with such a swagger?—Know you where you are, sir?

*Duke.* The rogue reproves me well! I had forgot.

*[Aside]*

Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon,  
For this unusher'd visit; but the fear  
Of what this wayward woman might allege  
Beyond the truth—

*Ful.* I have spoken nought but truth—

*Duke.* Has made me thus unmannerly.

*Fac.* 'T is well ! You might have used more ceremony.

Proceed.

[*To JULIANA.*

*Ful.* This man, my lord, as I was saying,  
Passing himself upon my inexperience  
For the right owner of this sumptuous palace,  
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife :  
And cheated, by this shameful perfidy,  
Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

*Fac.* Why, this is swindling ; obtaining another man's goods under false pretences,—that is, if a woman be a good ; that will make a very intricate point for the judges. Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence ?

*Duke.* I do confess I put this trick upon her ;  
And for my transient usurpation  
Of your most noble person, with contrition  
I bow me to the rigour of the law.  
But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

*Ful.* How, not complain ? To be thus vilely cozen'd,  
And not complain !

*Fac.* Peace, woman ! Though Justice be blind,  
she is not deaf.

*Duke.* He does it to the life !— [Aside.  
Had not her most exceeding pride been doting,  
She might have seen the difference at a glance  
Between your grace and such a man as I am.

*Fac.* She might have seen that certainly.—Proceed.

*Duke.* Nor did I fall so much beneath her sphere,  
Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it,  
Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

*Fac.* Yet you deceived her ?

*Ful.* Let him answer that.

*Duke.* I did : most men in something cheat their wives ;

Wives gull their husbands ; 't is the course of wooing.  
Now, bating that my title and my fortune  
Were evanescent, in all other things  
I acted like a plain and honest suitor.  
I told her she was fair, but very proud ;  
That she had taste in music, but no voice ;  
That she danced well, yet still might borrow grace  
From such or such a lady. To be brief,  
I praised her for no quality she had not,  
Nor over-prized the talents she possess'd :—  
Now, save in what I have before confess'd,  
I challenge her worst spite to answer me,  
Whether, in all attentions which a woman—  
A gentle and a reasonable woman—  
Looks for I have not to the height fulfill'd,  
If not outgone, her expectations ?

*Fac.* Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you were married—

*Duke.* I dare her to the proof on't.

*Fac.* Is it so, woman ?

[*To JULIANA.*

*Ful.* I don't complain of what has happen'd since ;  
The man has made a tolerable husband ;  
But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me,  
I claim to be divorced.

*Fac.* It cannot be !

*Ful.* Cannot ! my lord ?

*Fac.* No. You must live with him.

*Ful.* Never !

*Duke.* Or, if your grace will give me leave—

We have been wedded yet a few short days—  
Let us wear out a month as man and wife ;  
If at the end on't, with uplifted hands,  
Morning and evening, and sometimes at noon,  
And bended knees, she doesn't plead more warmly  
Than e'er she prayed 'gainst stale virginity,  
To keep me for her husband—

*Ful.* If I do !—

*Duke.* Then let her will be done, that seeks to part  
us !

*Ful.* I do implore your grace to let it stand  
Upon that footing !

*Fac.* Humph—well, it shall be so. With this proviso—that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in the meantime. [*Rises.*

[*The Attendants remove the chair back and exeunt.*

*Duke.* We thank your providence. Come, Juliana.

*Ful.* Well, there's my hand ; a month's soon past,  
and then—

I am your humble servant, sir.

*Duke.* For ever.

*Ful.* Nay, I'll be hanged first.

*Duke.* That may do as well.

Come, you'll think better on't !

*Ful.* By all—

*Duke.* No swearing.

*Fac.* No, no—no swearing.

*Duke.* We humbly take our leaves.

[*Exeunt DUKE and JULIANA.*

*Fac.* I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves,  
and the steadiness of my countenance, that I was  
certainly intended for a great man : for what more

does it require to be a great man than boldly to put on the appearance of it? How many sage politicians are there who can scarce comprehend the mystery of a mouse-trap ; valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bulrush, unless the wind were in their favour ; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wig-blocks ; and skilful physicians, whose knowledge extends no farther than writing death-warrants in Latin ; and are shining examples that a man will never want gold in his pocket who carries plenty of brass in his face. It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month ; but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out, as a well-bred dog always walks downstairs when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street.

[*Exit.*

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## SCENES FROM "THE HEIR AT LAW."

BY GEORGE COLMAN.

LORD DUBERLY. DOCTOR PANGLOSS. LADY DUBERLY.

*LORD and LADY DUBERLY at breakfast.*

*Duberly.* But what does it matter, my lady, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or a sarcer?

*Lady Duberly.* A great deal in the polite circles, my lord. We have been raised by a strange freak of fortune from nothing, as a body may say, and——

*Dub.* Nothing! As reputable a trade as any in all Gosport! You hold a merchant as cheap as if he trotted about with all his property in a pack, like a pedlar.

*Lady D.* A merchant, indeed! Curious merchandize you dealt in, truly!

*Dub.* A large assortment of articles—coals, cloth, herrings, linen, candles, eggs, sugar, treacle, tea, bacon, and brickdust; with many more, too tedious to mention in this here advertisement.

*Lady D.* Well, praise the bridge that carried you safe over; but you must now drop the tradesman, and learn life. Consider, by the strangest accident you have been raised to neither more nor less than a peer of the realm.

*Dub.* Oh, 't was the strangest accident, my lady, that ever happened on the face of the universal yearth!

*Lady D.* True, 't was indeed a windfall; and you must now walk, talk, eat, and drink as becomes your station. 'T is befitting a nobleman should behave as sich, and know summut of breeding.

*Dub.* Well, but I han't been a nobleman more nor a week, and my throat isn't noble enough yet to be proof against scalding. Hand over the milk, my lady.

*Lady D.* Hand over! Ah! what's bred in the bone will never come out of the flesh, my lord.

*Dub.* Pshaw! here's a fuss, indeed! When I was plain Daniel Dowlas, of Gosport, I was reckoned as 'cute a dab at discourse as any in our town; nobody found fault with me then.

*Lady D.* But why so loud? I declare the servants will hear!

*Dub.* Hear! And what will they hear but what they know? Our story a secret! Lord help you! tell 'em Queen Anne's dead, my lady! Don't everybody know that old Lord Duberly was supposed to die without any hair to his estate—as the doctors say, of an implication of disorders, and that his son, Henry Morland, was lost some time ago in the salt sea?

*Lady D.* Well, there's no occasion to——

*Dub.* Don't everybody know that Lawyer Ferret, of Furnival's Inn, owed the legatees a grudge, and popped a bit of an advertisement into the news? "Whereas, the hair at law, if there be any reviving,

of the late Baron Duberly, will apply—so and so—he'll hear of summut greatly to his advantage."

*Lady D.* But why bawl it to the——

*Dub.* Didn't he hunt me out, to prove my title, and lug me from the counter, to clap me into a coach? A house here in Hanover Square, and an estate in the country, worth fifteen thousand per annum! Why, bless you, my lady, every little black devil, with a soot-bag, cries it about in the streets, as often as he says sweep!

*Lady D.* 'T is a pity but my lord had left you some manners with his money.

*Dub.* He! what, my cousin twenty thousand times removed? He must have left them by word of mouth. Never spoke to him but once in all my born life—upon an electioneering matter: that's a time when most of your proud folks make no bones of tippling with a tallow-chandler, in his back room, on a melting-day! But he—except calling me cousin, and buying a lot of damaged huckaback, to cut into kitchen towels—he was as cold and stiff as he is now, though he has been dead and buried these nine months, rot him!

*Lady D.* There again, now—rot him!

*Dub.* Why, blood and thunder! what is a man to say, when he wants to consecrate his old stiff-necked relations?

*Lady D.* Why, an oath now and then may slip in, to garnish genteel conversation; but then it should be done with an air to one's equals, and with a kind of careless condescension to menials. And now, my lord, I must leave you for the concerns of the day:

we elegant people are as full of business as an egg's full of meat.

*Dub.* Yes, we elegant people find the trade of the tone, as they call it, plaguy fatiguing. What, are you for the wis-a-wis this morning? Much good may it do you, my lady! It makes me sit stuck up and squeezed, like a bear in a bathing-tub!

*Lady D.* I have a hundred places to call at; folks are so civil since we came to take possession! There's dear Lady Littlefigure, Lord Sponge, Mrs. Holdbank, Lady Betty Pillory, the Honourable Mrs. Cheatwell, and——

*Dub.* Aye, aye; you may always find plenty in this here town to be civil to fifteen thousand a-year, my lady.

*Lady D.* Well, there's no learning you life;—I'm sure they are as kind and friendly——The supper Lady Betty gave to us and a hundred friends, must have cost her fifty good pounds, if it cost her a brass farden; and she does the same thing, I'm told, three times a-week. If she isn't monstrous rich, I wonder, for my part, how she can afford it.

*Dub.* Why, ecod, my lady, that would have puzzled me, too, if they hadn't hooked me into a cursed game of cocking and punting, I think they call it; where I lost as much in half-an-hour as would keep her and her company in fricassees and whip-syllabubs for a fortnight! But I may be even with her some o' these a'ternoons; only let me catch her at Put, that's all.

*Lady D.* I bid you a good morning, my lord; as Lady Betty says, I wish you a bon repos! [*Exit.*]

*Dub.* A bone repos! I don't know how it is, but

the women are more 'cuter at these here matters nor the men. My wife, as everybody may see, is as genteel already as if she had been born a duchess. This Doctor Pangloss will do me a deal of good in the way of fashioning my discourse. So—here he is.

*Enter DOCTOR PANGLOSS.*

Doctor, good morning—I wish you a bone repos! Take a chair, doctor.

*Pan.* Pardon me, my lord; I am not inclined to be sedentary. I wish, with permission, "*Erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*" Ovid.—Hem!

*Dub.* Tollory vultures! I suppose that means you had rather stand?

*Pan.* Fie! This is a locomotive morning with me; just hurried, my lord, from the Society of Arts, whence, I may say, "I have borne my blushing honours thick upon me." Shakspeare.—Hem!

*Dub.* And what has put your honour to the blush this morning, doctor?

*Pan.* To the blush! A ludicrous perversion of the author's meaning. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he!—Hem! you shall hear, my lord—"Lend me your ears." Shakspeare again.—Hem! 'Tis not unknown to your lordship, and the no less literary world, that the Caledonian University of Aberdeen long since conferred upon me the dignity of LL.D.; and, as I never beheld that erudite body, I may safely say they dubbed me with a degree from sheer consideration of my celebrity.

*Dub.* True.

*Pan.* For nothing, my lord, but my own innate modesty, could suppose the Scotch college to be

swayed by one pound fifteen shillings and threepence three-farthings, paid on receiving my diploma, as a handsome compliment to the numerous and learned heads of that seminary.

*Dub.* Oh ! hang it, no ; it wasn't for the matter of money.

*Pan.* I do not think it was altogether the "auri sacra fames." Virgil.—Hem ! But this very day, my lord, at eleven o'clock A.M., the Society of Arts, in consequence, as they were pleased to say, of my merits—[*Laughing.*—]He ! he ! he ! My merits, my lord—have admitted me an unworthy member ; and I have henceforth the privilege of adding to my name the honourable title of A double S.

*Dub.* And I make no doubt, doctor, but you have richly deserved it. I warrant a man doesn't get A double S tacked to his name for nothing.

*Pan.* Decidedly not, my lord. Yes, I am now Artium Societatis Socius. My two last publications did that business. "Exegi monumentum ære perennius." Horace.—Hem !

*Dub.* And what might them there two books be about, doctor ?

*Pan.* The first, my lord, was a plan to lull the restless to sleep, by an infusion of opium into their ears. The efficacy of this method originally struck me in St. Stephen's Chapel, while listening to the oratory of a worthy country gentleman.

*Dub.* I wonder it warn't hit upon before by the doctors.

*Dub.* Physicians, my lord, put their patients to sleep in another manner. [*Laughing.*] He ! he ! he !

"To die—to sleep ; no more." Shakspeare.—Hem ! My second treatise was a proposal for erecting dove-houses, on a principle tending to increase the propagation of pigeons. This, I may affirm has received considerable countenance from many who move in the circles of fashion. "*Nec gemere cessabit turtur.*" Virgil.—Hem ! I am about to publish a third edition by subscription : may I have the honour to pop your lordship down among the pigeons ?

*Dub.* Aye, aye ; down with me, doctor.

*Pan.* My lord, I am grateful. I ever insert names and titles at full length. [*Taking out his pocket-book.*] What may be your lordship's sponsorial and patronymic appellations ?

*Dub.* My what ?

*Pan.* I mean, my lord, the designation given to you by your lordship's godfathers and parents.

*Dub.* Oh ! what, my Christian and surname ? I was baptized Daniel :

*Pan.* "*Abolens baptismate labem.*" I forget where—no matter. Hem ! [*Writing.*] The Right Honourable Daniel——

*Dub.* Dowlas.

*Pan.* Dowlas ! — "*Filthy Dow——.*" Hem ! — Shakspeare. [*Writing.*] The Right Honourable Daniel Dowlas, Baron Duberly. And now, my lord, to your lesson for the day. [*They sit.*]

*Dub.* Now for it, doctor.

*Pan.* The process which we are now upon is to eradicate that blemish in your lordship's language, which the learned denominate cacology, and which the vulgar call slip-slop.

*Dub.* I'm afraid, doctor, my cakelology will give you a tolerable tight job on't.

*Pan.* "Nil desperandum." Horace.—Hem! We'll begin in the old way, my lord. Talk on: when you stumble, I check. Where was your lordship yesterday evening?

*Dub.* At a consort.

*Pan.* Umph! Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I presume?

*Dub.* Tête-à-tête with five hundred people, hearing of music.

*Pan.* Oh, I conceive! your lordship would say a concert. Mark the distinction: a concert, my lord, is an entertainment visited by fashionable lovers of harmony. Now, a consort is a wife; little conducive to harmony in the present day, and seldom visited by a man of fashion, unless she happens to be his friend's or his neighbour's.

*Dub.* A devil of a difference, indeed! Between you and I, doctor (now my lady's out of hearing), a wife is the devil!

*Pan.* [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! There are plenty of Jobs in the world, my lord.

*Dub.* And a precious sight of Jezebels, too, doctor. But patience, as you say; for I never gives my lady no bad language. Whenever she gets in her tantrums, and talks high, I always sits mum-chance.

*Pan.* "So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard." Milton.—Hem! Silence is most secure, my lord, in these cases; for if once your lordship opened your mouth, 't is twenty to one but bad language would follow.

*Dub.* Oh, that's a sure thing; and I never like to disperse the women.

*Pan.* As-perse.

*Dub.* Umph! there's another stumble! Arter all, doctor, I shall make but a poor progress in my vermicular tongue.

*Pan.* Your knowledge of our native, or vernacular language, my lord, time and industry may meliorate. Vermicular is an epithet seldom applied to tongues, but in the case of puppies who want to be wormed.

*Dub.* Ecod! then I an't so much out, doctor! I've met plenty of puppies since I came to town, whose tongues are so troublesome, that worming might chance to be of service. But, doctor, I've a bit of a proposal to make to you concerning of my own family.

*Pan.* Disclose, my lord.

*Dub.* Why, you must know, I expect my son Dicky in town this here very morning. Now, doctor, if you would mend his cakelology, mayhap it might be better worth while than the mending of mine.

*Pan.* [*Aside.*] I smell a pupil! [*Aloud.*] Whence, my lord, does the young gentleman come?

*Dub.* You shall hear all about it. You know, doctor, though I'm of a good family distraction——

*Pan.* Ex.

*Dub.* Though I'm of a good family extraction, 't was but t' other day I kept a shop at Gosport.

*Pan.* The rumour has reached me. "*Fama volat, viresque*"——

*Dub.* Don't put me out.

*Pan.* Virgil,—Hem! Proceed.

*Dub.* A tradesman, you know, must mind the main

chance ; so when Dick began to grow as big as a porpus, I got an old friend of mine, who lives in Derbyshire, close to the Devil's— Umph ! close to the Peak, to take Dick 'prentice at half-price. He's just now out of his time, and, I warrant him, as wild and rough as a rock. Now, if you, doctor—if you would but take him in hand, and soften him a bit—

*Pan.* Pray, my lord—"To soften rocks." Congreve. —Hem ! Pray, my lord, what profession may the Honourable Mr. Dowlas have followed ?

*Dub.* Who—Dick ? He has served his clerkship to an attorney at Castleton.

*Pan.* An attorney ! Gentlemen of his profession, my lord, are very difficult to soften.

*Dub.* Yes ; but the pay may make it worth while. I'm told that my Lord Spindle gives his eldest son, Master Drumstick's tutorer, three hundred a year ; and, besides learning his pupil, he has to read my lord to sleep of an afternoon, and walk out with the lap-dogs and children. Now, if three hundred a year, doctor, will do the business for Dick, I shan't begrudge it you.

*Pan.* Three hundred a year ! Say no more, my lord ! LL.D., A double S, and three hundred a year ! I accept the office. "Verbum sat." Horace. —Hem ! I'll run to my lodgings—settle with Mrs. Sudds—put my wardrobe into a—No, I've got it all on—and—— [Going.

*Dub.* Hold ! hold ! not so hasty, doctor ; I must first send you for Dick to the Blue Boar.

*Pan.* The Honourable Mr. Dowlas, my pupil, at the Blue Boar !

*Dub.* Ay, in Holborn. As I an't fond of telling people good news beforehand, for fear they may be balked, Dick knows nothing of my being made a lord.

*Pan.* Three hundred a year!

"I've often wish'd that I had clear,  
For life, six—" (No—three!) "three hundred—"

*Dub.* I wrote him just afore I left Gosport to tell him to meet me in London with—

*Pan.* "Three hundred pounds a-year." Swift.—  
Hem!

*Dub.* With all speed upon business; d'ye mind me?

*Pan.* Doctor Pangloss with an income of—No lapdogs, my lord?

*Dub.* Nay, but listen, doctor: and as I didn't know where old Ferret was to make me live in London, I told Dick to be at the Blue Boar this morning by the stage-coach. Why, you don't hear what I'm talking about, doctor.

*Pan.* Oh, perfectly, my lord. [*Aside.*] Three hundred—Blue Boars—in a stage-coach!

*Dub.* Well, step into my room, doctor, and I'll give you a letter which you shall carry to the inn, and bring Dick away with you. I warrant the boy will be ready to jump out of his skin.

*Pan.* Skin! jump!—Zounds! I'm ready to jump out of mine! I follow your lordship. Oh, Doctor Pangloss! where is your philosophy now? I attend you, my lord. "Æquam memento—" Horace! "Servare mentem—" Hem! Bless me, I'm all in a fluster! LL.D., A double S, and three hundred—I attend your lordship!

SCENES FROM "THE PATRICIAN'S  
DAUGHTER."

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

MORDAUNT. THE EARL OF LYNTERNE. A SERVANT. LADY  
LYDIA. LADY MABEL.

*Enter MORDAUNT.*

*Mor.* How beautiful are all things when we love !  
She I love is human ; and through nature's wide extent  
All that is human, for her sake, I love.  
Our planet earth is her abode ; for her sake I love earth,  
And for earth's sake, love all that earth contains.  
O, it is great, and wise, and good to love !  
What joy it is to love ! And loves she me ?  
She listens to my words, and seldom speaks.  
First it was otherwise ; her repartee,  
Quick wit, and lively sallies flashed all day ;  
Her answers now are few and brief, as though  
The task of ordering her thoughts for speech  
Woke her from blissful dreams ; my soul itself  
Seemed suffused in her presence ; bathed in light,  
As plants beneath the solemn, tender moon,  
Which gilds their life with beauty, as she mine,  
And joys in heaven to see their silvered leaves,  
Unknowing 't is her smile that makes their brightness,  
Which fades from earth whene'er she wanes in heaven.

*Enter* LADY LYDIA.

A cloud comes over mine. Lo! Lady Lydia!  
I trust you find the evening breeze refresh you.

*Lyd.* A debtor to your wishes, sir! I thank you.

[*Crosses.*

[*Aside*] I'll not delay, for opportunity,  
Once slighted, oft escapes. When do you leave us?

*Mor.* Shortly. Perhaps within a week or two,  
Provided for that time my sojourn prove  
No inconvenience here.

*Lyd.* I fear it will.

*Mor.* Had I thought so, you had not seen me now.

*Lyd.* I will be plain, sir.

Plainness is always the best courtesy,  
Where truths are to be told. You still are young,  
And want not personal grace; your air, your words  
Are such as captivate. You understand me.

*Mor.* I do not; for these things most men seek to  
harbour guests.

*Lyd.* True, except sometimes,  
When they are fathers. You are honourable,  
And what has passed will leave us straight.

*Mor.* I scarcely dare presume to give your words  
The nearest meaning.

*Lyd.* Yet you may do so.

*Mor.* The Lady Mabel!

*Lyd.* Yes.

*Mor.* Looks not on me indifferently.

*Lyd.* That you will join me in regretting, sir.

*Mor.* And have you certain warrant for your  
thoughts?

*Lyd.* She has confessed it.

*Mor.* In your hearing ?

*Lyd.* You are minute, I see, and well may doubt,  
Except on surer witness than surmise,  
So strange a tale. Alas ! the evidence  
Courts sight and touch. I hold it in my hand—  
This letter ! [*MORDAUNT regards her inquiringly.*]

Nothing.—[*As with a sudden impulse.*—I dare  
trust your honour.

This letter, then—sweet patience—by my niece  
Addressed to me, doth full disclosure bear  
Of her hid passion.

*Mor.* Writ to you ?

*Lyd.* You doubt. [*Showing the address.*  
Her lips refused allegiance to her will,  
Which made her hand its deputy. Behold !  
[*Extending the letter.*

*Mor.* Her love for me ! The glory on the page  
Dazzles mine eyes.

*Lyd.* [*Withdrawing it.*] Forgive me ; 't is too much.  
[*Tears it.*  
Thus let the winds disperse the signs of shame ;  
[*Throws it off.*

'T would be most happy, were its memory  
As easily effaced.

*Mor.* Your hand hath rent  
The record ; but your voice transfers its purport  
To the more lasting tablet of my heart !  
I'll seek her on the instant. [*Going.*

*Lyd.* [*Aside.*] That, indeed,  
Would mar my plan. No ; silence is your course :  
It is most delicate, least painful, too.

No word were well, save farewell, and that said  
As those who have no long acquaintance say it.

*Mor.* I will not say it so to the Lady Mabel, now,  
Or ever, unless it be her will.

*Lyd.* You would not surely take  
Advantage of her weakness. Do not, sir,  
Let it be thought that we, in welcoming you,  
Shook hands with an adventurer.

*Mor.* [*Indignantly.*] Madam! [*With constrained  
courtesy.*] you are her relative, and I am dumb.

[*Going.*

*Lyd.* Stay. Think you the earl's voice will not crush  
your plan,

The moment that surprise permitted speech?

*Mor.* Why should it?

*Lyd.* Must I speak outright?

*Mor.* Surely.

*Lyd.* The house of Lynterne  
Dates from the time that he of Normandy  
O'erthrew the Saxon sway; since then, its lords,  
In war or peace, have held the foremost rank  
In conflict or in council. Sir, our house  
Is noble—must remain so till its *end*.

*Mor.* Is not yon sunset splendid? [*Pointing off.*

*Lyd.* Yes;

But we may see that often, and it bears  
Not now on our discourse.

*Mor.* Indeed it does.

However proud, or great, or wise, or valiant  
The Lady Mabel's ancestors, that sun,  
From age to age, has watched their honours end,  
As man by man fell off; and centuries hence

Yon light unto oblivion may have lit  
As many stately trains as now have passed ;  
And yet my soul, orb of eternity,  
When yonder globe is ashes, as your sires,  
Shall shine on undecaying. When men know  
What their own natures are, and feel what God  
Intended them to be, they are not awed  
By poms the sun outlives.

*Lyd.* Think of me, as your friend, when you are  
gone.

You have a towering spirit. Had the rank  
And blood of Lady Mabel been as yours,  
I had not said a word to spite your wish.

*Mor.* You see this ring ?

*Lyd.* I have admired it oft. Would you thus hint  
That you are rich ?—

*Mor.* Is not the setting precious ?

*Lyd.* The diamond is magnificent !

*Mor.* True, Madam ! But the setting—

*Lyd.* The diamond is the treasure.

*Mor.* No ! the setting !

*Lyd.* The setting is but silver, worthless, base,  
Contrasted with the stone.

*Mor.* True, Lady Lydia !

Then when I treat for merchandise would buy  
All stars of heaven up, were they diamond worlds—  
A peerless woman's love—why runs your phrase,  
“You might have had that unmatched gem for  
nought,

Had it not been so *set*” in ancestry,  
Or some such silver rim ! But enough—  
Enough—now to Lady Mabel.

[*Going.*

*Lyd.* Let me advise.

If you persist in this strange scheme, seek, first,  
An audience of the earl; if he consent,  
The which is most unlikely, Mabel's love  
Is honourably yours. If he refuse,  
You incur no disgrace, as you would do,  
Luring his daughter's heart unknown to him.

*Mor.* I take your counsel. The earl is in the  
library even now.

I'll learn his thoughts at once.

*Lyd.* I pity you. It will be a hard task for your  
high spirit

To sue the earl in such an humble strain as will be  
requisite.

*Mor.* *Humble!* I—Mordaunt!

*Lyd.* Your ground is delicate; you must be cau-  
tious;

Confess your low estate, and own the prize  
You seek to gain far beyond your desert;  
You must put by your recent haughty tone  
And kingly glances; plead with downcast eye  
And hesitating voice. All this, I say, must keenly  
Gall your nature; therefore I pity you.

*Mor.* I were indeed a slave,  
And needing pity, could I so forget  
My manhood; but enough, methinks, is said  
To one who knows me not.

[*Exit.*

*Lyd.* Oh, this is well!

He'll to my brother in a haughty mood—  
The very one I wished for. 'T will arouse  
All the earl's latent pride. And now for Mabel.  
Upon the wish she comes.

[*Retires.*

*Enter LADY MABEL, with bonnet, scarf, and parasol; comes on with eyes bent on ground, slowly, in thought.*

*Mab.* Why have not noble natures nobler names?  
Or why are names of import? Oh, world! world!  
With many a captious custom dost thou bind  
The heart that seeks enlargement! What is birth?  
Even my father  
Seeks his alliance. What is this to me?  
A line invisible divides our fates!  
Oh, would that he had rank! The day may come  
When he will *earn* nobility, and men  
Of prouder birth may court his smile; and then  
Perchance (for love is strong), I might descend  
A few steps from my pinnacle. Fool! Fool!  
This is a dream of summer and of youth;  
I know not my own soul; 't is ardent now,  
But years may chill it into apathy.  
Why not? 'T is thus with others: I could weep.

*Lyd.* So you have been secret, Mabel!  
'T was hardly kind; but I waive all displeasure;  
I trust you may be happy.

*Mab.* This is strange language, aunt.

*Lyd.* I might reply, yours is strange conduct, niece;  
But let that pass. The earl was silent, too, but I  
Surmise he understood it all; perhaps had  
Planned it before his guest arrived.

*Mab.* Tax not my patience thus; but in one word  
Explain your meaning.

*Lyd.* Why counterfeit surprise? Know you not  
well  
Mordaunt is with the earl this very hour?

*Mab.* Well, what is that to me ?

*Lyd.* Much, I should say,

Were I now young, in love, and knew what boon  
The man I loved was seeking from my sire.

*Mab.* You jest.

*Lyd.* I am in earnest. He had your consent,  
Doubtless, to back his prayer.

*Mab.* No ; never.

*Lyd.* Not in strict, formal terms, perhaps, but  
still,

By such expressions as the timid use  
To help the lip's checked utterance by the eye.

*Mab.* I never spoke the word Presumption's self  
Could torture to a pledge of love for him.

*Lyd.* I am amazed ! it is not half an hour  
Since his own lips assured me that the earl  
Must needs confirm his choice.

*Mab.* Presuming arrogance. [Crosses.

*Lyd.* He spoke in easy strain,  
His air, half buoyancy, half carelessness,  
As though success were slave to him, and came  
Without the pains of calling.

*Mab.* What sanction have I given him thus to  
boast ?

*Lyd.* I warned you once to guard, lest what you  
meant  
For courtesy, he should interpret love.

*Mab.* In word or look I never passed the bounds of  
courtesy.

*Lyd.* Did you not tell me, Mabel, that the earl  
Requested special kindness for this man ?

*Mab.* What man ? [With sudden indignation.

*Lyd.* This gentleman — this Mordaunt, at whose hands

The earl looked for some service. Am I right ?

*Mab.* Yes ! so he said.

*Lyd.* Nothing is more plain than

That your father seeks some grace of Mordaunt

Which he intends to sell—the price, your hand.

How now—you shiver !

*Mab.* The earl shall spurn him. [*Crosses.*] Buy my hand, say you ?

*Lyd.* You may depend he means it. [*Crosses.*

*Mab.* Why is your tone so measured, and your brow So clear on this occasion ? Where's the fire

That should be in your eyes ? Your temper's sweet ;

But now I like it not, I like it not. [*Weeps.*

*Lyd.* I cannot chide, if under quick excitement at your wrong,

You are unjust to me. A step !

*Enter SERVANT.*

What now ?

*Ser.* Madam, my lord would see you and the Lady Mabel ; he waits you in the library. [*Exit.*

*Lyd.* Come, Mabel ; take heart, sweet.

*Mab.* [*Crossing.*] What is there that I shall fear ?

Let us be going, aunt. [*Exeunt.*

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*Enter the EARL and MORDAUNT.*

*Mor.* Is love a crime ?

Can we prevent its coming? or, when come,  
Can we command it from us?

*Earl.* We may, at least, curb its expression,  
When disgrace and grief are like to follow it.

*Mor.* Disgrace! Your daughter's noble, fair, and  
good;

I shall not feel disgrace in taking her.

*Earl.* Sir! you are insolent. *[Takes chair.]*

*Enter LADY MABEL and LADY LYDIA.*

Mabel, my child, have I not loved you truly,  
Shown all kindness that is a daughter's due?

*Mab.* Indeed, my lord, you have.

*Earl.* Have you done well

In making stranger to a father's heart  
The dearest wish of yours?—in plighting faith  
For life, unknown to him who gave you life?

*Mab.* This have I never done.

*[Leaning on her father's shoulder.]*

*Mor.* Speak frankly; have you not, Lady Mabel,  
given me proof

Of favour in your sight will justify  
The boon I have entreated of the earl—  
Permission to be ranked as one who looks  
For closer union with you than a friend. Answer,  
Mabel.

*Mab.* Mabel! the Lady Mabel, when *you* speak.

*Lyd.* She utterly denies what you infer.

*Mab.* Yes, utterly.

*Mor.* And Lady Lydia speaks thus: she whose  
words

Confirmed all I once hoped?

*Lyd.* We think you but presumptuous ; let your honour

Guard you from veiling shame by sin ; nor strive  
From loose discourse, spoken in pleasantry,  
To justify your conduct.

*Mor.* And the letter ?

*Lyd.* The letter ! He's distraught !

*Mab.* [*Aside to LYDIA.*] The letter ! Aunt !

*Lyd.* Yes, love. [*Going to MABEL.*]

*Mab.* No, no ; I will not wrong her ; it is plain  
His folly has deceived him.

*Mor.* May I then ask, [*LYDIA goes round.*]  
If you have never loved me, why you deigned  
To speak in tones so soft, to let each glance  
Be tempered with such sweetness ; oftentimes  
To sit mute by the hour, as if my words  
Were music to your ear, and when I ceased,  
To pay me with a smile, in which there seemed  
A heart's whole volume writ ?

*Mab.* This is too much [*Sits in chair.*]  
Whate'er my kindness meant, it did not mean  
To foster your presumption, though, perhaps,  
Suspecting it, and lacking at the time  
Better employment, I allowed it scope,  
Did not repress it harshly, and amused,  
Rather than angered, failed to put a bound  
To its extravagance.

*Mor.* All, then, has been a jest ; the thing resolves  
Itself into a harmless *badinage* !  
You had no other toy, so took my *heart*,  
To wile away an hour. The plaything *broke* ;  
But then it was *amusement* !

*Lyd.* Well, you were honoured  
In thus assisting to beguile the hours  
Of Lady Mabel's solitude.

*Mor.* Honoured, say you?  
Men's hearts have leaped within them at my words.  
The lowly have adored me, and the proud—  
Ay, sir, the proud—have courted me ; you know it.

*Lyd.* All this would sound much to your credit,  
sir,  
Were other lips to speak it.

*Mor.* Understand me ;  
You deem me proud. I am so ; and yet humble ;  
To you I would have been a slave ; have moulded  
Each wish to your desire ; have laid my fame,  
Though earth had ratified it, at your feet,  
Nor deemed the offering worthy of your smile !  
But when, admitting what I am, you scorn me  
For what my father was, sport with me, trample  
On the same hopes you fostered, then I claim  
The patent which the Great Paternity  
Of heaven assigns me as its elder born,  
And walk before you in the march of time !

*Lyd.* The stale, fond trick—to boast of honours  
stored  
In ether, where no human eye can pierce.  
You may be prince of several stars—possess  
An empire in the ocean. But the meanest knight-  
hood

Conferred by a real sword on real shoulders,  
Beats fifty thousand dukedoms in the air.  
The old, convenient trick !

*Earl.* Nay, courtesy !

*Lyd.* To check the signs of loathing, it were best  
The eye should shun the object. May we go?

*Earl.* Yes, leave me.

[*MABEL rises, and they are going away.*

*Mor.* Stay! Before we part, I have a word or two  
For Lady Mabel's ear. [*MABEL returns.*] I know  
right well

The world has no tribunal to avenge  
An injury like mine; you may allure  
The human heart to love, warm it with smiles,  
To aspirations of a dreamlike bliss,  
From which to wake is madness;  
And that very heart, brought to this pass,  
You may spurn from your path, pass on in jest,  
And the crowd will jest with you; you may glide,  
With eye as radiant, and with brow as smooth,  
And feet as light, through your charmed worshippers,  
As though the angel's pen had failed to trace  
The record of your crime; and every night,  
Lulled by soft flatteries, you may calmly sleep  
As do the innocent; but it is crime,  
Deep crime, that you commit. Had you, for sport,  
Trampled upon the earth a favourite rose,  
Pride of the garden, or in wantonness  
Cast in the sea a jewel not your own,  
All men had held you guilty of offence.

*Lyd.* Is't meet that longer you should brook this  
censure?

*Mor.* And is it then not sin

To crush those flowers of life, our freshest hopes,  
With all the incipient beauty in the bud,  
Which knows no second growth? to cast our faith

In human kind, the only amulet  
By which the soul walks fearless through the world,  
Into those floods of memoried bitterness,  
Whose awful depths no diver dares explore?  
To paralyze the expectant mind, while yet  
On the world's threshold, and 'existence' self  
To drain of all save its inert endurance?  
To do this unprovoked, I ask it of you,  
Is it not sin? To the unsleeping eye of Him  
Who sees all aims, and knows the wrongs  
No laws, save His, redress, I make appeal  
To judge between us. There's an hour will come,  
Not of revenge, but of righteous retribution.

*Earl.* Well, sir, our conference is ended.

*Mor.* Yes; but its issues have yet to be revealed.

[*Exit.*

*Mab.* He is deceived! He hears me not! He  
knows me not!

He's gone ↓

*Earl.* Why, what is this, dear Mabel?

*Mab.* [*With a forced smile.*] Nothing, sir.

I am not used, you know, to witness strife.  
It somewhat chafes my spirit.

*Earl.* Hither, love! [*MABEL reels forward, and falls into her father's arms.*]

(*By permission of the Author.*)

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SCENE FROM "THE KNIGHTS OF THE  
ROUND TABLE."

BY J. R. PLANCHÉ.

SMITH. WAITER. CAPTAIN COZENS. LANDLORD.  
D'ARCY.

*Smith.* [*Advancing to an empty table.*] Waiter!

*Wait.* Sir.

*Smith.* This table engaged?

*Wait.* No, sir.

*Smith.* Then I may be permitted to sit here?

*Wait.* Certainly, sir. Dinner, sir?

*Smith.* If you please, I should feel obliged—as soon as possible.

*Wait.* Bill of fare, sir. [*Giving it to him.*]

*Smith.* Thank you. I may have anything I see here?

*Wait.* Certainly, sir. [*Aside.*] Some country gentleman.

*Smith.* [*Surprised.*] You're very good. Then I'll say some turtle, to begin with.

*Wait.* Turtle—yes, sir. [*Aside.*] An alderman, or a banker.

*Smith.* To be followed by filet de turbot, à la Hollandaise, hashed venison, and apricot fritters.

*Wait.* [*Bowing.*] Yes, sir. [*Aside.*] Oh, a very rich banker.

*Capt.* [*Who has been attracted by SMITH'S manner,*

*aside.*] Humph! Not a bad judge of a dinner, whoever he is!

*Smith.* Some punch, of course, with the turtle.

*Wait.* Yes, sir; what wine, sir?

*Smith.* Is your Madeira fine?

*Wait.* We have some very fine, sir.

*Smith.* I'll taste your Madeira. [*Takes up newspaper, and reads.*]

*Capt.* [*Aside.*] A bon vivant—dressed plainly, but like a gentleman—a stranger here; at least I never saw him before.

*Enter D'ARCY.*

*Smith.* Waiter!

*Wait.* Sir.

*Smith.* Champagne.

*Wait.* Yes, sir. [*Serves champagne.*]

*Capt.* [*To D'ARCY.*] Do you know that man?

*D'Arcy.* [*Looking at SMITH.*] No.

*Capt.* He knows how to live.

*Wait.* [*To D'ARCY.*] Your dinner is served, sir; the gentlemen only wait for you.

*D'Arcy.* I am coming. [*Aside.*] I trust all to you.

*Capt.* You may safely. What of your scheme?

*D'Arcy.* Come to-night to Madame Boulanger's, in Golden Square—there is a dance there—

*Capt.* Where you have lodged—*your sister*?

*D'Arcy.* Aye, aye! of course—you know. Ask for me—I shall be there till twelve, and may want you. [*Exit D'ARCY.*]

*Capt.* Good!

*Smith.* Waiter!

*Wait.* Sir.

*Smith.* A pint of Burgundy, and some peaches.

*Capt.* [*Aside.*] Peaches in May!—half a crown apiece, at least!

*Smith.* [*To WAITER, who brings Burgundy and peaches.*] A toothpick; [*WAITER hands him one in a glass*] and in about ten minutes you may send for—

*Wait.* A coach, sir?

*Smith.* No; an officer.

*Capt.* [*Aside.*] An officer!

*Wait.* An officer—of the Guards, sir?

*Smith.* No; a peace officer—a constable.

*Capt.* [*Aside.*] }  
and } A constable!

*Wait.* [*Aloud.*] }

*Smith.* A constable.

*Wait.* Lord, sir!—what for, sir?

*Capt.* [*Aside, and rising uneasily.*] Aye, what for, indeed?

*Smith.* To take me up!

*Capt.* Take *him* up!

*Wait.* Take *you* up, sir?

*Capt.* He's a madman!

*Smith.* Well, I don't insist upon it, only take notice, I shall go as soon as I have finished this Burgundy.

*Wait.* Well, sir, your bill will be made out in a minute.

*Smith.* Perhaps so; but it won't be paid in a minute—I've no money!

*Wait.* No money! Here, master!

*Smith.* I told you to send for a constable.

*Capt. [Aside.]* If this fellow is not mad, he's an artist.

*Enter LANDLORD.*

*Land.* What's the matter here?

*Wait.* This gentleman, sir.

*Smith.* The landlord, I presume. Sir, the matter is exceedingly simple: I have eaten an excellent dinner, and I have no money to pay for it.

*Land.* Lost your purse, sir—not in my house, I hope?

*Smith.* Oh dear no, sir! I had no money when I entered it.

*Land.* And you ordered a dinner that comes to—  
[*holding out bill*—one pound eighteen and sixpence!

*Smith.* No more! Your charges are very moderate. I should have guessed two guineas, at least.

*Land.* And you can't pay it?

*Smith.* It's a melancholy fact!

*Land.* Then what the devil, sir—

*Smith.* My friend—my dear friend!—pray don't make a disturbance. I have desired your waiter to send for a constable; what would you have me do more?

*Capt. [Aside.]* He is a great artist—a very great artist!

*Land.* Sir, you—you're a rogue—you're a swindler!

*Smith.* Sir, you are abusive—you are offensive! If you do not choose to send for a constable, I am your most obedient—

*Land.* But I will. Here, Dick, run for a constable.

*Capt.* Nay, nay! Stop—don't be hasty. The

gentleman is perhaps only a little eccentric. Allow me to say one word to him. Sir [*to SMITH*].

*Smith.* Sir. [*Bowing.*]

*Capt.* [*Aside to him.*] A little difficulty of this description may happen to any gentleman. If you would pardon the liberty I take, as an utter stranger, in offering you the trifling loan of two guineas [*slipping them into his hand*].

*Smith.* My dear sir, no apology, I beg. I am your debtor.

*Capt.* Hush !

*Smith.* Certainly. [*Aloud to LANDLORD.*] Harkye, my friend : It is just possible I may be a rogue, but it is also possible I may be an ambassador, a minister of state, or an East India director. I therefore only request you to decide whether you will send for a constable or not.

*Land.* [*Hesitatingly.*] Well, I should be sorry to do an uncivil thing by a gentleman for a guinea or two ; and if you are a gentleman, I suppose, some other day, you might pay me.

*Smith.* I might, undoubtedly ; but, mind, I don't say I will.

*Land.* Well, you are an odd gentleman, certainly ; but I'll trust you sooner than have a disturbance, and a mob round my door ; so I leave it to your honour.

[*Throws bill on table, and exit.*]

*Smith.* [*Aside.*] In that case, here go the two guineas. [*Putting the two guineas, which he has held in his hand, into his pocket, and taking up his hat and cane.*] Your humble servant, sir. [*Makes a gracious bow to CAPTAIN COZENS, and putting on his hat,*

walks out, picking his teeth, and humming an Italian air.]

*Capt.* [*Aside.*] He's a first-rate artist. I must see more of him. [*Aloud to WAITER.*] There's my reckoning ; keep the change.

[*Exit* CAPTAIN COZENS.]

*Wait.* Thank ye, sir. [*Tossing up the guinea, and catching it.*] That's a gentleman, if you please!—every inch of one. I always know a real gentleman by what he gives the waiter!

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## SCENE FROM "THE FOOL'S REVENGE."

BY TOM TAYLOR.

BERTUCCIO. FIORDELISA.

*Bert.* My own!

*Fiord.* [*Flinging herself into his arms with a cry of joy.*] My father!

*Bert.* [*Embracing her tenderly.*] Closer, closer yet! Let me feel those soft arms about my neck, This dear cheek on my heart! No—do not stir—It does me so much good! I am so happy—These minutes are worth years!

*Fiord.* My own dear father!

*Bert.* Let me look at thee, darling—why, thou  
growest

More and more beautiful ! Thou 'rt happy here ?  
Hast all that thou desirest—thy lute—thy flowers ?  
She loves her poor old father ?—Blessings on thee—  
I know thou dost—but tell me so.

*Fiord.* I love you—

I love you very much ! I am so happy  
When you are with me—Why do you come so late,  
And go so soon ? Why not stay always here ?

*Bert.* Why not ! why not ! Oh, if I could ! To  
live

Where there's no mocking, and no being mocked—  
No laughter but what's innocent ; no mirth  
That leaves an after-bitterness like gall.

*Fiord.* Now, you are sad ! There's that black ugly  
cloud

Upon your brow—you promised, the last time,  
It never *should* come when we were together.  
You know when *you're* sad, *I'm* sad too.

*Bert.* My bird !

I'm selfish even with thee—let dark thoughts come,  
That thy sweet voice may chase them, as they say  
The blessed church-bells drive the demons off.

*Fiord.* If I but knew the reason of your sadness,  
Then I might comfort you ; but I know nothing—  
Not even your name.

*Bert.* I'd have no name for thee,  
But " Father."

*Fiord.* In the convent, at Ceséna,  
Where I was rear'd, they used to call me orphan.  
I thought I had no father, till you came,

And then they needed not to say I had one ;  
My own heart told me that.

*Bert.*

I often think

I had done well to have left thee there, in the peace  
Of that still cloister. But it was too hard.

My empty heart so hungered for my child !—  
For those dear eyes that look no scorn for me—

That voice that speaks respect and tenderness,  
Even for me !—My dove—my lily-flower—

My only stay in life !—Oh, God, I thank thee

That thou hast left me this at least ! *[He weeps]*

*Fiord.*

Dear father !

You're crying now—you must not cry—you must  
not,

I cannot bear to see you cry.

*Bert.*

Let be !—

T were better than to see me laugh.

*Fiord.*

But wherefore ?

You say you are so happy here—and yet

You never come but to weep bitter tears.

And I can but weep too—not knowing why.

Why are you so sad ? Oh, tell me—tell me all !

*Bert.* I cannot. In this house I am thy father :

Out of it, what I am boots not to say ;

Hated, perhaps—or envied—feared, I hope,

By many—scorned by more—and loved by none.

In this one innocent corner of the world

I would but be to thee a father—something

August, and sacred !

*Fiord.*

And you are so, father. •

*Bert.* I love thee with a love strong as the hate

I bear for all but thee. Come, sit beside me,

With thy pure hand in mine—and tell me still,  
“I love you,” and “I love you”—only that.  
Smile on me—so!—thy smile is passing sweet!  
Thy mother used to smile so once—oh, God!  
I cannot bear it. Do not smile—it wakes  
Memories that tear my heart-strings. Do not look  
So like thy mother, or I shall go mad!

*Fiord.* Oh, tell me of my mother!

*Bert.* [*Shuddering.*] No, no, no!

*Fiord.* She's dead?

*Bert.* Yes.

*Fiord.* You were with her when she died?

*Bert.* No!—leave the dead alone—talk of thyself.  
Thy life here—Thou heed'st well my caution, girl—  
Not to go out by day, nor show thyself  
There, at the casement.

*Fiord.* Yes: some day, I hope,  
You will take me with you, but to see the town—  
'T is so hard to be shut up here, alone—

*Bert.* Thou hast *not* stirred abroad?

[*Suspiciously and eagerly.*]

*Fiord.* Only to vespers—  
You said I might do that with good Brigitta—  
I never go forth, or come in alone.

*Bert.* That's well. I grieve that thou shouldst live  
so close.

But if thou knew'st what poison's in the air—  
What evil walks the streets—How innocence  
Is a temptation—beauty but a bait  
For desperate desires:—No man, I hope,  
Has spoken to thee?

*Fiord.* Only one,

*Bert.* [*Fiercely.*]

Ha ! who ?

*Fiord.* I know not—'t was against my will.

*Bert.* [*Eagerly.*]

You gave

No answer?

*Fiord.*

No—I fled.

*Bert.* [In the same tone.]

He followed you?

*Fiord.* A gracious lady gave me kind protection,  
And bade her train guard me safe home—Oh, father,  
If you had seen how good she was—how gently  
She soothed my fears—for I was sore afraid—  
I'm sure you'd love her.

*Bert.*

Did you learn her name!

*Fiord.* I asked it, first, to set it in my prayers—  
And then that *you* might pray for her.

*Bert.* Her name? [*Aside.*] I pray. [*Contemptuously.*

*Fiord.*

The Countess Malatesta.

*Bert.* [*Aside.*] Count Malatesta's wife protect *my*  
child!

You have not seen her since?

*Fiord.*

No ; though she urged me

So hard to come to her ; and asked my name ;  
And who my parents were ; and where I lived.

*Bert.* You did not tell her?

*Fiord.*

## Who my parents were?

How could I, when I must not know myself?

*Bert.* Patience, my darling ; trust thy father's love.  
That there is reason for this mystery !  
The time may come when we may live in peace,  
And walk together free, under free heaven ;  
But that cannot be here—nor now !

*Fiord.*

Oh, when—

## When shall that time arrive?

Bert. [*Bitterly.*]                When what I live for  
Has been achieved!

*Fiord.* [*Timidly.*] What *you* live for?

*Bert.* [*With sullen ferocity.*]                      Revenge !

Fiord. [*Averting her eyes with horror.*] Oh, do not look so, father!

*Bert.* Listen, girl,—

You asked me of your mother ;—it is time  
You should know why all questioning of her  
Racks me to madness. Look upon me, child ;  
Misshapen as I am, there once was one  
Who, seeing me despised, mocked, lonely, poor—  
Loved me—I think—most for my misery :  
Thy mother, like thee—just so pure—so sweet.  
I was a public notary in Ceséna :  
Our life was humble—but so happy : thou  
Wert in thy cradle then, and many a night  
Thy mother and I sate hand in hand together,  
Watching thine innocent smiles, and building up  
Long plans of joy to come !

[*His voice falters—he turns away.*

*Fiord.* Alas ! she died !

*Bert.* Died ! There are deaths 't is comfort to look back on :

Her's was not such a death. A devil came  
Across our quiet life, and marked her beauty,  
And lusted for her ; and when she scorned his offers,  
Because he was a noble—great and strong,  
He bore her from my side—by force—and after  
I never saw her more : they brought me news  
That she was dead !

*Fiord.* Ah me !

*Bert.* And I was mad,  
For years and years, and when my wits came back—  
If e'er they came,—they brought one haunting purpose,

That since has shaped my life—to have revenge !  
Revenge upon her wronger and his order ;  
Revenge in kind ; to quit him—wife for wife !

*Fiord.* Father, 't is not for me to question with you :  
But think ?—revenge belongeth not to man,  
It is God's attribute—usurp it not !

*Bert.* Preach abstinence to him that dies of hunger,  
Tell the poor wretch who perishes of thirst,  
There's danger in the cup his fingers clutch ;  
But bid me not forswear revenge. No word !  
Thou know'st, now, why I mew thee up so close ;  
Keep thee out of the streets ; shut thee from eyes  
And tongues of lawless men—for in these days  
All men are lawless.—'T is because I fear  
To lose thee, as I lost thy mother.

*Fiord.* Father,  
I'll pray for her.

*Bert.* Do—and for me ; good night !

*Fiord.* Oh, not so soon—with all these sad dark thoughts,

These bitter memories. You need my love :  
I'll touch my lute for you, and sing to it.  
Music, you know, chases all evil angels.

*Bert.* I must go : 't is grave business calls me hence—

[*Aside.*] 'T is time that I was at my post—My own,  
Sleep in thine innocence. Good night ! good night !

*Fiord.* But let me see you to the outer door.

*Bert.* Not a step further, then. God guard this  
place,

That here my flower may grow, safe from the blight  
Of look or word impure, a holy thing  
Consecrate to thy service, and my love!

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